

THE WORLD'S WONDERS

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Carl A. Richmond

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THE WORLD'S WONDERS,

AS SEEN BY THE GREAT

Tropical and Polar Explorers.

BEING AN

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EXPLORATION, DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,

AND A HISTORY OF SAVAGE RACES OF MEN, CURIOUS AND FEROCIOUS
ANIMALS, STRANGE AND DEADLY SERPENTS AND REPTILES,
WEIRD FORESTS, MYSTERIOUS GROWTHS, AND
MARVELOUS NATURAL PHENOMENA.

EMBRACING EVERY IMPORTANT DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE IN THE EXPLORATIONS OF
SUCH DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS AS SPEKE AND GRANT, SIR SAMUEL BAKER
AND WIFE, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, DU CHAILLU, WALLACE, LONG,
SQUIER, GORDON, &C., &C., IN TROPICAL WILDS;

ALSO, OF SUCH RENOWNED HEROES OF ARCTIC RESEARCH AS SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, DR.
KANE, DR. HAYES, CAPT. HALL, LIEUT. SCHWATKA, DE LONG AND MANY
OTHERS; WITH A FULL AND OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE

GREELY EXPEDITION AND ITS DISASTROUS RESULTS

BY J. W. BUEL,

Author of "Travels in Russia and Siberia," "Heroes of the Plains," &c., &c.

SPLENDIDLY EMBELLISHED WITH

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INTRODUCTORY.

THE great and universal need of an encyclopedia of travel and discovery, and a compendium of the most remarkable natural wonders of the world, has prompted the production of this book. In it I have attempted to combine the discoveries and adventures of all the noted travelers and explorers in Tropical and Arctic fields, and in so doing to also furnish a history and description of the animals, reptiles, birds, and savage races of men, in all parts of the world, not omitting the natural phenomena peculiar to the Tropics and the Arctic regions.

In the restless and ambitious disposition of mankind there is more than curiosity, or a misdirected desire for familiarity with remote or insular phases of nature, for there is also that more wisely considerate wish for such extended knowledge as not alone gratifies curiosity, but which stimulates and energizes an ambition to extend the domain of civilization, with its attendant resources and comforts.

In the preparation of a work so comprehensive in scope, it was necessary to give careful perusal to scores of standard publications, and to collate with critical discrimination from them all; for condensation was imperative, and yet every interesting or valuable incident found in the histories from which this is compiled, must needs find place in its appropriate narrative. The principal authors consulted on Tropical discovery are: Dr. Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, Capts. Speke and Grant, Stanley, DuChaillu, Wallace, Squier, Long, Cummings, and many others

of less note, while in describing Polar exploration, free use has been made of the works of such distinguished explorers as Sir John Franklin, Capt. McClintock, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hays, Capt. Hall, Lieut. Schwatka, Lieut. DeLong, Lieut. Greely, and others.

The matter of this book does not pretend to originality, save as an attempt to combine a very large number of books into one volume, so arranged as to give clearly the important adventures and discoveries of all the renowned travelers of the past several centuries. In this it may be properly classed as an original work and one of inestimable value, particularly to the young, since for them it must possess such interest as to lead them from the vicious literature of the day and inculcate a desire for wholesome reading, and an ambition to learn more of the wonders of the world, the rounds to that mystic ladder which reaches upward from nature unto nature's God.

This book is intended to occupy a place in the literature of travel, adventure and exploration that is filled by encyclopedias of general knowledge, and its mission is to not only instruct, but also to inspire a lofty courage and generous ambition in the hearts of men, to the end that dark places may become lighted by the lamp of a wise intelligence, and the whole earth be reclaimed and made fruitful with the blessings of a perfect civilization.

J. W. BUEL.

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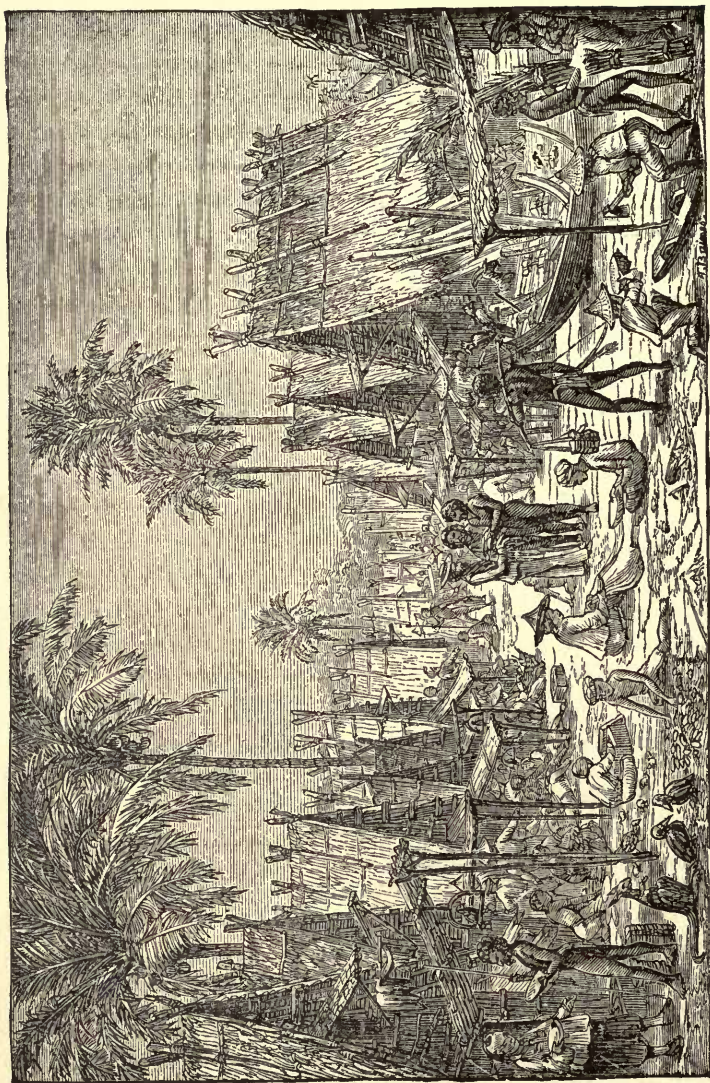
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A VILLAGE OF THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO, VISITED BY MR. WALLACE.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS.

THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTIES.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, an English naturalist of great reputation, has added to the sum of geographic knowledge a vast amount of information respecting the Malay Archipelago, in which region of the earth he made a protracted tour of discovery, extending over eight years. This archipelago proper, the largest group of islands, including also the greatest islands in size, on the globe, comprises the Indo-Malay islands, the Timour group, the Celebes group, the Moluccas, and the Papuan group, all lying north and northwest of Australia, between that continent and the countries of southeastern Asia. The largest of these islands are, New Guinea, Borneo, Summatra, Java, and Celebes, in the order named, though there are hundreds of islands in the several groups. This extensive archipelago lies under or near the equator, and being bathed by the tepid water of the great tropical ocean, the region enjoys a climate more uniformly hot and moist than any other portion of the globe, and teems with natural productions which are elsewhere unknown. In some respects it is the most wonderful district of the earth. It not alone teems with animal life, as Africa, but nowhere else does nature revel in such gorgeous hues and enrapturing beauty. Flowers bejewel the

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prolific soil, not only in lowly beds carpeting the earth, but also ascend trailing vines and gather in clusters of richest coloring to



BEAUTIFUL BIRDS OF PARADISE.

bedeck the trees. Insects flash like prismatic fires from flower to flower, and tree to tree, their iridescent hues reflecting the lam-

bent sunlight like a million of diamonds. Here alone are found the birds of paradise, those gorgeous plumaged warblers whose coats seem fresh with the glory of heaven, or a thousand rainbows. On every side the eye is charmed with scenes of nature more delectable than a shifting kaleidoscope; in short, it is a region of pure delight, so far as the sight can measure it, but yet not wholly free from lurking dangers, which seem to be added by beneficent design, in order that the eye might not weary by gazing always on the beautiful.

A FLYING FROG.

OF the many wonderful things which Mr. Wallace describes as having seen during his visits to the several islands, one of the most remarkable is a flying frog, which he found in Borneo. This is a most curious reptile, lives among the trees, and in its habits is not wholly unlike our common flying squirrel, for its food is very similar and its mode of flight almost identical. The body is about four or five inches long and of a deep shimmering green color, the under surface and the inner toes yellow, while the webs are black rayed with yellow. The webs of each hind foot, when expanded, cover a surface of four square inches, the webs of all feet together about twelve square inches, and its body is capable of considerable inflation. It literally flies with its feet, very much like the action of swimming.

HUNTING THE ORANG-UTAN.

MR. WALLACE spent much of his time in Borneo hunting the great man ape—Orang-Utan—specimens of which he was anxious to obtain for his friend, Charles Darwin, and the British Museum. This animal is found in great numbers in some parts of Borneo, but to enable him to be more successful in the hunt Mr. Wallace employed some Dyaks (natives) to accompany him, as they were familiar with the habits of the animal.

On the first day's hunt two medium-sized orang-utans—which are called *mias* by the natives—were killed, and a small baby one captured. It was so young that, as a substitute for milk, Wallace fed it on rice-water and sugar; but though it ate heartily

enough and seemed very tame, it did not grow in the least, and at the end of three months died.

On the following day a monster male was met with in a deep jungle, and though Wallace repeatedly wounded it, yet so tenacious of life was the animal that it did not succumb until both legs were broken, one hip bone and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were flattened in its neck and jaw. This monster measured four feet two inches in height, and the spread of its arms was seven feet three inches.



THE BABY MIAS.

About ten days after this, some Dyaks came to tell Wallace that the day before a mias had nearly killed one of their companions. A few miles down the river there was a Dyak house, and the inhabitants saw a large orang feeding on the young shoots of a palm by the river-side. On

being alarmed, he retreated toward the jungle which was close by, and a number of men, armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body, but the mias seized it in his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind him, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless, but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and

choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm.

The Dyaks all declare that the mias is never attacked by any animal in the forest, with two rare exceptions; and the accounts received of these are so curious that they are given as related by Dyak chiefs, who lived all their lives in the places where the animal is most abundant. "No animal is strong enough to hurt the mias," said one of the chiefs, "and the only creature he ever fights with is the crocodile. When there is no fruit in the jungle, he goes to seek food on the banks of the river, where there are plenty of young shoots that he likes, and fruits that grow close to the water. Then the crocodile sometimes tries to seize him, but the mias gets upon him and beats him with his hands and feet, and tears him and kills him." The chief added that he had once seen such a fight, and that he believed the mias was always the victor.

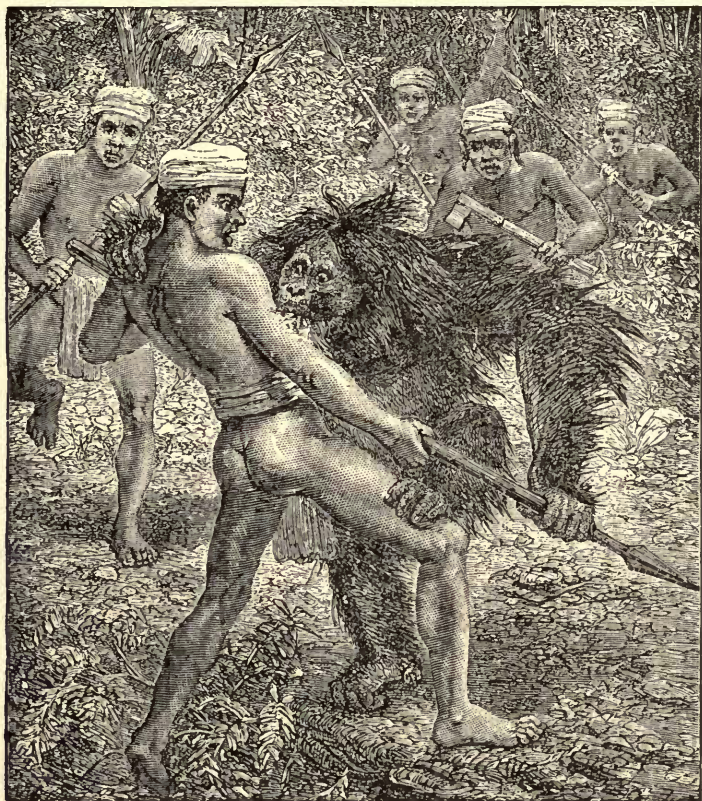
Another chief relates that the mias has no enemies; no animals dare attack it but the crocodile and the python. He always kills the crocodile by main strength, standing upon it, pulling open its jaws, and ripping up its throat. If a python attacks a mias, he seizes it with his hands, and then bites it, and soon kills it. The mias is very strong; there is no animal in the jungle so strong as he.

THE LOMBOCK SUICIDES.

IN the island of Lombock, which is separated from Java by a narrow strait, there is a singular people who are peculiar in their remarkable disposition to commit suicide; yet the word is a misnomer, for they do not kill themselves, but invite death in a manner that is unaccountably strange. The least misfortune, such as loss at gaming, inability to pay debts, insults, sickness, loss of friends, and similar annoyances of life, often provoke them to "run a muck," as they call it. The person thus troubled seizes a sword or spear and runs through the village killing everybody he meets, making no distinction between friend or foe, age or sex, and continues his indiscriminate slaughter until the people set upon him and kill him in self-defense. There is some superstitious

fear which restrains them from committing suicide, and another superstition which incites them to murder and invite their own death at the hands of the community.

Lombock is governed by a Rajah, who has established some very severe laws, as well as queer ones. Theft is punished with



BATTLE WITH THE MIAS.

death, without regard for the value of the article stolen. A person found in the house of another after dark, without permission, may be killed and thrown into the street. The men are woefully jealous, and this feeling is a fruitful source of crime. A wife must not accept a cigar, flower, or the simplest article

from a gentleman ; should she be detected in so doing her life would pay the penalty. Infidelity is punished by tying the woman and her paramour back to back and throwing them into the sea, where they are quickly devoured by crocodiles which infest the shore.

THE PIG-DEER OF CELEBES.

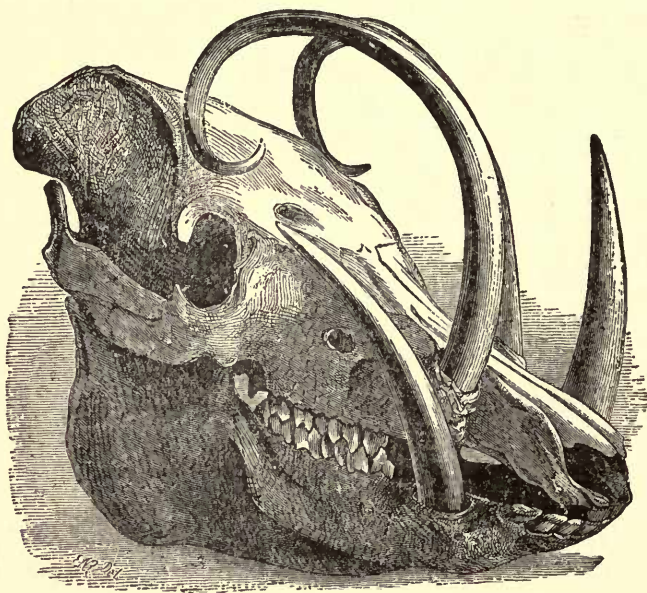
THE wild pig seems to be of a species peculiar to the island of Celebes ; but a much more curious animal of this family is the Babirusa, or pig-deer, so named by the Malays from its long and slender legs, and curved tusks resembling horns. This extraordinary creature resembles a pig in general appearance, but it does not root with its snout, as it feeds on fallen fruits. The tusks of the lower jaw are very long and sharp, but the upper ones, instead of growing downward, in the usual way, are completely reversed, growing upward, out of bony sockets, through the skin on each side of the snout, curving backward to near the eyes, and in old animals often reaching eight or ten inches in length. It is difficult to understand what can be the use of these extraordinary horn-like teeth. Some of the old writers supposed that they served as hooks, by which the creature could rest its head on a branch. But the way in which they usually diverge just over and in front of the eyes has suggested the more probable idea that they serve to guard these organs from thorns and spines while hunting for fallen fruits among the tangled thickets of rattans and other spiny plants. Even this, however, is not satisfactory, for the female, who must seek her food in the same way, does not possess them. It is probable that these tusks were once useful, and were then worn down as fast as they grew ; but changed conditions of life have rendered them unnecessary, and they now develop into a monstrous form, just as the incisors of the beaver or rabbit will go on growing, if the opposite teeth do not wear them away.

ADVENTURE WITH A PYTHON.

SNAKES, though not particularly numerous in the Archipelago, are wonderfully sociable, preferring houses to trees and caves, so

that it is not an unusual thing for a family to be seriously disturbed by a huge boa, which has stealthily gained entrance to the dwelling. Wallace met with one of these unbidden guests while on Amboyna island, which he describes as follows :

“ One night, about nine o'clock, I heard a curious noise and nestling overhead, as if some animal were crawling slowly over the thatch. The noise soon ceased, and I thought no more about it and went to bed soon afterward. The next afternoon, being



SKULL OF THE PIG-DEER.

rather tired with my day's work, I was lying on the couch with a book in my hand, when, gazing upward, I saw a large mass of something overhead which I had not noticed before. Looking more carefully, I could see yellow and black marks, and thought it must be a tortoise-shell put up there out of the way, between the ridge-pole and the roof. Continuing to gaze, it suddenly resolved itself into a large snake, compactly coiled up in a kind of knot ; and I could detect his head and bright eyes in the very centre of the folds. The noise of the evening before was now

explained. A python had climbed up one of the posts of the house, and had made his way under the thatch within a yard of my head, and taken up a comfortable position in the roof—and I had slept soundly all night directly under him.

“I called to my two boys, who were skinning birds below, and said, ‘Here’s a big snake in the roof;’ but as soon as I had shown it to them they rushed out of the house and begged me to come out directly. Finding they were too much afraid to do anything, we called some of the laborers in the plantation, and soon had half-a-dozen men in consultation outside. One of these, a native of Bouru, where there are a great many snakes, said he would get him out, and proceeded to work in a business-like manner. He made a strong noose of rattan, and with a long pole in the other hand poked at the snake, which then began slowly to uncoil itself. He then managed to slip the noose over its head, and getting it well on to the body, dragged the animal down. There was a great scuffle as the snake coiled round the chairs and posts to resist his enemy, but at length the man caught hold of its tail, rushed out of the house (running so quick that the creature seemed quite confounded) and tried to strike its head against a tree. He missed, however, and let go, and the snake got under a dead trunk close by. It was again poked out, and again the Bouru man caught hold of its tail, and running away quickly dashed its head with a swing against a tree, and it was then easily killed with a hatchet. It was about twelve feet long, and very thick, capable of doing much mischief, and of swallowing a dog or a child.”

MAKING CAKES OF THE SAGO PALM.

A SINGULAR tree grows in the island of Ceram, called the sago palm, the trunk of which provides most excellent food after passing through a process of beating and washing, which dissolves the pith from the trunk. Water is then poured on the pith, which is kneaded and pressed against a strainer till the starch is dissolved and has passed through, when the fibrous refuse is thrown away. The water, charged with sago starch, passes on to a trough, with a depression in the centre, where the sediment

is deposited, the surplus water trickling off by a shallow outlet. The sago thus gathered is taken out of the trough and dried into cylinders of about thirty pounds weight. It makes excellent bread and delicious cakes, particularly when eaten with butter and a little sugar.

It is truly an extraordinary sight to witness a whole tree-trunk, perhaps twenty feet long and four or five in circumference, converted into food with so little labor and preparation. A good-



THE STRUGGLE WITH THE PYTHON.

sized tree will produce thirty toman or bundles of thirty pounds each, and each toman will make sixty cakes of three to the pound. Two of these cakes are as much as a man can eat at one meal, and five are considered a full day's allowance; so that reckoning a tree to produce 1800 cakes, weighing 600 pounds, it will supply a man with food for a whole year. The labor to produce this is very moderate. Two men will finish a tree in five days, and two women will bake the whole into cakes in five days more; but the raw sago will keep very well, and can be baked as wanted, so

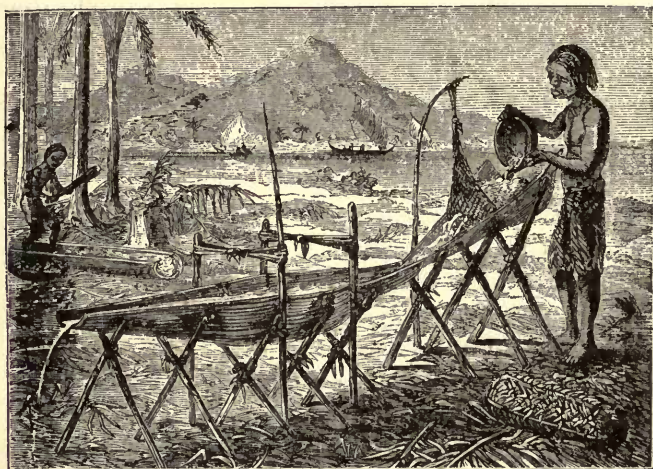
that we may estimate that in ten days a man may produce food for the whole year. This is on the supposition that he possesses sago trees of his own, for they are now all private property. If he does not he has to pay about two dollars for one; and as labor here is ten cents a day, the total cost of a year's food for one man is about three dollars. The effect of this cheapness of food is decidedly prejudicial, for the inhabitants of the sago country are never so well off as those where rice is cultivated. Many of these people have neither vegetables nor fruit, but live almost entirely on sago and a little fish. Having few occupations at home, they wander about on petty trading or fishing expeditions to the neighboring islands; and as far as the comforts of life are concerned, are much inferior to the wild Hill Dyaks of Borneo, or to many of the more barbarous tribes of the Archipelago.

THE PAPUAN PEOPLE.

As Wallace extended his journey eastward, he found the people in feature and habit greatly changed, and that the birds wore more beautiful plumage. At the Abu Islands, near New Guinea, he met the original Papuans, who compose one of the most distinct and strongly marked races of the earth. They are intensely black, but with this exception they very little resemble negroes, for all their features, except the nose, which is aquiline with large nostrils, greatly resemble the Caucasian. They have no idea of a hereafter, profess no kind of religion, are not even superstitious, have no laws, and yet they are an apparently happy and contented people, free from vice. They recognize only the relationship which commerce gives, and therefore the importance of preserving peace and practicing honesty. Concerning these people, Mr. Wallace writes:

“Here, as among most savage people with whom I have dwelt, I was delighted with the beauty of the human form—a beauty of which stay-at-home civilized people can scarcely have any conception. What are the finest Grecian statues to the living, moving, breathing men I saw daily around me? The unrestrained grace of the naked savage as he goes about his daily occupations, or lounges at his ease, must be seen to be understood; and a

youth bending his bow is the perfection of manly beauty. The women, however, except in extreme youth, are by no means so pleasant to look at as the men. Their strongly-marked features are very unfeminine, and hard work, privations, and very early marriages soon destroy whatever of beauty or grace they may for a short time possess. Their toilet is very simple, but also, I am sorry to say, very coarse and disgusting. It consists solely of a mat of plaited strips of palm-leaves, worn tight around the body, and reaching from the hips to the knees. It seems not to be



MAKING SAGO.

changed till worn out, is seldom washed, and is generally very dirty. This is the universal dress, except in a few cases where Malay 'sarongs' have come into use. Their frizzly hair is tied in a bunch at the back of the head. They delight in combing, or rather forking it, using for that purpose a large wooden fork with four diverging prongs, which answers the purpose of separating and arranging the long, tangled, frizzly mass of cranial vegetation much better than any comb could do. The only ornaments of the women are earrings and necklaces, which they arrange in various tasteful ways."

Speaking of the remarkable honesty of the Papuans, Mr. Wal-

lace says: "Toward the end of September it became absolutely necessary for me to return, in order to make our homeward voyage before the end of the east monsoon. Most of the men who had taken payment from me had brought the birds they had agreed for. One poor fellow had been so unfortunate as not to get one, and he very honestly brought back the axe he had received in advance; another who had agreed for six, brought me the fifth two days before I was to start, and went off immediately to the forest again to get the other. He did not return, however, and we loaded our boat, and were just on the point of starting, when he came running down after us holding up a bird, which he handed to me, saying with great satisfaction, 'Now I owe you nothing.' These were remarkable and quite unexpected instances of honesty among savages, where it would have been very easy for them to have been dishonest without fear of detection or punishment."

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

THE island of Java is more thickly populated than any others of the Archipelago, and the people are more nearly civilized, owing to the fact that this island enjoys a large trade with the Dutch who have settled along the coast in considerable numbers. The city of Batavia, which has a population of nearly 200,000, is largely composed of Europeans. The principal large animals of Java are the tiger, tapir and a small species of rhinoceros, which latter frequently visits interior villages in quest of food, but it rarely shows any disposition to fight.

The tigers of Java are similar to those of India, being savage and bold. Many persons are destroyed by them annually. During Wallace's visit to the island he entered a village where a man-eating tiger had carried off a boy the day before. Nearly the entire village was in arms, ready to pursue the savage beast. The natives, armed only with spears, surrounded a dense jungle, where they believed the animal lay concealed, and began beating it in a rather reckless manner. The tiger was roused at length, and finding itself surrounded, made a savage attack, but a half-dozen natives received it on their spears and killed it without sustaining any injury themselves.

WONDERFULL RUINS.

NEAR the east cost of Java there are found vast ruins of an ancient civilization, such as elegantly sculptured figures, forts, palaces, baths, aqueducts, and temples, the latter having been at one time decorated with the most extravagantly rich and delicate sculpture work. On the mountain of Gunong Prau are the ruins



NATIVE MEN OF THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

of a magnificent temple covering a large elevated plateau. To reach this temple four flights of steps were cut in the solid stone of the mountain side, each flight consisting of more than one thousand steps. These gigantic works will doubtless forever remain a mystery; they show the deteriorating effects of time, and rude houses of bamboo and thatch occupy the site of the

ancient temple. The natives regard these ruins as the undoubted productions of giants or demons.

NEW GUINEA, THE UNEXPLORED.

NEW GUINEA lies immediately north of Australia, from which it is separated by Torres strait, which is only ninety miles in width. Since Australia is classed as a continent, New Guinea is the largest island in the world, and certainly one of the most interesting regions of the earth. Yet, with all this, it is a *terra incognita*, no explorer having ever penetrated it beyond a distance of fifteen miles from the coast. That it has a salubrious climate toward the interior is attested by the lofty, snow-capped mountains which may be seen from the sea, and the numerous large rivers which pour their sparkling waters into the ocean.

It is remarkable that this great island, which has been known since the year 1636, has never been explored, though small Dutch colonies have existed on its southern coast for nearly one hundred

years. Frequent attempts have been made to advance into the interior, but always without success, owing entirely to the fact that the parties were not properly equipped or of insufficient strength to give them confidence to proceed.

The Papuans, who occupy New Guinea, are uncivilized, but they are much in advance of all other barbaric tribes in many particulars. They live in houses fairly comfortable, resting on a foundation of upright posts which elevate them eight or ten feet above the ground. The place of building is usually over



NATIVE PAPUAN.

streams of water, and the flooring is made of bamboo with interstices left, through which all refuse is thrown, so that using the streams to carry off all obnoxious matter, the villages are always clean. They have a novel instrument for measuring time, and are the only savage people known who ever devised any means for this purpose, or who ever conceived the idea of dividing the days into hours. The primitive clock of the Papuans consists of the half of a cocoanut-shell, through the bottom of which

a small hole is made. This shell is placed in a basin of water, and as it receives a delicate jet gradually settles until it sinks at the expiration of one hour, causing a bubbling sound which attracts the attention of any one standing near. This shell is their only measure of time, but it suggests the idea of a clock, from which a more elaborate time-piece might be made.

Capt. Paget, who visited the island in 1871, declares that he found many of the natives wearing anklets and armlets of beaten gold, and that he saw a chief who bore



A DYAK GIRL.

a club made of the same precious metal. Not being able to converse with them, they misconstrued his gestures and fled to the hills, where it was considered inexpedient to follow them. This incident is mentioned as furnishing an additional incentive for a thorough exploration of the island, which will no doubt be made at an early date.

THE WORLD'S WONDERS.

THE TROPICAL WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH AMERICA.

IN describing the WORLD'S WONDERS as seen by the Great Explorers, we will divide our subject into three parts, or divisions, viz: The Tropical, Arctic, and Antaretic, so as to preserve a sequence, and have system in the narrative. The Tropical World will have precedence, in consideration of its more prolific life, both animal and vegetable, and because it presents more anomalous and curious features than other parts of the globe. Indeed, in the tropics there seems to be a superabundance of growth, which led Sir Thomas Buckle to declare: "Amid this pomp and splendor of nature no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable that he has never been able to make headway against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of nature had put in their way."

In the tropics we have two directly opposite effects of the sun, one tending toward the multiplication of life, while the other operates to destroy it. In no other part of the globe do we find great deserts like that of Sahara, or such pestilential vapors as continually arise from a profuse vegetation which is as rapid

in its decomposition as in its growth ; in no other zone are there such destructive earthquakes and storms, nor does disease stalk with such dreadful fatality in any other division of the earth. Another characteristic of the tropics is found in the size and ferociousness of its wild animals, whether beasts, birds, or reptiles, which find their homes either in the deep jungles or on the craggy peaks of great mountains, where the most intrepid hunter cannot pursue them. But there are many other interesting features found in the tropical zone which should be understood before we proceed to a description of the animal life found within its limits.

The lands lying within the tropics comprise a portion of Mexico, all of Central America, and nearly all of South America, Africa, the West India Islands, Polynesia, and about one-half of Australia. The very great excess of water over land within the tropics is one of the most important facts in physical geography, for, were the proportions reversed, there would be a like reduction of growth and a corresponding amount of sterility ; without water there can be neither vegetable nor animal life. All the water that gushes up in fountains or swells into brooks and rivers comes from the ocean, whence it is raised by evaporation and carried along unseen channels of the air to be precipitated in the form of rain or snow, sometimes thousands of miles distant from the place whence it was drawn up. This water when first evaporated has the salty taste of the ocean—or, more directly speaking, is strongly impregnated with salt, but as it is borne upward into clouds, the vapor is subjected to an electrical influence not clearly understood, but which decomposes the salt and precipitates the vapor into pure water ; but in the descent it absorbs from the air a small quantity of carbonic acid, ammonia, or nitric acid, which imparts to rain-water its peculiar taste. All water that is evaporated and ascends into the clouds, of course does not come from the ocean, as every fresh as well as salt body of water contributes to that continual ascent and descent which nourishes the earth and the fullness thereof. It has been computed by some patient calculator that 200,000 cubic miles of water are raised each year

from the ocean, in the form of vapor. At least three-fourths of this immense volume is raised within the tropics, and a great part falls beyond them. If the extent of the tropical ocean were diminished by half, there is no part, perhaps, of the temperate zones which would not be parched by excessive drought, and hardly a river but whose bed would be a dry ravine.

The water which fills the great lakes of North America and, thundering down the cataract of Niagara, finds its way through the St. Lawrence River into the ocean almost on the verge of the Polar World, only a few weeks before, perhaps, laved the coral reefs of the tropical seas.

If any considerable part of the tropical ocean were converted into land, the heat of the Torrid Zone would become so greatly increased that no animal life, such as now exists, could endure it; and, as the vegetation of a climate is adapted to the prevailing temperature, the trees and plants which now flourish would become extinct. Water, in being converted into a gaseous form by the process of evaporation, absorbs heat from surrounding objects, or, as we may say, produces cold. Thus the burning rays of a vertical sun, pouring down upon the ocean, in a measure quench themselves. The same rays, which, falling upon the ocean, never raise the water beyond a grateful temperature, falling upon the land produce an intolerable heat.

The great extent of the tropical seas is the cause of those mighty ocean currents which sweep from the equatorial to the polar regions. Cool as the waters of the tropics are, they are warm when compared with the other parts of the ocean. The water thus heated becomes specifically lighter than that of colder regions, is lifted up, and, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, runs off in both directions towards the poles. There, having become cooled, the salt waters are heavier than the comparatively fresh ones of the polar regions, and sinking beneath them, return in an undercurrent to their starting-place.

This great equatorial current, or rather series of currents, is the marvel of physical geography. Let us follow that of the Atlantic in its long career. Starting on the line of the equator,

it flows north-westwardly along the coast of South America, enters the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, from whence it derives the name of the Gulf Stream. It passes out through the Straits of Bemini, between Florida and Cuba, a great river 32 miles wide, 2,200 feet deep, flowing at the rate of four miles an hour. Its volume is a thousand times greater than that of the Amazon or the Mississippi, and its banks of cold water are more clearly defined than are those of either of these rivers at flood. So clear is the line of demarkation between the warm water of the river and its cool liquid banks, that a ship sailing along may be half in one and half in the other; and a bucket of water dipped from one side will be twenty degrees cooler than one from the other. Skirting the coast at a distance of about 100 miles, its width is increased and its velocity diminished. Striking the projecting banks of Newfoundland, its course is deflected almost due east, until it arrives at mid-ocean. Here it spreads out like a fan, skirting the shores of Spain, France and Great Britain. It then divides, one branch sweeping around the west coast of Iceland, the other approaching the shores of Norway, and its temporary influence is perceptible in the ameliorated climate of Spitzbergen.

It is owing to this great ocean river that the temperature of the western shores of Europe is so much higher than that of the eastern shore of America in the same latitudes. Maury estimates that the amount of heat which the Gulf Stream diffuses over the northern Atlantic in a winter's day is sufficient to raise the whole atmosphere which covers France and Great Britain from the freezing point to summer heat. The olives of Spain, the vines of France, the wheat-fields of England, and the green expanse of the Emerald Isle, are the gifts of the tropical seas, dispensed through the Gulf Stream.

Near the Azores another branch of the Gulf Stream encounters the return flow from the Arctic Ocean, bends around, and skirting the coast of Africa, returns to its starting-place in the Gulf of Guinea, leaving in its great bend near the Azores an expanse of almost motionless waters larger than the whole of

France. This is known as the Sargasso Sea, from the surface being covered with a sea-weed called the *Sargassum natans*. So thick is the covering of weeds that at a little distance it seems solid enough to walk upon. The discovery of the bodies of strange animals and unknown trees and plants flung ashore at the Azores suggested to Columbus the idea that there was land lying beyond the western ocean; so that to the Gulf Stream we are indebted for the discovery of the New World. Bottles have been thrown overboard at various points in the Gulf Stream, containing the date and position of the ship. Many of these have been picked up. From these it appears that the stream takes eight months to flow from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of Europe, and the broader and slower current takes a year to travel from the Bay of Biscay back to the gulf of Mexico.

The Gulf Stream, though the best known, and in many respects the most remarkable of the great equatorial currents, is by no means the largest. The great current of the Pacific and Indian Oceans may be regarded as one mighty stream flowing from east to west. It crosses the Pacific in a sheet nearly 3,500 miles broad, spreading over almost half the distance from pole to pole; another great current originates in the Indian Ocean, flows into the China Sea through the Straits of Malacca, thence into the North Pacific, between the coast of Asia and the Philippine Islands, thence crosses the ocean by the north-westward, modifying the climate of the Pacific coast and Alaska. It is stated by Lieutenant Schwatka, of the U. S. A., who explored the Yukon River in 1883, that the Aleutian Islands have a climate the mean temperature of which is 60°, and that this spring warmth is almost perpetual, there being only the slightest difference between the extreme seasons. This statement, however, I have found no where corroborated, but, on the other hand, openly disputed by the seal and whale fishers of Behrings Strait, who frequently go ashore on the Aleutian Isles. However, Schwatka may have referred to some particular island of the group that was specially sheltered, or perhaps abnormally heated by volcanic influence.

All the water poured by the trade currents from the tropical ocean, and all raised from it by evaporation and transported through aerial channels to feed the rivers of the temperate and polar regions, must find its way back by counter currents. Heat, according to the dictum of modern Science, may be reduced to force. The force of the sun's rays poured upon the tropical ocean is sufficient to raise thousands of yards into the air five hundred cubic miles of water every day, and to put and keep in motion the mighty currents which sweep back and forth from the equator to the poles. The study of the course, direction and elevation of these currents has as yet only begun. We know that sometimes, as on the coast of America, the currents of cold and warm water run side by side in opposite directions ; sometimes a warm current is on the surface and sometimes below it. In the Gulf Stream the warm current is above, the cold below ; while on the coast of Japan a cold current from the Okotsk Sea runs on the surface, giving rise to a fishery not inferior in magnitude to that caused on the banks of Newfoundland by the cold currents from Baffins Bay. Enough, however, is now known of ocean currents to warrant the assumption that they are mainly governed by the great law of gravitation. The lighter water flows on the surface, the heavier underneath. But the specific gravity of ocean water depends upon two things, the temperature and amount of salt contained. The heated water of the tropics is rendered lighter than that which surrounds it of the same saltiness and so floats on the surface ; but the cold currents from the poles are less saline, and consequently lighter than the tropical waters of the same temperature. When these two opposing currents meet there is a struggle ; but at length the one which is specifically heavier sinks, while the lighter rises. So facile is the movement of fluids among each other, that a difference in gravity which we can scarcely detect with our nicest instruments may be abundantly sufficient to decide which of two opposing currents shall run above and which below.

The air has currents as well as the ocean, and these have very much to do in modifying the climate of the tropical

world. Rarified by the intense heat of a vertical sun, the air within the tropics rises in perpendicular columns high above the surface of the earth, and thence flows off toward the poles; while, to fill up the void, cold air currents come rushing in from the Arctic and Antaretic regions; but the rotation of the earth gradually diverts the direction of these cold currents, and changes them into trade-winds, which regularly blow over the greater portion of the tropical ocean from east to west, and materially contribute to the health and comfort of the navigator whom they waft over the equatorial waters. The trade-wind is an air current of even greater importance than the water current known as the Gulf Stream. This wind covers no less than 56° of latitude— 28° north and 28° south of the equator. In this large tract, which comprises many of the most fertile countries on the globe, the trade-wind blows during the whole year, either from the north-east or from the south-east. The causes of this regularity are now well understood, and are known to depend partly on the displacement of air at the equator, and partly on the motion of the earth; for the cold air from the poles is constantly flowing toward the equator and thus producing northerly winds in the northern hemisphere, and southerly winds in the southern.

The trade-wind, blowing on the eastern coast of South America, and proceeding from the east, crosses the Atlantic Ocean, and therefore reaches the land surcharged with the vapors accumulated in its passage. The vapors, on touching the shore, are, at periodical intervals, condensed into rain; and as their progress westward is checked by that gigantic mountain chain, the Andes, which they are unable to pass, they pour the whole of their moisture on Brazil, which, in consequence, is often deluged by the most destructive torrents. This abundant supply, being aided by that vast river system peculiar to the eastern part of South America, and being also accompanied by heat, has stimulated the soil into an activity unequaled in any other part of the world. Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled

forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivaled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their products in



A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

endless prodigality. On their branches are perched birds of gorgeous plumage; below, their base and trunks are crowded

with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular forms; serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of nature. Dr. Gardener, who looked at these things with the eye of a botanist, says that near Rio Janeiro the heat and moisture are sufficient to compensate even the poorest soil; so that "rocks, on which scarcely a trace of earth is to be observed, are covered with a profuse vegetation, all in the vigor of life." That nothing may be wanting in this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply countless herds of wild cattle, that browse and fatten on their herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtlest and most ferocious animals, which prey upon each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate. Mr. Darwin, the eminent naturalist, says, "In England, any person fond of natural history enjoys in his walks a great advantage, by always having something to attract his attention; but in these fertile climates, teeming with life, the attractions are so numerous that he is scarcely able to walk at all."

We have spoken of the trade-winds as extending over the whole breadth of the Tropical World. But to this there is a notable exception. Near the equator, but a little to the north of it, the two currents from the Arctic and Antarctic regions meet and neutralize each other, producing a belt of calms, which sailors call the "Doldrums," of about six degrees in breadth. Here it rains almost every day during the year, for the ascending currents of heated air loaded with moisture become suddenly cooled in the higher regions, and are forced to give up the water which they have lifted from the ocean. Toward noon dense clouds form in the sky and dissolve in torrents of rain. Toward evening the vapors disperse, and the sun sets in a cloudless horizon. The quantity of rain which here falls during the year is enormous. In the United States the annual rainfall is

from 25 to 70 inches; in Europe from 15 to 104; in the Atlantic doldrums it reaches 225. So copious is the rainfall at times that fresh water has been dipped up from the surface of the tropical seas.

Proceeding north or south from the belt of calms, we come to a region characterized by two rainy and two dry seasons. The rainy seasons take place while the sun is passing the zenith, more or less neutralizing the influence of the trade-winds. In Jamaica, for example, the first rainy season begins in April, the second in October; the first dry season in June, the second in December. Toward the verge of the tropics follow the zones characterized by a single rainy and a single dry season; the rains lasting from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

The two rainy seasons which characterize the middle zone between each tropic and the equator have a tendency to merge into one rainy season of six months' duration on advancing toward the tropics, and into a perpetual rainy season on approaching the equator. As the sun goes north or south he opens the flood-gates of the heavens, and closes them behind him as he passes to the other hemisphere, while he keeps them continually open where he is always vertical. But this general state of things, which would be the normal condition of the tropical regions if their surface was an unbroken sheet of water, and no disturbing forces existed, is liable to great modifications. Thus in the monsoon region, extending from the eastern coast of Africa to the northern part of Australia, and from the tropic of Capricorn to the Himalayas and China, it is not the sun directly, but the winds that regulate the periodical rains. Thus in India and the Malayan peninsula the western coasts are watered during the southwest monsoon, which prevails from April to October; and the eastern coasts during the northeast monsoon, from October to April. For example, the southwest wind condenses its vapor on the western side of the Ghauts, the northeast on the eastern; so that violent rains fall daily on the coast of Coromandel, while it is the reverse on that of Malabar, and vice versa. In the southern hemisphere the rainy season corresponds

with the northern monsoon, the dry season with the south-eastern. In South Africa and Australia winter is the rainy season. In South America, in the same latitudes, summer is the rainy season on the eastern side of the Cordilleras, and winter on the western side.

TORNADOES AND HURRICANES

rage in the tropical world with a frequency, extent and violence unknown in other climes. They sometimes move with a direct velocity of forty-five miles per hour; but the violence and destructiveness of a whirlwind depends less upon the velocity with which the whole storm moves than upon the speed with which the wind whirls around and in upon the centre. The great Bahama hurricane of 1866 moved forward at the rate of thirty miles per hour; but the velocity of its whirling motion was from 80 to 100, and for short intervals from 100 to 120 miles an hour. The diameter of the great storms of the tropical Atlantic is often from 600 to 1,000 miles; those of the Indian Ocean 1,000 to 1,500. These, however, move but slowly. The smaller storms are usually more rapid than the larger ones.

The revolving motion accounts for the sudden and violent changes observed during hurricanes. In consequence of this rotation the wind blows in opposite directions on each side of the axis of the storm; the violence increases from the circumference inward; but at the centre the air is in repose. Hence, when the body of a storm passes over a place, the wind begins to blow moderately, and increases to a hurricane as the centre of the whirlwind approaches; then, in a moment, a dead calm succeeds, followed suddenly by a renewal of the storm in all its violence, but now blowing in a direction opposite to which it had before. From this rotary motion it follows that the direction of the wind at any moment is no indication of the direction which the body of the storm is pursuing.

Water-spouts and cyclones belong to the same class of phenomena as whirlwinds and hurricanes. In fact, water-spouts are but whirlwinds at sea, while the term cyclone is used to distin-

guish the most violent hurricanes or tornadoes. Whirlwinds may be formed by the rapid rotary movement of either ascending or descending currents of air; when the former occurs over a body of water not infrequently water-spouts are the result, and



A STEAMSHIP ENCOUNTERING A WATER-SPOUT AT SEA.

at times so violent are these that at their base they have power to wreck a small boat, and to lift an immense column of water which is drawn upward with a noise like the rush of Niagara. In cloud-bursts we have the very opposite, for they are produced by

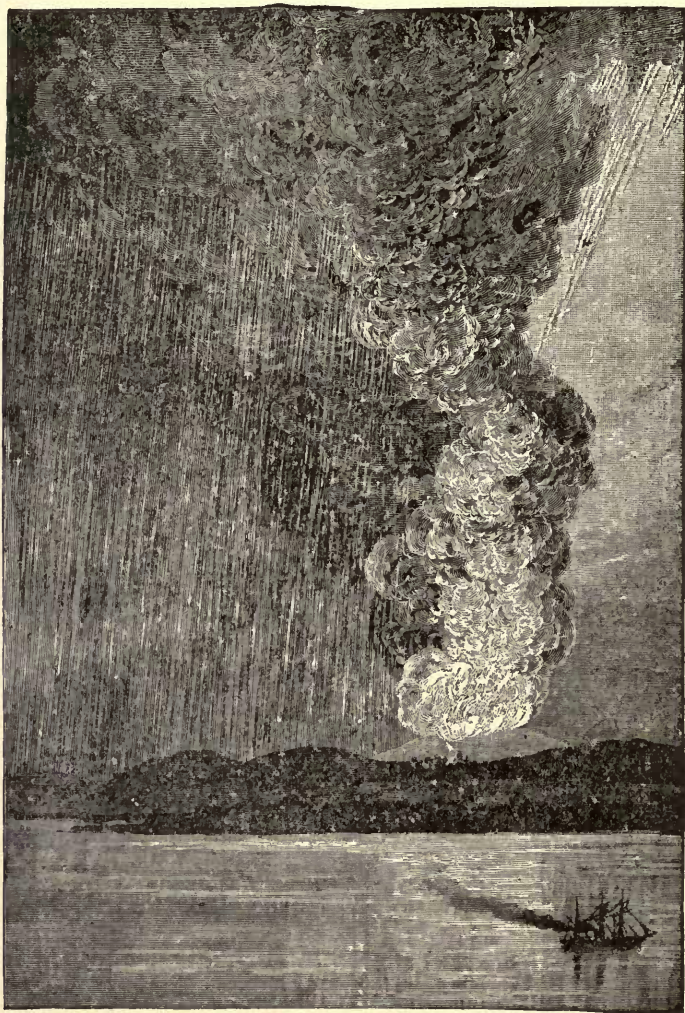
the rapid rotary motion of descending currents, and in the equatorial regions they often deluge and desolate vast tracts of land, destroying buildings and stock, and sometimes washing up large trees.

FORMATION OF ISLANDS.

NINE-TENTHS of the islands which dot the ocean lie within the tropics. These islands are divided into two great classes. The one class is of volcanic origin, upheaved from the depth of the ocean; or, rather, they are lofty peaks of mountains, whose sides and bases lie deep in the water. There are two opposite theories to account for the existence and present appearance of these islands. According to one theory, a continent once occupied a large portion of the Pacific Ocean within the tropics, a large portion of which has sunk beneath the water, and these islands are but the peaks and table lands of that lost continent. The other theory is that these islands have been for unknown ages, and now are, slowly being lifted up from the depth below. Both theories rest upon so wide an induction of facts that both may be accepted as true; or rather as parts of the one great truth, that the crust of the earth, which we are wont to consider so firm and stable, is now, as it always has been, rising and falling, as truly as the surface of the water rises and falls by the attraction of the sun and moon; only that these periodic changes are measured by ages instead of by hours. Who shall say that in the higher knowledge which we shall gain during the ages of the future we may not attain to the understanding that the rise and sinking of continents is like that of the tides, governed by law, and that we may not be able to express in figures, which will then be quite finite to us, though now seeming infinite, the years that have elapsed since "heaven and earth rose out of chaos!"

Volcanic islands are found in all oceans. Iceland has its Heckla, Sicily its *Ætna*, Hawaii its Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, Nippon its Fusi-yama. From Sumatra, Java and Sumbawa, Ternate and Tidore, Borneo, Celebes and Gilolo, close by the equator, thence northward and north-westward to the Kurile

Islands, hard by the frozen coast of Kamchatka, is one great belt of volcanic islands, spreading out like a fan through Polyn-



VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS AS SEEN IN THE ISLAND OF JAVA.

esia. But in the tropical seas, and there alone, are coraline islands, built up, grain by grain, by minute living beings,

The simplest form of these coral islands is a ring enclosing a portion of the ocean. Sometimes this ring is barely two miles in diameter; sometimes it reaches a hundred miles, rising only a half-score of feet above the level of the water, and owing to the convexity of the surface of the ocean invisible from the deck of a ship at a distance of a mile or two, unless they happen to be covered with tall palms or pandanus. The roar of the surf dashing upon their windward side is often heard before the island itself comes into view. On the outer side this ring, or atoll, slopes gradually for a hundred yards or more, to a depth of twenty-five fathoms, and then plunges sheer down into the waters with a descent more rapid than the cone of any volcano. At a distance of five hundred yards no bottom has been reached with a sounding line of a mile and a half in length. All below the surface of the water to the depth of one hundred feet is alive; all above and below this section dead, for the coral insect can live only within this range.

These atolls assume every form and condition. Sometimes they are solitary specks in the waste of waters. Oftener they occur in groups. The Caroline Archipelago has sixty groups extending over a space of 1,000 square miles. Sometimes a group of atolls becomes partially joined into one, the irregular ring encircling an island-studded lagoon, with openings through which a ship may enter. Sometimes these coral formations take the form of long reefs bordering an extensive coast. Such a reef runs parallel to the coast of Malabar for nearly 500 miles. It consists of a series of atolls arranged in a double row, separated by a sea whose depth no line has sounded; yet from outer to inner edge of the double row is a space of but fifty miles. Such a broken coral reef often girdles a volcanic island. Tahiti, the largest of the Society group, is a fine example of this kind. The island rises in mountains 7,000 feet high, with only a narrow plain along the shore. The lagoon which encompasses it like a great moat is thirty fathoms deep, and is shut out from the ocean by a coral band at a distance of from half a mile to three miles.

But there are coral reefs of far greater magnitude. The grandest is that extending along the northeast coast of Australia. Rising from an unfathomed ocean, it extends for 1,000 miles along the coast, with a breadth of from 200 yards to a mile, and at an average distance of twenty or thirty miles, though sometimes double that space. This long, narrow lagoon is never less than ten fathoms deep, and often six times as much, so that the "Great Eastern," the hugest vessel that ever floated, if it once passed through one of the openings in the reef, might sail as though in a tranquil harbor for 1,000 miles in sight of land on either side, without its keel for an instant reaching half-way to the bottom.

The direct influence of the ocean upon the islands of the tropical world is great in every respect. It gives an almost temperate climate to low lands lying under the equator, and thus modifies their fauna and flora, in accordance with known laws of nature. But the ocean and air in their currents also determine the vegetable, animal and human life of the islands of the tropical world in an accidental manner.

Time was when the volcanic islands of the tropics were masses of naked rock, the coralline islands patches of barren sand. The elements disintegrated the surface of the rock and ground the coral into the soil. Some day a fruit—perhaps a cocoa or bread-fruit—drifted along by currents, touched the island; or a bird, swept far out to sea, having in its crop an undigested seed, rested its weary wing upon solid land. The chance-planted fruit or seed took root and grew, and produced its kind, and in time the waste island was clothed with verdure. Other birds found a home in the new forests, built their nests, and raised their young, so that the islands became populous with the winged tribes. Animals, of course, could only rarely cross the waste of waters. Hence the comparative paucity of this form of life in islands remote from the main land. Swine were almost the only quadrupeds which the early European navigators found in Polynesia; and they were doubtless brought there by human means. Mankind reached the islands in a like

accidental manner. Perhaps a canoe from the Malayan shores drifted upon the Fiji Islands, and its rowers became the progenitors of the black cannibals; or a junk from China or Japan was cast away upon Tahiti or Hawaii. These wanderers, cut off from intercourse with the rest of the world, developed their barbarism or semi-civilization in their own way, under the influence of altered conditions, climate and productions. The story of the "Bounty," and the first settlement of Pitcairn's Island, too well known to require more than a passing allusion, shows that such a canoe or junk voyage is altogether possible, and how widely in the course of a single generation a group of isolated individuals deviate from their original stock.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT PLATEAU AND ITS WONDERS.

WITHIN the geographical limits of the tropical world is found every variety of climate upon the globe. There are great mountain ranges which, even at the equator, rise above the limits of perpetual snow. Their summits, untrodden by man, and unvisited by any other form of animal life, must be more desolate than the most extreme polar regions to which explorers have been unable to penetrate. Of living creatures the strong-winged condor alone has reached so high. Upon these dreary crags this great bird is king of all; here it rears its brood unmolested, and from its eyrie surveys the valleys below and swoops down, with rushing wings, upon defenseless flocks, and bears away in its cruel talons the young of the various folds. Keen of vision, and no less wary, it has no enemies to fight, and thus lords its way in the world, multiplies and annually becomes more destructive in its ravages. Nature has provided this wonderful bird with a power which is given to no other bird or animal, that of sustaining life at such great altitudes.

The most remarkable, as well as one of the most lofty plateaus

that has been occupied by man, is known as the *Puna* or *Altos* of Peru. It extends through a great part of the length of Peru and Bolivia at a height of 10,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level. It is that cold and rugged region which forms the broad summit of the Cordillera. It has the aspect of an irregular plain and is diversified with mountain ridges and snowy volcanic peaks, imposing in their proportions, notwithstanding that they rise from a level of 14,000 feet above the sea. Squier, who has written much on South America, describing his travels through its several countries, presents a very graphic picture of the Puna and its ascent as follows: "Poela is a poor but picturesque little village, with a small white church gleaming out against the dull brown of the bare mountain side. It is 9,700 feet above the sea. Still ascending, our mules began to pant under the influence of the *soroche*, or rarification of the air, but which the drivers insisted was from the *veta*, or influence due to the veins of metal in the earth. At La Portada, 12,600 feet above sea level, or 1,000 feet higher than the Hospice of the grand St. Bernard, I witnessed a scene more wild and desolate than I have beheld in crossing the Alps by the routes of the Simplon, the grand St. Bernard, or the St. Gothard. There is neither tree nor shrub; the frosty soil cherishes no grass, and the very lichens find scant hold on the bare rocks. The native rum which I had purchased for making a fire for preparing my coffee, refused to burn, and extinguished the lighted match thrust into it as if it were water. I was obliged to abstract some refined alcohol from my photographic stores to supply its place. At the pass of Guaylillos, 14,750 feet above the sea, one of my companions fell from his saddle under the influence of the rarified air. On lifting him from the ground we found him nearly senseless, with blood trickling from his mouth, ears, nostrils, and the corners of his eyes. Copious vomiting followed and we administered the usual remedies with good effect. In doing this I drew off my gloves, and was surprised to find my hands swollen and covered with blood, which appeared as if it had oozed from a thousand minute punctures."

PERILS OF HIGH ALTITUDE.

OTHER travelers give similar accounts of the climate of the Puna. Cold winds from the icy Cordilleras, whose summits often rise 8,000 feet above the plateau, sweep over their surface, and during eight months of the year they are daily visited by fearful storms. In a few hours the change of the temperature often amounts to forty or fifty degrees, and the sudden fall is rendered still more disagreeable to the traveler by the biting winds which irritate the hands and face. The lips suffer especially, breaking out into deep rents which heal with difficulty. The eyes also suffer intensely. The rapid changes from a cloudy sky to the brilliancy of a snow-field, glistening in the sun, produces an affection which the natives call the *sarumpe*. So intolerable is the burning and stinging that even the stoical Indian, when attacked, will fling himself on the ground uttering cries of anguish and despair. Chronic ophthalmia, suppuration of the eyelids, and total blindness, are frequent consequences of the *sarumpe*, against which the traveler over the highlands endeavors to guard himself by wearing green spectacles or a dark veil.

The first symptoms of the *veta* or *soroche* usually appear at an elevation of some 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. They frequently manifest themselves in those who ride, but are greatly aggravated when the traveler ascends on foot. The giddiness and nausea are accompanied with an insupportable sense of lassitude, difficulty of breathing, and violent palpitation of the heart, followed by spitting of blood and a bloody diarrhœa. This last affliction is, however, to a considerable extent occasioned by the noxious character of the water. "All the water of the Despoblado," says Squier, "even that which does not display any evidence of foreign or mineral substances in solution, is more or less purgative, and often productive of very bad effects. In many parts the thirsty traveler discovers springs as bright and limpid as those of our New England hills; yet when he dismounts to drink, his muleteer will rush forward in affright, with the warning cry, 'Beware, *es agua de Veruga!*' The Veruga water is said to produce a terrible disease called by the same name, which manifests

itself outwardly in both men and animals in great bleeding boils and carbuncles, which occasion much distress, and often result in death."

The *veta* shows itself also in animals unaccustomed to mountain traveling. They proceed more and more slowly, frequently stop, trembling all over, and fall to the ground. If not allowed to rest they inevitably die. The natives are accustomed to slit the nostrils of their mules and horses in order to allow a greater influx of air. Mules and asses are less affected by the *veta* than horses; but it is fatal to cats, who are unable to live at a height of more than 13,000 feet.

Another consequence of the diminished pressure of the air is that water boils at so low a temperature that meat, vegetables and eggs cannot be boiled sufficiently to be edible, and whoever wishes a warm meal in the Puna must have it baked or roasted.

Winter and spring are no where in such close proximity as in the Peruvian highlands, for deep valleys furrow the bleak Puna, and when the traveler, benumbed by the cold blasts of the mountain plateaus, descends into these valleys he finds the change as great as between the rigors of a Polar climate and the soft balm of delicious spring redolent with nature's perfumes. There are regions in Peru where a traveler may, in the morning, leave the snow-covered Puna hut in which he has shivered over night, and before sunset pluck pine-apples and bananas on the cultivated margin of a forest and repose in comfort under no other covering than the drooping feathery leaves of gigantic palms.

But in this vast elevated region there is nothing else which possesses so deep human interest as Lake Titicaca, for in it is embosomed the sacred island, to which the Incas traced their origin, and which to this day is to their descendants all that Jerusalem and Mecca are to Christians and Mohammedans. This beautiful body of fresh water is at the elevation of 12,864 feet above the sea, higher than any point in Europe except the ten loftiest peaks of the Alps. It is 120 miles long, and from fifty to sixty miles wide. Though the temperature falls quite low the lake never freezes over, but ice forms along its shores.

In the winter months the temperature of the lake is usually ten or twelve degrees higher than that of the atmosphere.

SACRED LAKES AND BEAUTIFUL TRADITIONS.

THE largest island in this lake is the sacred island of Titicaca, bare and rocky, about six miles long and five miles broad. Tradition tells us that here Manco Capac and Mama Oella, at once his wife and sister, who were both children of the sun and messengers of that luminary, started on their errand to civilize the barbarous tribes which then occupied the country. Manco Capac was directed to travel northward until he should reach a spot where his golden staff would sink into the ground of its own accord, and there he was to fix the seat of his empire. In obedience to these directions he traveled slowly along the western shore of lake Titicaca, through the barren Puna lands, until he reached the Vilcanota river, one of the principal branches of the Amazon, when he descended its valley and, after a journey of three hundred miles, his golden staff sank into the ground upon the spot where the city of Cuzco now stands. Here he fixed his seat of empire, and here arose the city of the sun, the capital of the Inca Empire, which in time spread over a length of 37° of latitude, and in breadth from the eastern base of the Andes westward to where the Pacific beats against the deeply planted feet of the Cordilleras.

So runs the legend; but there is much mythical matter incorporated into the traditions respecting Manco Capac. We find his counterpart in the Fohi of the Chinese, the Buddha of the Hindus, the Osiris of Egypt, the Odin of Scandinavia, the Jatza-coal of Mexico, and the Votan of Central America. Still there can be no doubt that he is a real historical character, to whom, however, have been attributed many of the achievements of those who preceded him, and perhaps of some who followed him. The time when he lived is altogether uncertain. Some, studying the *quippus*, or knotted cords, which are the only records of ancient Peruvian history, place his advent back to within five centuries after the deluge. But the best authorities give the date approximately at about four centuries before the arrival of

the Spaniards under Pizarro, or about 1000, A. D., the period when all Christendom was hurling itself in the crusades upon the Holy Land.

WONDERS OF AN EXTINCT CIVILIZATION.

THIS civilization, in some respects one of the most remarkable which the world has ever seen, had its origin in the lofty tableland of the Puna, which we are now considering; and far and wide as the reign of the Incas subsequently extended, they and their subjects always retained their reverence for the little rocky islet in Lake Titicaca, where it had its origin. At the northern end of the island is a frayed and water-worn mass of red sandstone, about 225 feet long and twenty-five feet high. This is the sacred rock of Manco Capac, the most holy spot in all Peru. Upon it, as was believed, no bird would alight, no animal venture, and upon which no human being not of royal blood dared set his foot. From this rock the sun first rose to dispel the primal vapors and illuminate the world. It was, so runs the legend, planted all over with gold and silver, and, except upon the most solemn occasions, covered with a veil of cloth of costly material and gorgeous colors. The gold and silver, as well as the gorgeous covering, have long since disappeared, and what is now seen is only a bare rock, on the crest of the island, which rises 2,000 feet above the waters of the lake. Yet even now, when the Indian guides come within sight of it they raise their hats, bow reverently, and mutter words of mystic import, which they themselves most likely do not understand. In front of the rock is a level artificial terrace, 372 feet long and 125 feet broad, supported by a low stone wall. According to tradition the soil which once covered this terrace was carried upon the backs of men from the distant valleys of the Amazon, so that it might nourish a vegetation denied by the hard, ungrateful soil of the island.

Everywhere on the holy island are the ruins of Inca structures, and the sites of the most sacred spots are still shown. Here is the sheltered bay where the Incas landed when they came to visit the spot consecrated to the sun. Halfway up the ascent are the

“foot prints” of the great Inca Tupanqui, marking the place where he stood when, catching his first view of the hallowed rock, he removed the imperial covering from his head in token

MODERN DESCENDANTS OF THE ANCIENT PERUVIANS.



of adoration of the divinity whose shrine rose before him. These so-called foot prints bear strong resemblance to the impressions of a gigantic foot, thirty-six inches long and of proportionate

breadth. Their outline is formed by hard ferruginous veins around which the softer rock has been worn away, leaving them in relief.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE INCAS.

THE Fountain of the Incas is situated in a sheltered nook, surrounded with terraces upon which grow patches of maize with ears not longer than one's finger. The bath is a pool forty feet long, ten wide, and five deep, built of worked stones. Into this pour four jets of water, as large as a man's arm, from openings cut in the stones behind. The water comes through subterranean passages from sources now unknown, and never diminishes in volume. It flows to-day as freely as when the Incas resorted here and cut the deep hill-sides into terraces, bringing the earth all the way from the Valley of Yucay, or "Vale of Imperial Delights," four hundred miles distant. Over the walls droop the tendrils of vines; and what with the odors and the tinkle and patter of the water one might imagine himself in the court of the Alhambra.

Besides the sacred Island of Titicaca, there are eight smaller ones in the lake. Soto was the Isle of Penitence, where the Incas were wont to resort for fasting and humiliation. Coati was sacred to the moon, the wife and sister of the sun, and on it is the palace of the Virgins of the Sun, one of the most remarkable and best preserved remains of aboriginal architecture on the continent of America.

At Tihuanico, on the border of the lake, are immense ruins which clearly antedate the time of the Incas. They were ruins when the Spaniards made their appearance, and the natives could give no account of them. They supposed that they were built by divine architects in a single night. Cieza de Leon, one of the companions of Pizarro, writes of them: "What most surprised me was that the enormous gateways were formed on other great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen wide, and six thick. I cannot conceive with what tools or instruments these stones were hewn out, for they must have been vastly larger than we now see them. It is supposed that some of these

structures were built long before the dominion of the Incas ; and I have heard the Indians affirm that these sovereigns constructed their great building at Cuzco after the plans of the walls of Tihuanico." The most remarkable thing in these ruins are the great doorways of a single block of stone. The largest of these is ten feet high and thirteen broad, the opening cut through it being six feet four inches high, and three feet two inches wide. The whole neighborhood is strewn with immense blocks of stone elaborately wrought, equaling if not surpassing in size any known to exist in Egypt, India, or any part of the world. Some of these are thirty feet long, eighteen broad, and six thick.

All these gigantic remains of a past civilization are found in the lofty table-land of the Puna. When these come to be fully described and illustrated, it will be seen that here, in a climate so cold that hardly a vegetable will grow which man can use for food, were planted the seeds of a civilization as remarkable as any which ever existed. More wonderful, perhaps, than these great architectural works were the great military roads constructed by the Incas. One reached from Cuzco down to the ocean. The other stretched from the capital, along the very crest of the Cordilleras, and down their ravines, to Quito, 1,200 miles distant. The length of these great roads, including branches, was not less than 3,000 miles. Modern travelers compare them with the best in the world. They were from eighteen to twenty-five feet broad, paved with immense blocks of stone, sometimes covered with asphaltum. In ascending steep mountains, broad steps were cut in the rock ; ravines were filled with heavy embankments flanked with parapets, and, wherever the climate permitted, lined with shade trees and shrubs, with houses at regular distances for the accommodation of travelers, and specially serving as post-stations. For there was a regular postal service by which the Incas could send messages from one extremity of their dominion to the other. This service was performed by runners ; for the Peruvians had no beasts of burden stronger or swifter than the llama. These messengers were trained to great speed. On approaching a station they gave a

loud shout to warn the next courier of their approach, so that he might be ready to take the message or parcel without delay. In this manner it is said that dispatches were sent at the rate of 150 miles a day, a speed unequalled until within our own times, when the railway and the telegraph have brought the ends of the world almost together.

WONDERS OF THREE DEAD CITIES.

THE only parts of America which, before the arrival of Europeans, were in some degree civilized, were Mexico and Peru; to which may probably be added that long and narrow tract which stretches from the south of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama. In this latter country, which is now known as Central America, the inhabitants, aided by the fertility of the soil, seem to have worked out for themselves a certain amount of knowledge, since the ruins still extant prove the possession of a mechanical and architectural skill too considerable to be acquired by any nation entirely barbarous. Beyond this nothing is known of their history; but the accounts we have of such buildings as Copan, Palenque and Uxmal, make it highly probable that Central America was the ancient seat of a civilization in all essential points similar to those of India and Egypt; that is to say, similar to them in respect to the unequal distribution of wealth and power, and the thralldom in which the great body of the people consequently remained.

Mr. Squier, who explored Nicaragua, says of the statues which he saw in large numbers about the ruins of old palaces: "The material, in every case, is a black basalt, of great hardness, which, with the best of modern tools, can only be cut with difficulty." Mr. Stephens, another explorer of Central America, says he found at Palenque "elegant specimens of art and models for study," and of the paintings he found at Chichen he writes: "They exhibit a freedom of touch which could only be the result of discipline and training under masters." At Copan the same writer declares that "it would be impossible, with the best instruments of modern times, to cut stones more perfectly." These evidences unmistakably confirm the impression

that in many respects the civilization of Europe or the United States does not show a greater degree of intellectual refinement or any more progress in the arts and sciences than the people of Mexico, Central America and Peru were acquainted with. The same is true of Egypt, and we cannot contemplate these wonders to-day without being impressed with the belief that civilizations, like tides, ebb and flow, their rise and fall being dependent upon change of climate, revulsions of nature, or protracted wars, though measured by centuries.

THE AMAZON RIVER.

THE wonders of South America do not, however, cluster around the ruins of a past civilization, for one of the greatest of natural wonders is the mighty Amazon River and its marvellous effect upon the vegetation and animal life of Brazil. This remarkable stream was discovered by Yanez Pinzor in the year 1500, and was first navigated by one of Pizarro's officers named Orellana, in 1541. The word Amazon is supposed to be derived from the story of Orellana's fight with a body of Amazons—a nation of female warriors,—although some declare it is from an Indian word, *Amassona*—boat destroyer—which is decidedly improbable. The men who opposed Orellana wore long tunics and parted their hair in the middle, which fact, aided by the fabled Amazons of the Caucasus, doubtless led him to believe them women.

The total length of this gigantic stream, as estimated by Lieutenant Herndon, is 3,944 miles, and its average depth forty-three feet, quite enough to float the largest ocean steamers, but owing to the numerous falls and rapids it is really navigable for steam vessels only about 500 miles from its mouth. A singular feature of the Amazon is its abrupt banks, there being no shoal water near the shore as in other rivers, soundings taken from the bank often showing fifty feet or more, equaling the greatest depth of the mid-stream. Like nearly all tropical rivers, the Amazon is subject to periodical inundations. The banks, which are generally high, are overflowed and vast tracts of land flooded to such an extent, indeed, that its freshening effects are

perceptible for many miles on either side. The rise above the lowest level of the stream is sometimes as great as fifty feet, and the ocean tide, following the river, is noticeable nearly 500 miles



FOREST ON THE AMAZON RIVER.

from the mouth. The bore—tidal wave—of the Amazon exceeds that of any other river of the world. La Condamine, more

than 100 years ago, accurately described it in these words:

DESTRUCTIVE TIDES OF THE AMAZON.

“DURING three days before the full and new moons, the period of highest tides, the sea, instead of occupying six hours to reach its flood, swells to its highest limits in one or two minutes. The noise of this terrible flood is heard five or six miles and increases as it approaches. Presently may be seen a liquid promontory, twelve or fifteen feet high, followed by another and another, and sometimes by a fourth. These watery mountains spread across the whole channel, and advance with a prodigious rapidity, rending and crushing everything in their way. Immense trees are instantly uprooted by it, and sometimes whole tracts of land are swept away.”

Another characteristic feature is the system of back channels joining the tributaries, and the canoe paths through the forest. Following these narrow water roads one may go in a canoe from Santaren 1,000 miles up the Amazon without once ever entering the river.

The enormous valley of the Amazon is walled in by the Andes and the highlands of Guiana and Matto Grosso. No other region of equal area has such a remarkably uniform character, and its geological formation is of deep interest. The territory through which the Amazon flows is covered with vast forests and possesses a soil of extraordinary fertility. “If,” says Humboldt, “the name of primeval forest can be given to any forests on the face of the earth, none, perhaps, can so strictly claim it as those that fill the connected basin of the Orinoco and Amazon.” “From the grassy steppes of Venezuela to the treeless pampas of Buenos Ayres,” says a later traveler, “expands a sea of verdure in which we may draw a circle of 1,100 miles in diameter, which shall include an evergreen, unbroken forest. There is a most bewildering diversity of grand and beautiful trees—a wild, unconquered race of vegetable giants, draped, festooned, corded, matted and ribboned with climbing and creeping plants, woody and succulent in endless variety.”

Animal life is not so conspicuous in the forest as on the river;

the latter is fairly crowded with strange fishes, alligators, great turtles, porpoises, manitees—sea cow—and enormous anacondas. Through the forest are scattered mammals, birds and reptiles, the more common being the ferocious puma and jaguar, tapir, copyboras, piccaries, sloths, deer, armadillos, monkeys, parrots, towcans and macaws. The shores of the Amazon are but thinly inhabited, the most important tribes being Mundurucus, Tucunas and Yagnos, who are an idle, vagabondish people, regardless of the past and heedless of the future.

AFRICA.

CHAPTER III.

ANCIENT DISCOVERIES.

FROM the foregoing outline of the interesting phases of nature in South America, we now turn to that most interesting of all countries, Africa, which, though lying within the same zone belts as South America, and having a somewhat similar physical aspect, is yet possessed of very many peculiar features not found elsewhere in the world. Here the most ancient records place the beginning of creation, which, though in allegory, give evidence of the birth of civilization in the neighborhood of that mighty and wonderful river, the Nile. It was in Africa that the father of history was born, and on its north-eastern coast or interior were builded the great cities of Carthage, Memphis and Alexandria, which, for a time, in succession, ruled the world. Here also the Saracens, in their practice of alchemy, found greater than philosophers' stones, in discovering, by accident, so many useful facts in chemistry.

The history of Ancient Africa is unwritten, nor has it ever

been determined from whence the name originated, though hundreds of philologists have attempted to explain its origin. The earliest mention we have of any attempt to explore the country is the following, from a book published by John Ogilby, "Master of His Majesties Revels in the Kingdom of Ireland," in 1670, the full title of which would occupy nearly one page of this work, but which is descriptive of Africa. In the quaint style then used, it says :

"Amongst the Ancients, Hanno, a Carthaginian, sent forth by that State, discovered long since much of the Coasts of Africa, but pierced not far the Inland Country, nor did his Voyage give great light that they might after steer by, though translated from the Punick Language into Greek, and published by Sigismund Gelenius at Brazill in 1533. And in the reign of Necho, King of Egypt, some Phenicians from the Red-sea sayl'd by the Coast of Africa to Gibralter, from thence returning the same way they came. Of which Herodotus (Herodotus wrote nine Books of History, according to the number of the Muses, entituling them in order by one of their names) in his Melpomene (Fourth Book) says : The Phenicians sayling from the Red-sea, came into the Southern Ocean, and after three years reaching Hercules Pillars, returned through the Mediterranean, reporting wonders ! how that they had the Sun at Noon on their Starboard, or North-side, to which I give little credit, and others may believe as they please. Nor did Sataspes' Voyage in the Reign of Xerxes, King of Persia, in the year of the world 3435, give us any better Hints ; of which thus Herodotus in the same book :

" ' Sataspes, Teaspes' son, ravishing a virgin, and condemned to be crucified, by the mediation of his Mother, Darius' sister, was to suffer no more than to undertake a voyage round Africa, which he but slightly performed ; for passing Gibralter, he sayl'd to the utmost point called Siloe (Cape de Verd), from thence sayling on southward ; but being weary, returning the same way he came, made a strange relation to Xerxes, how he had seen remote countreys, where he found few people in Tyrian Purple, but such as when they drew near the Land, forsook their abodes,

and fled up into the Mountains, and that they only drove some of their Cattle thence, doing them no further damage ; adding also, that he had sayled round Africa, had it not been impossible : To which the King giving small credit, and for that Sataspes had not performed his Undertaking, remitted him to his former sentence.'

“ As little availed that expedition of the Nasamones (a People inhabiting Tunis) to this discovery, who (as Herodotus relates in his *Euterpe*, second book) chose by lot five young men of good Fortunes and Qualifications, to explore the African Deserts, never yet penetrated, to inform themselves of their Vastness, and what might be beyond ; these setting forth with fit Provisions, came first where only wild Beasts inhabited ; thence traveling westward through barren Lands, after many days, they saw a Plain planted with Trees, to which drawing near they tasted their Fruits, whilst a Dwarf-like People came to them about half their stature, neither by speech understanding the other, they led them by hand over a vast Common, to their City, where all the inhabitants were Blacks, and of the same size ; by this City ran towards the East a great River, abounding with Crocodiles, which Etearchus, King of the Ammonians, to whom the Nasamones related this, supposed to be the Nile. This is all we have of Antiquity, and from one single Author, who writ 420 years before the Incarnation, which sufficiently sets forth the Ignorance of the Ancients concerning Africa.”

THE DISADVANTAGES OF NATIVE AFRICANS.

WHAT has been written of South America in no inconsiderable measure applies to Africa, but there are disadvantages noticeable in the latter against which natives of the former country do not have to contend. Africa has ever appeared like a country cursed by God, its people in the greater part bearing a mark that has descended apparently from posterity to posterity since the day that Ham was bitterly cursed by his father, and made a slave to his heartless brothers. Egypt, the seat of learning, the birth-place of genius, with her Alexandria palace and her great philosophic schools, is now only a mausoleum of a dead civilization, like an

instrument once giving forth the most exquisite melody, now broken and stringless. From a wonderfully brilliant sunlight, which once lighted her forums, palaces, specimens of art and culture, she has fallen under the pail of age, and her glory now abides under the sands; her Memphis and her Thebes are inurned by pelting storms; the Sphynx and the Pyramids, broken and crusted by time, are now only curious monuments of a past age that will return no more. The blood of Hypatia, the noblest woman that ever championed a cause, rose round the temples which her murderers desecrated, and the demons of vengeance made brooding night settle upon its ruins.

In Egypt, as in all Africa, there has ever been an impassable barrier between the rich and poor. In the olden time, when Egypt was in her glory, the laws were atrociously oppressive; if a member of the industrial classes changed his usual employment, or was known to pay any attention to political matters, he was severely punished, and under no circumstances was the possession of land allowed to an agricultural laborer, to a mechanic, or, indeed, to any one except the King, the Clergy, and the Army. The people at large were little better than beasts of burden; and all that was expected of them was unremitting and unrequited labor. If they neglected their work they were flogged; and the same punishment was frequently inflicted upon domestic servants, and even upon women. Hence it was that the industry of the whole nation, being at the absolute command of a small part of it, there arose the possibility of rearing those vast edifices, which inconsiderate observers admire as a proof of civilization, but which in reality are evidences of a state of things altogether depraved and unhealthy.

That in such a society as this much regard should be paid to human suffering, it would be idle to suppose. Still, we are startled by the reckless prodigality with which, in Egypt, the upper classes squandered away the labor and lives of the people. In this respect, as the monuments yet remaining abundantly prove, they stood alone, without a rival. We may form some idea of the almost incredible waste, when we hear that two

thousand men were occupied for three years removing a single stone from Elephantine to Sais; that the canal of the Red Sea cost the lives of a hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians; and that to build one of the Pyramids required the labor of three hundred and sixty thousand men for twenty years. This reckless disregard for the people so impoverished the lower classes, chiefly by confiscations, that subsistence became finally so difficult that families were compelled to support life almost exclusively from the fruit of date trees.

This was the condition of the most civilized portion of Egypt: but when we describe the life found in Central Africa, there will be found influences so nearly identical that we must conclude there were the same causes operating throughout the whole country, to keep it in darkness and terror. While the potentates of Central Africa are never wealthy, as we value possessions, yet they hold their subjects by hooks of steel, as it were, and place no estimate whatever on human life, using it only as it may please or advantage them. Through all Africa, therefore, as well as in Egypt, there is seen the slave-mark, the curse of all uncivilized nations.

THE RIVER NILE.

OF all rivers which traverse the habitable portions of the earth, the Nile is pre-eminently the grandest; grand not alone because it flows through the wild, dark, pathless region, nor because of its long-hidden source, but because of its singular character in its adaptation to the sand-covered, scorching desert which it cleaves, spreading a wondrous fertility over the otherwise barren and uninhabitable waste, fructifying the sands and establishing a seat for the earliest civilization. Oh, marvelous Nile! Oh, wonderful Egypt! That great country in which the infant of industry and progress was cradled; which gave to science its swaddling clothes, and nursed art and religion into strong and imperishable vitality, has not only been sustained by the Nile's gifts of prodigal fertility, but was created by the alluvial soil which flowed down through the long centuries, and deposited in continual accretions to the delta. Thus has Egypt grown

out into the sea, a creature of that wonder of wonders, the great Nile. At so remote a period that history cannot even approximate, Egypt came into existence, washed down from hills and mountains, lagoons and lakes, to take her rank as mother of the civilized world.

“Egypt,” as Sir Samuel Baker says, “was not only created by the Nile, but the very existence of its inhabitants depended upon the annual inundation of the river. Thus all that related to the Nile was of vital importance to the people; it was the hand that fed them.

“Egypt, depending so entirely upon the river, it was natural that the origin of those mysterious waters should have absorbed the attention of thinking men. It was unlike all other rivers. In July and August, when streams in all portions of the world are at their lowest, by reason of the summer heat, the Nile is at its flood! In Egypt there is no rainfall—not even a drop of dew in those parched deserts through which, for 860 miles of latitude, the glorious river flowed without a tributary. Licked up by the burning sun, and gulped by the exhausting sand of Nubian deserts, supporting all losses by evaporation and absorption, the noble flood shed its annual blessings upon Egypt. An anomaly among rivers; flooding in the driest season; everlasting in sandy deserts; where was its hidden origin? where were the sources of the Nile? This was, from the earliest period, the great geographical question to be solved.”

MODERN TRAVELS THROUGH AFRICA.

STRANGE as it appears, it is none the less true, that one of the most accurate maps of Africa ever published, was printed in Ogilby's book over two hundred years ago, not only showing the true source of the Nile, just as Stanley found it, but generally all the water ways and topography of the entire country are faithfully exhibited. Vaquez de Gamma, who figures so conspicuously in the discoveries of North America, was the first explorer we have any authentic history of who circumnavigated Africa, and incited a national desire to effect a thorough exploration of its interior, though it was twenty years after his death before an expedition

suitably equipped, attempted to cross the country. Since that time African exploration parties have been very numerous, nearly every nation on the globe contributing adventurous spirits to battle with the wild animals and wilder jungles which characterize its interior, in pursuit of a curiosity which every person possesses more or less.

In this volume I shall confine myself to the results and more exciting incidents, discoveries and adventures of the great modern explorers of Africa, giving prominence to those whose achievements entitle them to public recognition.

CAPT. J. H. SPEKE'S TRAVELS.

THE first to be considered is Capt. J. H. Speke, of the English army, as he was the first to claim the discovery of the source of the Nile, although subsequent explorations have shown that he discovered only one of the principal lakes or reservoirs that feed that wonderful river.

Capt. Speke made three expeditions into the heart of Africa, first as the companion of the celebrated traveler, Richard Francis Burton, during which they discovered lake Tanganika. On his second expedition, which he undertook alone, Speke discovered Victoria Lake, one of the principal reservoirs from which the Nile is fed, and which for some years was supposed to be the real source of this mysterious river. His third expedition was undertaken in 1860, in company with Capt. J. W. Grant, also an officer in the British army, and who had previously made extensive explorations in Australia. As this third expedition contains the most important results of Capt. Speke's discoveries, we shall confine ourselves principally to it.

The explorers were aided in this expedition by a contribution of \$12,000 from the Royal Geographical Society of England, and

\$15,000 granted by the Cape Parliament. They set sail on an English steamer for Zanzibar, and upon nearing that place they encountered a Spanish slaver which was just leaving the African coast with 544 starving slaves penned up in the deadly atmosphere of the ship's hold, where the dead and dying were lying in ghastly confusion. The slaver was captured and the miserable black wretches returned to their native shores. Directly after this event Speke and his companion arrived at Zanzibar, where preparations were made, and on October 2d, with two hundred men, they departed for the interior of Africa. Capt. Speke thus describes the manner of taking observations and making up the records of his journey :

“My first occupation was to map the country. This is done by timing the rate of march with a watch, taking compass-bearings along the road or on any conspicuous marks—as, for instance, hills off it—and by noting the watershed—in short, all topographical objects. On arrival in camp every day came the ascertaining, by boiling a thermometer, of the altitude of the station above the sea-level ; of the latitude of the station by the meridian altitude of a star taken with a sextant ; and of the compass variation by azimuth. Occasionally there was the fixing of certain crucial stations, at intervals of sixty miles or so, by lunar observations, or distances of the moon either from the sun or from certain given stars, for determining the longitude, by which the original-timed course can be drawn out with certainty on the map by proportion. Should a date be lost, you can always discover it by taking a lunar distance and comparing it with the Nautical Almanac, by noting the time when a star passes the meridian if your watch is right, or by observing the phases of the moon, or her rising or setting, as compared with the Nautical Almanac. The rest of my work, besides sketching and keeping a diary, which was the most troublesome of all, consisted in making geological and zoological collections. With Captain Grant rested the botanical collections and thermometrical registers. He also boiled one of the thermometers, kept the rain-gauge, and undertook the photography ; but after

a time I sent the instruments back, considering this work too severe for the climate, and he tried instead sketching with water-colors, the results of which form the chief part of the illustrations in my book. The rest of our day went in breakfasting after the march was over—a pipe, to prepare us for rummaging the fields and villages to discover their contents for scientific purposes—dinner close to sunset, and tea and pipe before turning in at night.”

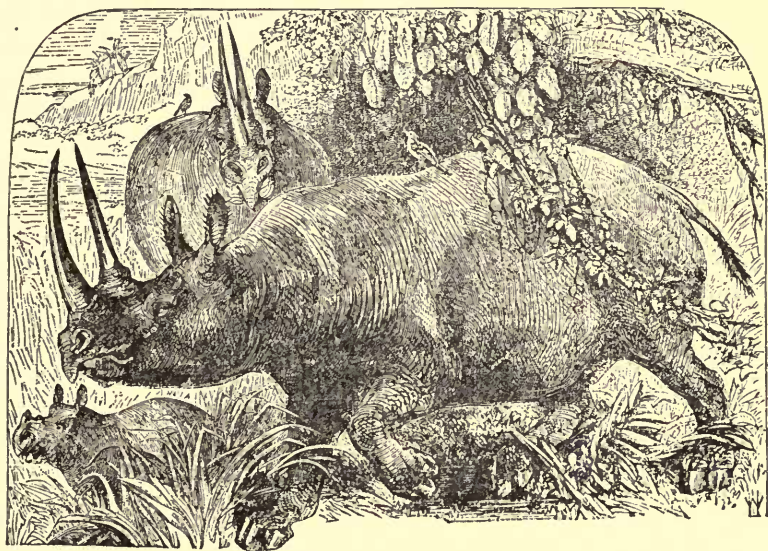
FIRST SIGHT OF HIPPOPOTAMI.

THE journey was without special incident until the vicinity of Mbume was reached, when they passed an immense lagoon in which many hippopotami were seen sporting very near, as if inviting attack. There were also numerous traces of elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceros and antelopes, but no stoppage was made for a hunt.

They had now proceeded far enough into the interior to be almost constantly beset by native chiefs, who demanded tribute for the privilege of crossing their respective districts. On the 24th of October the party reached the Ugogo plateau, the inhabitants of which are a fierce, repulsive and dangerous people. The men, indeed, are never seen without their usual arms—the spear, the shield, and the assegai. They live in flat-topped, square, tembe villages, wherever springs of water are found, keep cattle in plenty, and farm enough generally to supply not only their own wants, but those of the thousands who annually pass in caravans. They are extremely fond of ornaments, the most common of which is an ugly tube of the gourd thrust through the lower lobe of the ear. Their color is a soft ruddy brown, with a slight infusion of black, not unlike that of a rich plum. Impulsive by nature, and exceedingly avaricious, they pester travelers beyond all conception by thronging the road, jeering, quizzing, and pointing at them; and in camp, by intrusively forcing their way into the midst of the kit, and even into the stranger's tent.

A RHINOCEROS HUNT.

UPON arriving on the farthest border of Ugogo, at a settlement called Kanyenye, eight of the porters deserted, taking with them as many mules laden with stores, which compelled a day's stoppage. While here, one of the natives, upon noticing fire-arms among the party, told Capt. Speke that in the immediate locality were not a few two-horned rhinoceros, which every night visited the bitter pools near by to bathe. This information greatly delighted Speke and Grant, who directly made prepara-



THE TWO-HORNED RHINOCEROS.

tions to indulge their bent for a hunt, while others of the party were sent in search of the deserters and stolen mules.

At ten o'clock, an hour before the moon would rise, they set out for the lagoons, accompanied by a guide and two sheikh boys carrying rifles. Reaching the foot-hills, the party hid themselves until midnight to await the rising moon and their dangerous game. They had not long to wait, for presently a gigantic beast loomed up against the horizon and came on to-

ward a large pool of water. Speke attached a bit of white paper to the sight of his rifle and crawled under cover of the bank until within eighty yards of the animal. It chanced that the shot struck in a vital spot, penetrating the beast's heart, so that it died with but few struggles. Captain Speke, being anxious to increase his store of meat, then retired to his former position and again waited. After two hours had elapsed two more rhinoceros approached in the same stealthy, fidgety way as the first one. They came even closer than the first, but the moon having passed beyond their meridian, he could not obtain so clear a mark. Still they were big marks, and Speke determined on doing his best before they had time to wind him; so, stepping out, with the sheikh's boys behind, carrying the second rifle to meet all emergencies, he planted a ball in the larger one, and brought him round with a roar and whooh-whooh, exactly to the best position that one could wish for receiving a second shot; but, alas! on turning sharply round for the spare rifle, Speke had the mortification to see that both the black boys had made off, and were scrambling like monkeys up a tree. At the same time the rhinoceros, fortunately, on second consideration, turned to the right-about and shuffled away, leaving, as is usually the case when conical bullets are used, no traces of blood.

Thus ended the night's work. The party now went home by dawn to apprise all the porters that they had flesh in store for them, when the two boys who had so shamelessly deserted, instead of hiding their heads, described all the night's scenes with such capital mimicry as set the whole camp in a roar. They had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the native Wagogo could find it; but, though this precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with Speke's men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but, at the same time, grotesque scene than that which followed can not be conceived. All fell to work, armed with swords, spears, knives and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawl-

ing, fighting and tearing, tumbling and wrestling up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between the opposing parties. The natives might be afterward seen, one by one, covered with blood, scampering home each with his spoil—a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with.



CLOSE QUARTERS.

On the 7th of November, through sickness and desertion, Speke's followers were so much reduced that it became necessary for him to secure more recruits, for which purpose he halted three days and sent to Sheikh Said for several men. That the time of waiting might not hang heavily on his hands, he went upon another hunt. Shortly after starting out he came suddenly upon a two-horned rhinoceros which stood quietly feeding off a bush. He shot the beast at a distance not exceeding five paces. Proceeding farther, he soon came upon a herd of buffalos and secured four shots before the animals discovered him or from whence the shots had come. They then galloped off with Speke

after them, and he succeeded in killing four or five and wounding several, among the latter a large bull, full of fight and sullenness; this one, struck in the flank, charged down upon him and his boy, who carried the rifles; the boy, nimble as a monkey, swung himself from a friendly bough just as the bull swept under him like a cyclone, and made directly for Speke, who had but a single gun left. Happily this was enough, for the bullet was so well directed that it broke the infuriated beast's neck. Speke had barely escaped from one bull before another, that had also been wounded, charged at him, giving only sufficient time for



A LUCKY SHOT.

him to pick up another gun that had been dropped by the nimble boy. As the bull came rapidly on, Speke jumped behind a small knoll and fired, but the shot did not take effect; most fortunately, however, the smoke from the discharge hung so heavy about the bull's head that he could not see his assailant, and after fighting it awhile he bolted off into the woods, to the intense delight of the now defenseless hunter.

At the end of five days seventy porters were secured, to whom were given sixteen pieces of cloth each, in advance, for their services as carriers. Two of the deserters were also captured, and having received fifty lashes each for their offense, were again

placed in service. While waiting for the Sheikh to return, however, some of the villagers stole several loads of beads, for which Speke held the chief responsible. After a long and heated argument, fifteen cows were given as a compensation for the loss, whereupon the expedition started forward again and did not halt, except at night, until Unyanyembe was reached, which is the most considerable place within the rich district of the Land of the Moon.

Up to November 23d the losses sustained by the expedition were as follows: One Hottentot dead and five returned; one freeman sent back with the Hottentots, and one flogged and turned off; twenty-five of Sultan Majid's gardeners deserted; ninety-eight of the original Wanyamuezi porters deserted; twelve mules and three donkeys dead. Besides which, more than half of the property had been stolen; while the traveling expenses had been unprecedented, in consequence of the severity of the famine throughout the whole length of the march.

CHAPTER IV.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

AFTER leaving the Land of the Moon, Speke encountered many serious difficulties, which crippled his force materially and threatened him with disaster. The country in which he was now traveling was particularly precarious on account of a war then waging between the Arabs and a deposed native chief, named Manua Sera, who proved himself a bitter antagonist, full of strategy and the daring of a guerilla. This chief paid a visit to the explorer, and after detailing the wrongs which had been done him, begged Speke to join him against the Arabs. To have declined this request abruptly might have imperiled his own safety, so Speke was compelled to resort to strategy to avoid serious trouble. While deferring his answer, the Arabs, in pursuit of Manua Sera, reached the country and were soon in communication

with Speke, whom they besought to join them in expelling or destroying the guerrilla chief. Speke was therefore put to it again, for the interior tribes generally sympathized with Manua Sera, and had the English explorer combined with the Arabs he would have certainly met with disaster.

After passing Masange and Zimbili, Speke put up a night in the village of Iviri, on the northern border of Unyanyembe, and found several officers there, sent by Mkisiwa, to enforce a levy of soldiers to take the field with the Arabs at Kaze against Manua Sera; to effect which they walked about ringing bells, and bawling out that if a certain percentage of all the inhabitants did not muster, the village chief would be seized and their plantations confiscated. Speke's men all mutinied here for increase of ration allowances. To find themselves food with, he had given them all one necklace of beads each per diem since leaving Kaze, in lieu of cloth, which hitherto had been served out for that purpose. It was a very liberal allowance, because the Arabs never gave more than one necklace to every three men, and that, too, of inferior quality to what Speke served. He brought them to at last by starvation, and then went on. Dipping down into a valley between two clusters of granitic hills, beautifully clothed with trees and grass, studded here and there with rich plantations, they entered the district of Usagari, and on the second day forded the Gombe Nullah again—in its upper course, called Kuale. Here Capt. Speke met with a chief whose wife was an old friend, formerly a waiting-maid at Ungugu, whom he had met on previous voyages. Her husband, the chief, was then absent, engaged in war with a neighbor, so the queen gave Speke such assistance as enabled him to avoid joining either the Arabs or Manua Sera, without inciting their hostility.

On Christmas day the expedition halted to await the arrival of three hundred porters that had been sent for by a chief named Musa, who had accompanied Speke for several weeks, giving much valuable service as guide and interpreter. The expedition did not move again until January 2d, the interim being employed



SIRBOKO AND HIS SLAVES.

by Speke and Grant in collecting specimens, stuffing birds and animals, and making sketches. While thus employed, they came upon a poor slave, owned by a chief named Sirboko, who was chained up in a most merciless manner. The pitiful-appearing fellow cried out to Speke :

“Hai Bana wangi, Bana wangi (Oh, my lord, my lord), take pity on me ! When I was a free man I saw you at Uvira, on the Tanganyika Lake, when you were there ; but since then the Watuta, in a fight at Ujiji, speared me all over and left me for dead, when I was seized by the people, sold to the Arabs, and have been in chains ever since. Oh, I say, Bana wangi, if you would only liberate me I would never run away, but would serve you faithfully all my life.” This touching appeal was too strong to be withstood, so Speke called up Sirboko, and told him if he would liberate this one man he should be no loser ; and the release was effected. He was then christened Farhan (Joy), and was enrolled with the rest of the freedmen. Inquiry was then made if it were true the Wabembe were cannibals, and also circumcised. In one of the slaves the latter statement was easily confirmed. Speke was assured that the slave was a cannibal ; for the whole tribe of Wabembe, when they cannot get human flesh otherwise, give a goat to their neighbors for a sick or dying child, regarding such flesh as the best of all. No other cannibals, however, were known of ; but the Massai and their cognates, the Wahumba, Wataturu, Wakasange, Wanyaramba, and even the Wagogo and Wakimbu, circumcise.

THE KING OF KARAGUE AND HIS FAT WIFE.

SUCH slow progress had been made, owing to war, desertions, oppositions from chiefs, etc., that it was not until the latter part of October—more than one year after starting—that Capt. Speke reached the Karague country. Here he found a fine stretch of elevated lands which are drained by the Kitangule River directly into the Victoria lake. It was here, also, that he met Rumanika, the king, and Nnanji, his brother, a famous doctor. Both these men had most regular features, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Speke paid a visit to the king, and was received in

a becoming manner; his surprise was great to hear him inquire so intelligently about people and governments in other lands, and when he asked his visitor to take two of the princes with him to England, that they might become educated, and return to tell him all about the world, his admiration was greatly increased. As to the domestic character and tastes of Rumanika, Capt. Speke writes :

“In the afternoon, as I had heard from Musa that the wives of the king and princes were fattened to such an extent that they could not stand upright, I paid my respects to Wazezeru, the king's eldest brother—who, having been born before his father ascended the throne, did not come in the line of succession—with the hope of being able to see for myself the truth of the story. There was no mistake about it. On entering the hut, I found the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments, while in front of them were placed numerous wooden pots of milk, and, hanging from the poles that supported the bee-hive shaped hut, a large collection of bows six feet in length, while below them were tied an even larger collection of spears, intermixed with a goodly assortment of heavy-handed assegais. I was struck with no small surprise at the way he received me, as well as with the extraordinary dimensions, yet pleasing beauty, of the immoderately fat fair one, his wife. She could not rise; and so large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung down like large, loose-stuffed puddings. Then in came their children, all models of the Abyssinian type of beauty, and as polite in their manners as thorough-bred gentlemen. They had heard of my picture-books from the king, and all wished to see them; which they no sooner did, to their infinite delight, especially when they recognized any of the animals, than the subject was turned by my inquiring what they did with so many milk-pots. This was easily explained by Wazezeru himself, who, pointing to his wife, said, ‘This is all the product of those pots; from early youth upward we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives.’ ”

Before leaving the Karague country, Capt. Speke sent the king's brother a blanket and seventy-five blue egg beads as a present, which were received with many signs of pleasure. The king then, ever attentive to his guests, sent his royal musicians to play for Speke and Grant. The men composing the band were a mixture of Waganda and Wanyambo, who played on reed



THE ROYAL MUSICIANS.

instruments made telescope fashion, marking time by hand-drums. At first they marched up and down, playing tunes exactly like the regimental bands of the Turks, and then commenced dancing a species of "hornpipe," blowing furiously all the while.

DECIDING THE RIGHT TO RULE BY MAGIC.

SPEKE gave the king a rifle, together with some ammunition, whereat the royal savage was so intensely delighted that he insisted upon explaining how he was the rightful successor to the throne, being moved thereto by the fact that his brother, Rogero, was contesting the succession by war then. Rumanika, the king, thus explained: When Dogara, my father, died, and myself, Nnanaji and Rogero were the only three sons left in line of succession to the crown, a small mystic drum of diminutive size was placed before them by the officers of state. It was only a feather's weight in reality, but, being loaded with charms, became so heavy to those who were not entitled to the crown,

that none of them could lift it. Now, of all the three brothers, he, Rumanika, alone could raise it from the ground ; and while his brothers labored hard in a vain attempt to move it, he with his little finger held it up without exertion.

This disclosure led to inquiries concerning a king's death and burial, when the king related that according to the customs of the country, when a king died his body was sewed up in a cow-skin and placed in a boat floating in the adjacent lake, where it remained for three days, when decomposition set in and maggots were engendered, three of which were taken from the putrid body and carried into the palace ; after remaining there three days one of the maggots was transformed into a lion, another into a leopard, and the third into a stick. After this the body of the dead king was taken out of the boat and carried to a sacred hill, where it was deposited on the ground and a large hut built over it ; in this hut were placed five maidens and fifty cows to provide entertainment and food for the royal spirit. The doorway to the hut was then so strongly closed that the maidens and cows perished.

Rumanika continued to explain his greatness and that of his ancestors by declaring that his grandfather was a most wonderful man ; indeed, Karague was blessed with more supernatural agencies than any other country. Rohinda the Sixth, who was his grandfather, numbered so many years that people thought he never would die ; and he even became so concerned himself about it, reflecting that his son Dagara would never enjoy the benefit of his position as successor to the crown of Karague, that he took some magic powders and charmed away his life. His remains were then taken to Moga-Namirinsi, in the same manner as were those of Dagara ; but, as an improvement on the maggot story, a young lion emerged from the heart of the corpse and kept guard over the hill, from whom other lions came into existence, until the whole place became infested by them, and has since made Karague a power and dread to all other nations ; for these lions became subject to the will of Dagara, who, when attacked by the countries to the northward, instead of assembling an army

of men, assembled his lion force, and so swept all before him.

Another test was then advanced at the instigation of K'yengo, who thought Rumanika not quite impressive enough of his right to the throne, and this was, that each heir in succession, even after the drum dodge, was required to sit on the ground in a certain place of the country, where, if he had courage to plant himself, the land would gradually rise up, telescope fashion, until it reached to the skies, when, if the aspirant was considered by the spirits the proper person to inherit Karague, he would gradually be lowered again without any harm happening; but otherwise, the elastic hill would suddenly collapse, and he would be dashed to pieces. Now, Rumanika, by his own confession, had gone through this ordeal with marked success; so Speke asked him if he found the atmosphere cold when so far up aloft, and as he said he did so, Speke, laughing at the quaintness of the question, told him that he saw he had learned a good practical lesson on the structure of the universe, which he wished he would explain to him. In a state of perplexity, K'yengo and the rest, on seeing him laugh, thought something was wrong; and turning about, they thought again, and said, "No, it must have been hot, because the higher one ascended the nearer he got to the sun."

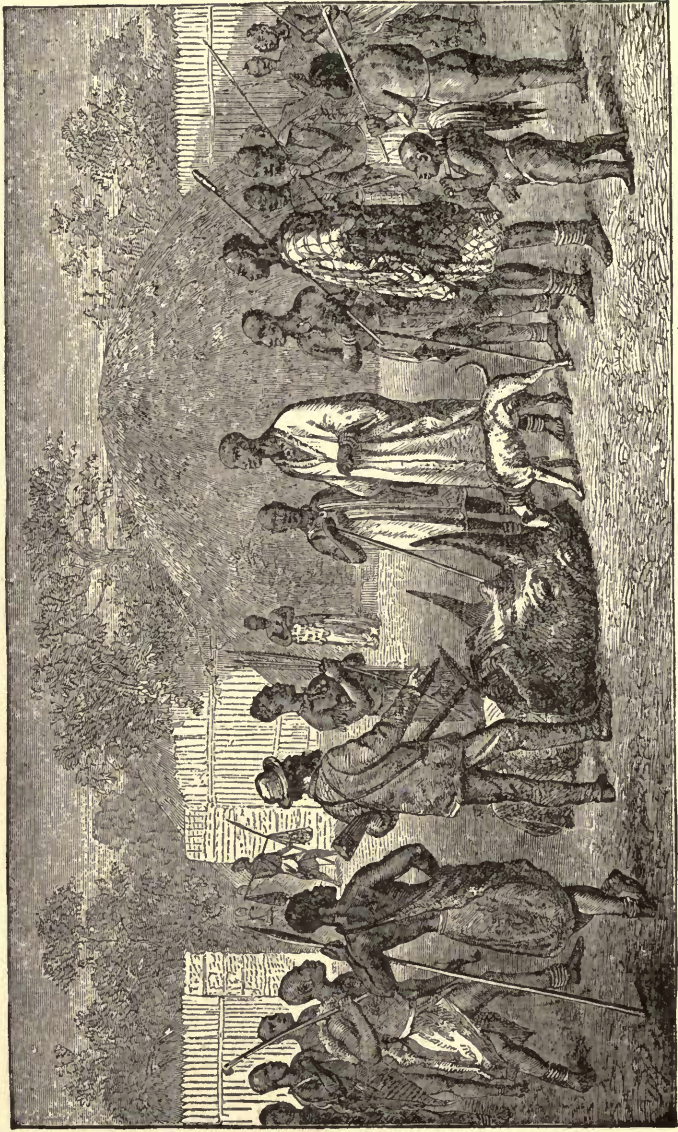
This led on to one argument after another, on geology, geography, and all the natural sciences, and ended by Rumanika showing Speke an iron much the shape and size of a carrot. This, he said, was found by one of his villagers while tilling the ground, buried some way down below the surface; but, dig as he would, he could not remove it, and therefore called some more men to his help. Still, the whole of them united could not lift the iron, which induced them, considering there must be some magic in it, to inform the king. "Now," says Rumanika, "I no sooner went there and saw the iron, than, without the smallest exertion, I uplifted the iron, and brought it here as you see it. What can such a sign mean?" "Of course that you are the rightful king," said his flatterers. "Then," said Rumanika, in exuberant spirits, "during Dagara's time, as the king was sitting with many other men outside his hut, a fearful storm of thunder

and lightning arose, and a thunderbolt struck the ground in the midst of them, which dispersed all the men but Dagara, who calmly took up the thunderbolt and placed it in the palace. I, however, no sooner came into possession, and Rogero began to contend with me, than the thunderbolt vanished. How would you account for this?" The flatterers said, "It is clear as possible; God gave the thunderbolt to Dagara as a sign he was pleased with him and his rule; but when he found two brothers contending, he withdrew it to show their conduct was wicked."

ANOTHER RHINOCEROS HUNT.

ON the 9th of December, before leaving the Karague country, Capt. Speke, learning that the immediate district in which he was encamped abounded with rhinoceros, took two attendants and posted to the foot-hills about Little Windermere lake. Taking up a position in a thicket of acacia shrubs, he sent the men out to beat the brush toward him. In a few minutes a large male rhinoceros came lumbering through the brush until he was within a few yards of the concealed hunter, who delivered a broadside from his Blissett rifle, which sent the huge beast off in a trot toward the beaters; but after going a short distance it fell and was quickly disposed of by another shot. The natives then came running up to Speke, surprised beyond measure at what they saw, for they did not believe that a rhinoceros could be killed by shooting with a rifle. Among those who assembled to view the dead beast was a native who exhibited frightful scars on his abdomen and shoulder, which he declared were the result of a wound he had received by a rhinoceros thrusting its horn through his body.

Just at this time a cry went up from several beaters that another rhinoceros was near, concealed in a thicket. Speke at once set off to find it. He traveled as rapidly as possible along a path made by the animals, with his two gun-bearers directly in the rear. Suddenly he was confronted by a full grown female, with her young one close behind, which came "whoof-whoofing" toward him. To escape and shoot at the same time, he was compelled to push to one side in the prickly acacias, and as



SPEKE PRESENTS THE RHINOCEROS HEAD TO THE KING

the huge beast approached, he fired at her head ; the bullet only served to divert her course, for she received no perceptible injury. She broke away from the brush into an open, with Speke following. He fired again, but the animal kept on and took to the hills, crossed over a spur and entered another thicket. The hunter kept up the pursuit, but as he came to the head of a glen he was greatly astonished to find three more rhinoceros, all of which charged towards him. Fortunately the gun-bearers were at his heels, and he was thus enabled to shoot all three of the brutes ; one of them dropped dead, but the other two kept on down the glen, though one had its leg broken. The wounded one was given over to the natives, but so savage were its charges that another shot was necessary before the negroes could dispatch it with their spears and arrows.

On the following day Speke called on the king and had the head of the largest rhinoceros brought into court. Rumanika, in his surprise, said :

“ Well, this must have been done with something more potent than powder, for neither the Arabs nor Nnanaji, although they talk of their shooting powers, could have accomplished such a great feat as this. It is no wonder the English are the greatest men in the world.”

Neither the Wanyambo nor the Wahuma would eat the rhinoceros, so Speke was not sorry to find all the Wanyamuezi porters of the Arabs at Kufro, on hearing of the sport, come over and carry away the flesh. They passed by the camp half borne down with their burdens of sliced flesh, suspended from poles which they carried on their shoulders ; but the following day Speke was disgusted upon hearing that their masters had forbidden their eating “ the carrion,” as the throats of the animals had not been cut.

PIGMIES AND GIANTS.

IN confirmation of Musa's old stories, the king told Speke that in Ruanda, a near country, there existed pigmies who lived in trees, but occasionally came down at night, and listening at the hut doors of the men, would wait until they heard the name of

one of its inmates, when they would call him out, and firing an arrow into his heart, disappear again in the same way as they came. But, more formidable even than these little men, there were monsters who could not converse with men, and never showed themselves unless they saw women pass by; then, in voluptuous excitement, they squeezed them to death.

After a long and amusing conversation with the king in the morning, Speke called on one of his sisters-in-law, married to an elder brother who was born before Dagara ascended the throne. She was another of those wonders of obesity, unable to stand excepting on all fours. He was eager to obtain a good view of her, and actually to measure her, and induced her to give him facilities for doing so by offering in return to show her a bit of his naked legs and arms. The bait took as he wished it, and after getting her to sidle and wriggle into the middle of the hut, he took her dimensions, which were as follows: Round the arm, 1 foot 4 inches; chest 52 inches; thigh 31 inches; calf 20 inches; height 5 feet 8 inches. All of these are exact except the height, which Speke believed he could have obtained more accurately if he could have had her laid on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties he should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, he tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions, was accomplished, when she sank down again, fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark-naked before them, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod if necessary. Speke got up a bit of flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with him. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball.

SAVAGE ROYALTY IN A SAVAGE LAND.

THE next stoppage was in the land of the Wahuma, the most interesting district of Africa, and one which has an extended importance now on account of the commercial aid rendered England and France by its present King, Mtese. The country

was formerly a portion of Karague, but became separated by reason of a contention between two brothers who both claimed the rulership, but who were satisfied to separate the district so that each might become a king. The ceremonies connected with the royal household of Wahuma, and also the officials and their duties, are so exceedingly strange that some of them must be described: The various offices held, without regard for precedence, for I do not know the order of rank, are: The Ilma, a woman whose good fortune it was to cut the umbilical cord at the king's birth; the king's barber; admiral of the fleet—of canoes; guardian of the king's sisters; first and second-class executioners; commissioner in charge of the tombs; the brewer; the cook; commander of the guards; seizer of refractory persons; the drummers; the pea-gourd rattlers; the flute players; clarionet players; also players on wooden harmonicans and lap harps, and, lastly, men who whistle on their fingers,—for music is more than one-half the amusement of the court. Uganda is the palace seat of the Wahuma country, and everybody who lives there is expected to keep spears, shields and dogs, the Uganda arms and cognizance, while the wakungu (officers) are entitled to drums. There is also a Neptune Mgussa, or spirit, who lives in the depths of the lake, communicates through the medium of his temporal mkungo, and guides to a certain extent the naval destiny of the king.

It is the duty of all officers, generally speaking, to attend at court as constantly as possible; should they fail, they forfeit their lands, wives, and all belongings. These will be seized and given to others more worthy of them, as it is presumed that either insolence or disaffection can be the only motives which would induce any person to absent himself for any length of time from the pleasure of seeing his sovereign. Tidiness in dress is imperatively necessary, and for any neglect of this rule the head may be the forfeit. The punishment for such offenses, however, may be commuted by fines of cattle, goats, fowls, or brass wire. All acts of the king are counted benefits, for which he must be thanked; and so every deed done to his subjects is a

gift received by them, though it should assume the shape of flogging or fine, for are not these, which make better men of them as necessary as any thing? The thanks are rendered by groveling on the ground, floundering about and whining after the manner of happy dogs, after which they rise up suddenly, take up sticks—spears are not allowed to be carried in court—make as if



"N'YANZIGING" TO A SUPERIOR.

charging the king, jabbering as fast as tongues can rattle, and so they swear fidelity for all their lives.

This is the greater salutation; the lesser one is performed kneeling in an attitude of prayer, continually throwing open the hands, and repeating sundry words. Among them the word "n'yanzig" is the most frequent and conspicuous; and hence these gesticulations receive the general designation n'yanzig, a

term which will be frequently met with, and which it is necessary to use like an English verb. In consequence of these salutations, there is more ceremony in court than business, though the king, ever having an eye to his treasury, continually finds some trifling fault, condemns the head of the culprit, takes his liquidation present, if he has anything to pay, and thus keeps up his revenue.

No one dare stand before the king while he is either standing still or sitting, but must approach him with downcast eyes and bended knees, and kneel or sit when arrived. To touch the king's throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon his women, is certain death. When sitting in court holding a levee, the king invariably has in attendance several women, Wabandwa, evil-eye averters or sorcerers. They talk in feigned voices raised to a shrillness almost amounting to a scream. They wear dried lizards on their heads, small goatskin aprons trimmed with little bells, diminutive shields and spears set off with cock-hackles, their functions in attendance being to administer cups of marwa (plantain wine). To complete the picture of the court, one must imagine a crowd of pages to run royal messages; they dare not walk, for such a deficiency in zeal to their master might cost their life. A further feature of the court consists in the national symbols—a dog, two spears and a shield.

With the company squatting in a large half-circle, or three sides of a square, many deep, before him, in the hollow of which are drummers and other musicians, the king, sitting on his throne in high dignity, issues his orders for the day much to the following effect: "Cattle, women and children are short in Uganda; an army must be formed of one to two thousand strong to plunder Unyoro. The Wasoga have been insulting his subjects, and must be reduced to subjection; for this emergency another army must be formed of equal strength, to act by land in conjunction with the fleet. The Wahaiya have paid no tribute to his greatness lately, and must be taxed." For all these matters the commander-in-chief tells off the divisional officers, who are approved by the king, and the matter is ended in court.

The divisional officers then find subordinate officers, who find men, and the army proceeds with its march. Should any fail with their mission, re-enforcements are sent, and the runaways, called women, are drilled with a red-hot iron until they are men no longer, and die for their cowardice. All heroism, however, insures promotion. The king receives his army of officers with great ceremony, listens to their exploits, and gives as rewards women, cattle, and command over men—the greatest elements of wealth in Uganda—with a liberal hand.

As to the minor business transacted in court, culprits are brought in bound by officers, and reported. At once the sentence is given, perhaps awarding the worst torture, lingering death—probably without trial or investigation, and for all the king knows, at the instigation of some one influenced by wicked spite. If the accused endeavors to plead his defense, his voice is at once drowned, and the miserable victim dragged off in the roughest manner possible by the officers who love their king and delight in promptly carrying out his orders. Young virgins, the daughters of officers, stark-naked, and smeared with grease, but holding, for decency's sake, a small square of cloth at the upper corners in both hands before them, are presented by their fathers in propitiation of some offense, or to fill the harem. Seizing-officers receive orders to hunt down offending officers, and confiscate their lands, wives and children. An officer observed to salute informally, is ordered for execution, when everyone near him rises at once, the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man, perhaps, exposes an inch of naked leg while squatting, or has his cloth tied contrary to regulation, and is condemned to the same fate.

CHARMS AND MAGIC.

STICK-CHARMS, being pieces of wood of all shapes, supposed to have supernatural virtues, and colored earths, endowed with similar qualities, are produced by the royal magicians; the master of the hunt exposes his spoils, such as antelopes, cats, zebras, lions, etc.; the fishermen bring their catches; the cutlers

Show knives made of iron, inlaid with brass and copper ; the furriers, most beautifully-sewn patchwork of antelopes' skins ; the habit-maker, sheets of mbugu bark-cloth ; the blacksmith, spears ; the maker of shields, his productions, and so forth ; but nothing is ever given without rubbing it down, then rubbing the



MTESA AND HIS DOG.

face, and going through a long form of salutation for the gracious favor the king has shown in accepting it.

When tired of business, the king rises, spear in hand, and, leading his dog, walks off without word or comment, leaving his company, like dogs, to take care of themselves.

Strict as the discipline of the exterior court is, that of the interior is not less severe. The pages all wear turbans of cord made from aloe fibres. Should a wife commit any trifling indiscretion,

either by word or deed, she is condemned to execution on the spot, bound by the pages and dragged out. Notwithstanding the stringent laws for the preservation of decorum by all male attendants, stark-naked full-grown women are the valets.

On the first appearance of the new moon every month, the king shuts himself up, contemplating and arranging his magic horns—the horns of wild animals stuffed with charm powder—for two or three days. These may be counted his Sundays or church festivals, which he dedicates to devotion. On other days he takes his women, some hundreds, to bathe or sport in ponds; or, when tired of that, takes long walks, his women running after him, when all the musicians fall in, take precedence of the party, followed by the officers and pages, with the king in the centre of the procession, separating the male company from the fair sex. On these excursions no common man dare look upon the royal procession. Should anybody by chance happen to be **seen**, he is at once hunted down by the pages, robbed of everything he possesses, and may count himself very lucky if nothing worse happens. Pilgrimages are not uncommon, and sometimes the king spends a fortnight yachting; but whatever he does, or wherever he goes, the same ceremonies prevail—his musicians, officers, pages, and the wives take part in all. His sorcerers are important personages, who are always upon attendance, especially on all journeys which a young king, who is not yet crowned, takes, when by signs of certain trees and plants, they determine what destiny awaits the king. According to the prognostics, they report that he will either have to live a life of peace, or, after coronation, take the field at the head of an army to fight east, west or both ways, when usually the march is first on Kittara or the second on Usogo. These preliminaries being completed, the actual coronation takes place, when the king ceases to hold any communion with his mother. The brothers are burnt to death, and the king, we shall suppose, takes the field at the head of his army.

A SPORT-LOVING BOY KING—SHOOTS A MAN FOR FUN.

MTESA, though now more nearly civilized than any other of the

Central African kings, when he came to the throne, was certainly one of the most singularly unfeeling savages that white men have ever come in contact with. Speke's visit to this dusky potentate, however, was one which he had no reason to regret, for, on account of a message carried forward from the Karague king, requesting Mtesa to receive the white man graciously, Speke's reception was very cordial, the king granting him privileges which even the highest officers in the realm were denied.

On Speke's second visit to Mtesa at the palace, he carried with him some rifles as presents for the king, being anxious to ingratiate himself into his favor, to the end that he might obtain such assistance as would be needed. Upon being admitted to the palace, which was no more than an unusually large grass hut, the king was found sitting on his throne, while mats were arranged on the ground for the guests to sit on, no one being allowed to sit upon any kind of raised seat in the presence of the monarch. The magic horns, by which his magicians determined his destiny, occupied a prominent place before Mtesa. Four cows were grazing near the palace, unconscious of the presence of royalty or the fate that awaited them. Speke presented the guns to his sable majesty, who immediately requested him to try them on the cows. He did so with fatal accuracy, killing them all, whereat the king was greatly delighted, and directed the carcasses to be delivered to Speke's men. Mtesa then loaded one of the rifles with his own hands, and, cocking it, gave it to a page and ordered him to "go out and shoot a man," with a view to discovering if the weapon would kill men as readily as it had dispatched the cows. The order was obeyed with alacrity, and the young man soon returned in high glee over his success. "Did you do it well?" asked Mtesa. "Oh, yes, capitally," was the response. He spoke the truth, for he dared not trifle with the king. The affair created no special interest, no curiosity being exhibited as to what particular man had been slaughtered.

A DOUBLE CHARGE—ONLY A WOMAN KILLED.

MTESA was so delighted with fire-arms that he continually begged his guest to shoot before him, usually at cows for a mark,

and as these were generally given to the men for food Speke had no compunctions of conscience in complying. Only occasionally, however, would the king use the gun himself, appearing to have suspicions that in some way it was under the control of a wicked spirit. Once he loaded the weapon, putting in a double charge of powder, and fired at a cow; the bullet not only passed through the animal, but also through a fence, and then through the center of a woman who chanced to be passing along on the outside. This shot greatly pleased the king, leading him to believe that one bullet, well directed, might slay an entire line of soldiers, and that he might be able to shoot down an army by ranks.

DROLL DELIGHTS OF A BOY KING.

ON the following day the king sent for Speke, to join him on a neighboring hill, and to bring the shot-guns with him. He cheerfully complied, and on reaching the appointed place, he found Mtesa hat in hand and his face wreathed in smiles of welcome. After examining the gun, the king led off toward a large tree in which were many adjutant birds and vultures nesting. He requested his companion to shoot some of the birds for his amusement, but Speke passed the gun back to him and asked him to display his own skill. Mtesa, however, was still fearful lest there might be dangerous magic in the gun. To please him, therefore, Speke killed an adjutant as it sat in a nest, and as a vulture flew out he brought that down with the other barrel. This created immense excitement, and the natives were spell-bound with astonishment, while the king jumped about, clapping his hands and shouting, "Woh! woh! woh! what wonders! Oh, Bana, Bana, what miracles he performs!" in which exultation he was joined by his servants and under-officers. "Now load, Bana—load, and let us see you do the same again," cried the king, but before the loading was half completed he said, "Come along, and let us see the birds." Then directing the officers which way to go—for, by the etiquette of the palace every one must precede the king—he sent them through a court where his women, afraid of the guns, were concealed. Here some fences interfered with the impetuous rush, but the king

shouted to his officers to tear them down, which was no sooner said than done, by the attendants in a body shoving on and trampling them under as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. "Woh, woh, woh!" cried the king again, "there he is, sure enough; come here women—come and look what wonders!" And all the women, in the highest excitement, "woh-wohed" as loud as any of the men. But that was not enough. "Come along, Bana," said the king, "we must have some more sport;" and saying this, he directed the way toward the queen's palace, the attendants leading, followed by the pages, then the king, next Speke, and finally the women, some forty or fifty, who constantly attended him.

To make the most of the king's good humor, while he wanted to screen himself from the blazing sun, Speke asked him if he would like to enjoy the pleasures of an umbrella; and without giving him time to answer, he held his own over him as they walked side by side. The wakungu were astonished, and the women prattled in great delight; while the king, hardly able to control himself, sidled and spoke to his flatterers as if he were doubly created monarch of all he surveyed. Then, growing more familiar, he said, "Now, Bana, do tell me—did you not shoot that bird with something more than common ammunition? I am sure you did, now; there was magic in it." And all that could be said to the contrary would not convince him. "But we will see again." "At buffaloes?" said Speke. "No, the buffaloes are too far off now; we will wait to go after them until I have given you a hut close by." Presently as some herons were flying overhead, he said, "Now shoot, shoot!" and Speke brought a couple down right and left. He stared, and everybody stared, believing the white man to be a magician, when the king said he would like to have pictures of the birds drawn and hung up in the palace; "but let us go and shoot some more, for it is truly wonderful." Similar results followed, for the herons were

continually whirling round, as they had their nests upon a neighboring tree; and then the king ordered his pages to carry all the birds, save the vulture—which, for some reason, they did not touch—and show them to the queen.

He then gave the order to move on, and they all repaired to the palace. Arrived at the usual throne-room, he took his seat, dismissed the party of wives who had been following him, received pombe—a brewed drink—from his female evil-eye averters, and ordered Speke and his men to sit in the sun facing him, till the traveler complained of the heat, and was allowed to sit by his side. Kites, crows, and sparrows were flying about in all directions, and as they came within shot, nothing would satisfy the excited boy-king but that Speke must shoot them, and his pages take them to the queen, till the ammunition was totally expended. He then wanted to send for more shot; but was told to wait until new supplies could be had, whereupon he contented himself with taking two or three sample pellets and ordering his ironsmiths to make some like them.

THE KING DRESSED LIKE A MONKEY.

SPEKE had given King Mtesa odd garments from time to time, until at length the royal stripling appeared dressed in European garb, although, on account of the shortness of the pantaloons and the arms of the coat, his black ankles and wrists stuck out so that his appearance was almost identical with that of an organ-grinder's monkey. To add to his inimitably grotesque costume, the king's cockscomb of hair was surmounted by a little red-fez cap, which completed his dressed-monkey appearance, though he felt that no one was ever dressed more becomingly. Thus attired, the king held a levee, at which twenty naked virgins, all smeared and shining with grease, each holding a very small, square piece of cloth to serve for a fig leaf, marched in a line before the king and his white guest. These were fresh additions to the royal harem, and the happy fathers groveled on the ground, giving thanks in profuse "n'yanziging," for the gracious favor of the king's acceptance. The sight was in keeping with the whimsical tastes of Mtesa, so that Speke could not

control his mirth, but laughed out, whereupon the king and all others present also began laughing, in imitation, like a crowd of apes. A sedate old dame then arose, and turning the maidens right about, sent them marching out of the tent with their backs completely exposed. In describing this levee with the king, Speke adds the following :

“I have now been for some time within the court precincts, and have consequently had an opportunity of witnessing court customs. Among these, nearly every day since I have changed my residence, incredible as it may appear to be, I have seen one,



LEADING A WIFE TO EXECUTION.

two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out, as she went to premature death, ‘Hai minange!’ (Oh my lord!) ‘Kbakka!’ (My king!) ‘Hai n’yawo!’ (My mother!) at the top of her voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation; and yet there was not a soul who dared lift hand to save any of them, though many might be heard privately commenting on their beauty.”

A MONSTROUSLY FAT QUEEN.

MTESA, who was not more than twenty years of age at the time Speke visited him, was ruler of Uganda, but not absolute,

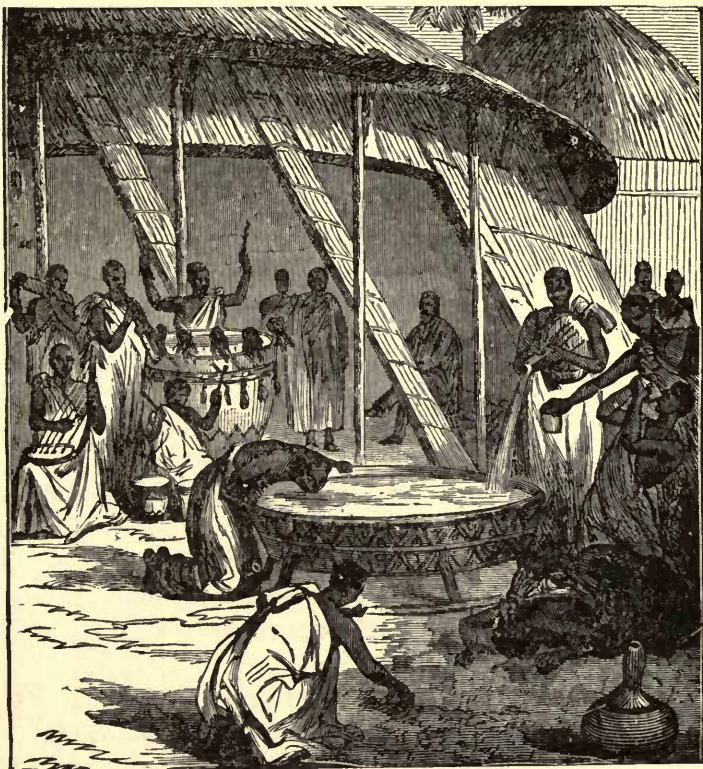
for his mother, a woman of about forty years, was queen-dowager, whose influence in civil matters was almost equal to that of her royal son. She was good-natured and received Speke with great friendliness, even offering him any one of her many daughters for a wife. This offer led the Captain to inquire what ceremony was connected with marriage in the Uganda country, to which the queen replied, in substance, as follows :

There are no such things as marriages in Uganda ; there are no ceremonies attached to it. If any *mkungu* possessed of a pretty daughter committed an offense, he might give her to the king as a peace-offering ; if any neighboring king had a pretty daughter, and the king of Uganda wanted her, she might be demanded as a fitting tribute. The *wakungu*—officers—in Uganda are supplied with women by the king, according to their merits, from seizures in battle abroad, or seizures from refractory officers at home. The women are not regarded as property, though many exchange their daughters ; and some women, for misdemeanors, are sold into slavery, while others are flogged or are degraded to do all the menial services of the house.

The company now became jovial, when the queen improved the opportunity by making a significant gesture, and with roars of laughter asking Speke if he would like to be her son-in-law, for she had some beautiful daughters, either of the Wahuma or Waganda breed. Rather staggered at first by this awful proposal, he consulted his interpreter as to what he should do with one if he got her. Bombay, looking strictly to number one, said, “ By all means accept the offer, for if *you* don’t like her, *we* should, and it would be a good means of getting her out of this land of death.”

The queen appeared much amused at Bombay’s selfish solicitude, and became quite hilarious with her visitors under the influence of the pombe that she had swallowed, and they all seemed bent upon having a truly royal time of it. Cups were not enough to keep up the excitement of the occasion, so a large wooden trough was placed before the queen and filled with liquor. If any was spilled, the officers instantly fought over it,

dabbing their noses on the ground, or grabbing it with their hands, that not one atom of the queen's favor might be lost; for every thing must be adored that comes from royalty, whether by design or accident. The queen put her head to the trough and drank like a pig from it, and was followed by her ministers. The band, by order, then struck up a tune called the



LICKING UP THE POMBE.

Milele, playing on a dozen reeds, ornamented with beads and cow-tips, and five drums, of various tones and sizes, keeping time. The musicians, dancing with zest, were led by four band-masters, also dancing, but with their backs turned to the company to show off their long, shaggy goatskin jackets, sometimes upright, at other times bending and on their heels, like the hornpipe-dancers of western countries.

SAVAGE CRUELITIES.

THE savage nature of Mtesa is well described in the incidents following: While holding a levee with Speke one day, a large body of officers entered the palace with an old man whose two ears had been cut off for having been too handsome in his youth; with the old man was a young girl who, after a disappearance of four days, had been found by a searching party in the old man's house. These two were brought before the king for his judgment. No one but the plaintiff was suffered to make any statement, and he, after bowing and kissing the ground, declared that he had lost the girl, and after considerable search, had found her concealed in the house of the old man, who was, indeed, old enough to be her grandfather. From all appearances, one would have said the wretched girl had run away from the plaintiff's house in consequence of ill-treatment, and had harbored herself on this decrepit old man without asking his leave; but their voices in defense were never heard, for the king instantly sentenced both to death, to prevent the occurrence of such impropriety again; and, to make the example more severe, decreed that their lives should not be taken at once, but, being fed to preserve life as long as possible, they were to be dismembered bit by bit, as rations for the vultures, every day, until life was extinct. The dismayed victims, struggling to be heard, in utter despair were dragged away boisterously in the most barbarous manner, to the drowning music of the milele and drums.

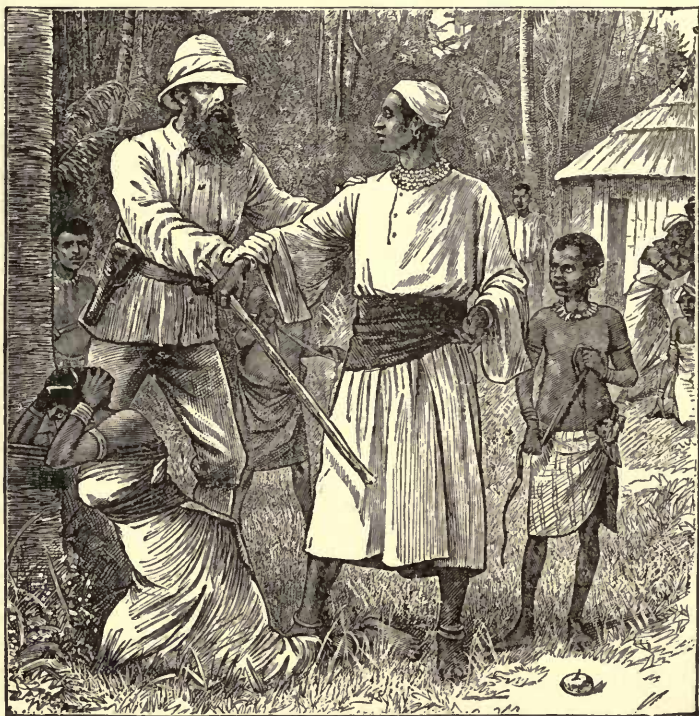
The king, in total unconcern about the tragedy he had thus enacted, immediately on their departure said, "Now, then, for shooting, Bana; let us look at your gun." It happened to be loaded, but fortunately only with powder, to fire Speke's announcement at the palace; for the king instantly placed caps on the nipples and let off one barrel by accident, the contents of which stuck in the thatch. This created a momentary alarm, for it was supposed the thatch had taken fire; but it was no sooner suppressed than the childish king, still sitting on his throne, to astonish his officers still more, leveled the gun from his shoulder, fired

the contents of the second barrel into the faces of his squatting officers, and then laughed at his own trick.

At the next levee the king gave one of his officers a woman, as a reward of merit. This gift displeased the officer, who grumbled because he had not been given more than one wife. This made the king so angry that he ordered his men to seize the officer and cut him to pieces. The sentence was immediately carried out, but not with knives, for they are prohibited, but with slips of sharp-edged grass, after the executioners had first dislocated his neck by a blow delivered behind the head with a heavy-headed club. Following these exhibitions of savagery was another, illustrating the whimsical nature of this anomalous ruler. On the day succeeding the execution of the officer, a lad, not yet twenty, came upon the king suddenly and attempted to kill him, at the same time declaring that he ought not to live because he took the lives of men unjustly. The king had a revolver with him, which had been presented by Speke, and though it was unloaded, he threw its muzzle against the young man's cheek, which so frightened him that he fled in great terror. For this grave offense it would be natural to suppose that the savage king would order his immediate execution, but instead of capital punishment, he only required the young man to pay a fine of one cow, and then released him.

Mtesa's eccentricities were constantly being displayed, but his savage nature was seldom tempered by deeds of mercy. Every day, while Speke was sojourning in Uganda, waiting the arrival of Capt. Grant and new supplies, he was in the company of the boy king, whose importunities to see the white man shoot were incessant. One day he requested Speke to accompany him on a hunt for hippopotami. They started early in the morning, accompanied by pages and fifty or more of the king's wives. After a long and useless pursuit of wary hippopotami in canoes, Mtesa ordered the boats rowed ashore to give his guest a picnic entertainment. The party there indulged themselves drinking pombe and plucking delicious fruits, which grew in great abundance everywhere in the forest. There was no little enjoyment

manifested by all until, by unlucky chance, one of the royal wives, a most charming creature, and one of the best in the harem, found some unusually fine fruit, which she gathered and graciously offered to the king, thinking to please him much ; but he, like a savage monster or madman, flew into a towering passion, declared it was the first time a woman had ever had the impertinence to



CAPT. SPEKE SAVES THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

offer him anything, and ordered the pages to seize, bind and lead her off to execution. The order was no sooner given than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads and rushed like a pack of cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but she was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away,

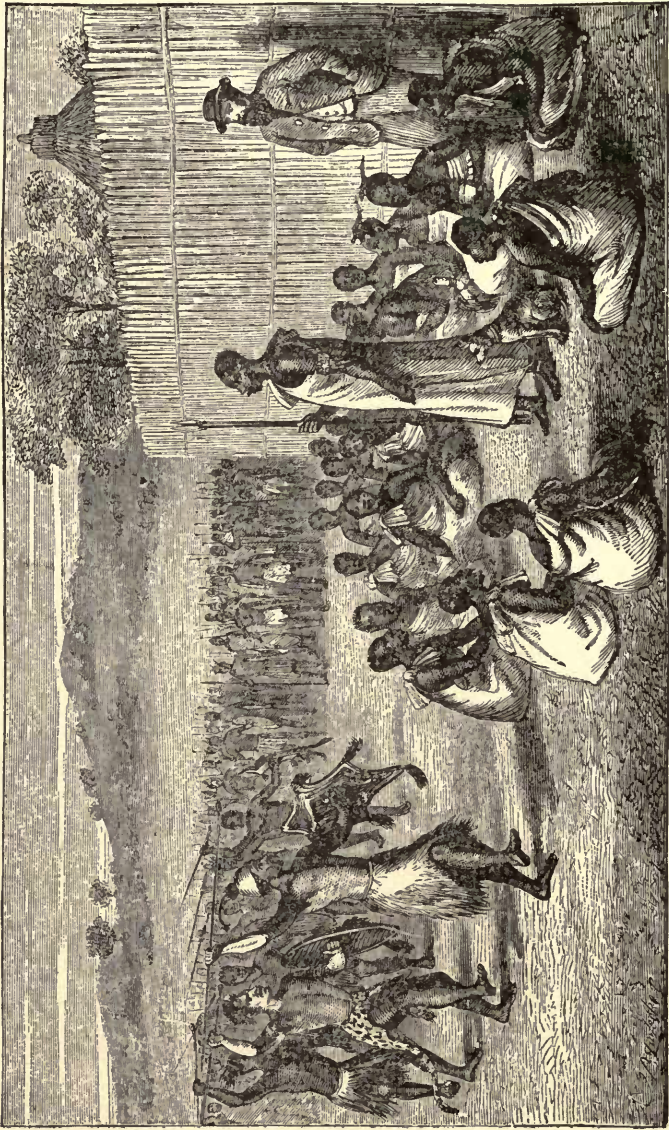
crying, in the names of the kamraviona and mzungu (Speke), for help and protection; while Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women, clasped the king by his legs and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head. Speke says that hitherto he had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference, at an early stage, would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for his English blood to stand; and, as he heard his name imploringly pronounced, he rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course he ran imminent risk of losing his own life, in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant; but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference even made him smile, and the woman was instantly released.

Upon returning from the picnic, a little page brought a message to the king, which was of course oral; but it happened that the message was not given exactly correct, whereupon Mtesa cut the little boy's ears off and sent him away from the palace.

THE KING AND HIS ARMY.

ON the day following this incident, Colonel Congow, commandant of the king's army, returned from a neighboring district, where they had been plundering the Unyoro people, and drew his troops up before the palace for review. The king soon appeared, armed with spears and shield, and accompanied by his little dog and his chiefs, who sat upon the ground. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing 200 men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade-ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies, at a long trot, and re-form again at the other end of the square.

Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued—the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors



MTESA REVIEWING HIS ARMY

according to the taste of each individual—one half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order—as, for instance, one stocking would be red, the other black, while the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat. Every man carried the same arms—two spears and one shield—held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen to twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force. After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goatskins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with white hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet, covered with rich beads of every color, in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, from the centre of which rose a bent stem, tufted with goat-hair. Next they charged in companies to and fro; and, finally, the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home.

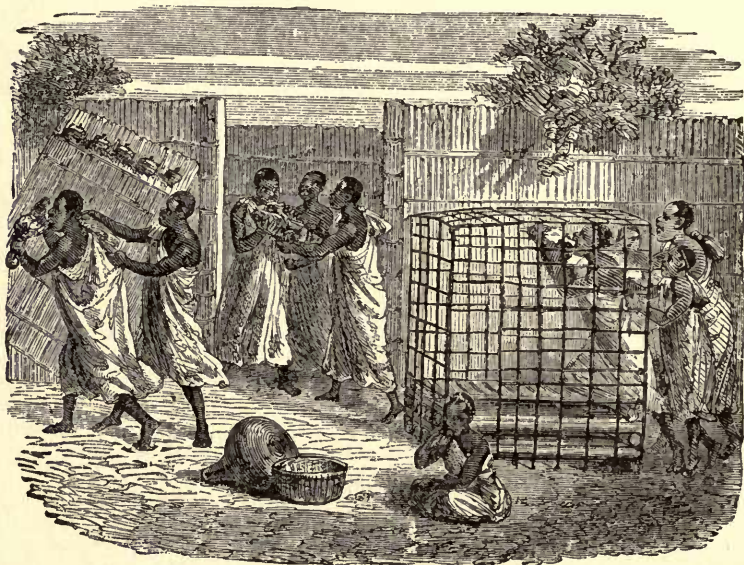
GRANT'S ARRIVAL WITH SUPPLIES.

AFTER weeks of patient waiting, Capt. Speke had the pleasure of again seeing his anxiously looked-for comrade approaching Uganda, borne in a litter carried by four porters. Capt. Grant had been suffering from a stubborn ulcer on his heel, and for a long while was unable to travel, which accounted for the long delay of his arrival. On the day after reaching Uganda, Mtesa sent one of his ambassadors to bring Captains Speke and Grant to his palace, where he had arranged for another levee in honor of the new guest. In the afternoon the two travelers repaired to the court, where the king gave them a courteous welcome, being particularly well pleased because they presented him with another double-barreled shot-gun and some more ammunition. Grant showed the king many of his sketches, not a few of which were

pictures of the natives, whereupon the royal barbarian besought him to sketch his highness and the scene of the levee.

MAKING THINGS EVEN IN THE HAREM.

On the following day, when Speke and Grant went to visit the king, they found the guards at the gate of the palace feeding on scraps of meat that had been thrown to them as though they were dogs, and they faithfully carried out the simile by fighting over pieces of the meat just as dogs do, the strongest and fiercest



THE PALACE GUARDS AT DINNER.

getting the best part of the dinner. Reaching the palace, the visitors found his majesty sitting on the ground, within a hut, behind a portal, encompassed by his women, and they took their seats outside. At first all was silence, till one told the king the white men had some wonderful pictures to show him, when in an instant he grew lively, crying, "Oh, let us see them!" and they were shown, Bombay explaining. Three of the king's wives then came in, and offered him their two virgin sisters, n'yanziging incessantly, and beseeching their acceptance, as by that means

they themselves would become doubly related to him. Nothing, however, seemed to be done to promote the union, until one old lady, sitting by the king's side, who was evidently learned in the etiquette and traditions of the court, said, "Wait and see if he embraces, otherwise you may know he is not pleased." At this announcement the girls received a hint to pass on, and the king commenced bestowing on them a series of huggings, first sitting on the lap of one, whom he clasped to his bosom, crossing his neck with hers to the right, then to the left, and, having finished with her, took post in the second one's lap, then on that of the third, performing on each of them the same evolutions. He then retired to his original position, and the marriage ceremony was supposed to be concluded, and the settlements adjusted, when all went on as before.

Speke says that during this one day they heard the sad voices of no less than four women dragged from the palace to the slaughter-house. It seemed to be the king's method of keeping his harem stocked with fresh wives.

SACRIFICE OF A CHILD BY COOKING.

A FEW days before the departure of Speke and Grant from Mtesa's palace, one of his officers, K'yengo, informed him that, considering the surprising events which had lately occurred at court, the king, being anxious to pry into the future, had resolved upon a very strange measure for accomplishing that end. This was the sacrifice of a child by cooking, and K'yengo was detailed to perform the barbarous ceremony, which is described as follows: The doctor places a large earthen vessel, half full of water, over a fire, and over its mouth a grating of sticks, whereon he lays a small child and a fowl side by side, and covers them over with a second large earthen vessel, just like the first, only inverted, to keep the steam in, when he sets fire below, cooks for a certain period of time, and then looks to see if his victims are still living or dead. If dead, as they usually are, the omen is considered propitious, and the king at once proceeds upon whatever enterprise he may have been contemplating.

LEAVING UGANDA.

ON returning home from the palace, the evening before their departure, one of the king's wives overtook Speke and Grant, walking, with her hands clasped at the back of her head, to execution, crying "N'yawo!" in the most pitiful manner. A man preceded her, but did not touch her; for she loved to obey the orders of her king voluntarily, and, in consequence of previous attachment, was permitted, as a mark of distinction, to walk free. Wondrous world! it had not been ten minutes since they had parted from the king, yet he had found time to transact this bloody piece of business.

The next day they repaired early to the palace to make their final adieus, and after a very friendly reception they arose to depart, the white men making English bows and placing their hands upon their hearts, Mtesa instantly imitating whatever they did, with the mimicking instincts of a monkey. The king and his entire court followed them to their own camp, where Mtesa expressed a wish to have a final look at Speke's men, and he accordingly ordered them to turn out with their arms and "n'yanzig" for the many favors they had received. Mtesa, much pleased, complimented them on their goodly appearance, remarking that with such a force Speke would have no difficulty in reaching his destination, and exhorted them to follow him through fire and water; then, exchanging adieus again, he walked ahead in gigantic strides up the hill, the pretty favorite of his harem, Lubuga—beckoning and waving with her little hands, and crying "Bana! Bana!"—trotting after him conspicuous among the rest, though all showed a little feeling at the severance.

CHAPTER V.

HARD TRAVELING TO REACH THE NILE.

TRAVELING in Africa is necessarily slow, on account of the dense jungles, the great heat and annoying insects. After proceeding about thirty miles one of the escort sent by Mtesa was set upon and killed by lurking natives, which caused much excitement, as the party desired to engage in war at once to avenge the death of their comrade. No such stoppage, of course, was allowed, but the expedition was continually harassed by lurking foes, who resisted the advance of Speke's party through their country. As a corrective measure Grant was hurried forward with a small party to Kamrasi, king of Unyoro, to whom a visit was contemplated, with a request for his protection.

In fourteen days after departing from Uganda, Speke reached the Victoria Nile, in a beautiful natural park full of wonders. The stream at this point was from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the n'sunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and Guinea-fowl rising at their feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but Speke took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence there would do his men good. This camping-place was confronting Usoga, a country which may be said to be the very counterpart of Uganda in its richness and beauty. Here the people use such huge iron-headed spears with short handles that they appear to be better fitted for digging potatoes than piercing men. Elephants had been very numerous in this neighborhood, but a short time before Speke's arrival a party from Unyoro, ivory-hunting, had driven them away. Lions were also described as very numerous and destructive to human life. Antelopes were

common in the jungle, and the hippopotami, though frequenters of the plaintain gardens and constantly heard, were seldom seen on land in consequence of their unsteady habits.

DISCOVERING THE NILE'S SOURCE.

AFTER remaining a day in this beautiful retreat, the expedition started again and filed along the left bank of the Nile until the Isambo Rapids were reached. Here the surroundings were weird and suggestive of dark and bloody deeds; a jutting cliff, overshadowed by deep foliage which bars the sun's rays, and below, a dangerous pit of boiling water lashed by hungry crocodiles seeking prey. Pushing further on, across hills and over plantations devastated by elephants, the party arrived at the extreme end of the journey, the farthest point ever visited by the expedition on the same parallel of latitude as king Mtesa's palace, and just forty miles east of it, on Victoria Lake.

Speke writes: "We were well rewarded; for the 'stones,' as the Waganda call the falls, were by far the most interesting sight I had seen in Africa. Everybody ran to see them at once, though the march had been long and fatiguing, and even my sketch-block was called into play. Though beautiful, the scene was not exactly what I expected; for the broad surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls, about twelve feet deep, and 400 to 500 feet broad, were broken by rocks. Still it was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger-fish, leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made, in all, with the pretty nature of the country—small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes—as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

Speke felt certain that he had really discovered the source of the Nile, and in his exultation procured some boats, intending to have a sail on the lake. He had not gone far on its tranquil

bosom before he saw a large canoe, well laden with natives, who came toward him a short space, then retreated to the shore with drums beating. This was a signal of war, but Speke did not understand it, though cautioned by his guides. He had heard the drum beat daily at Uganda, and could not believe that within forty miles of that place the customs could be so widely variant.

As he came near the shore, a large party of the Unyoro natives were seen dancing, beating drums, and jabbing their spears, challenging Speke's boats to come to shore. It was now growing dusk, and hoping to conciliate the vengeful barbarians, he offered them presents; but these were disdained, and as the shadings of darkness increased, the hostile natives pushed out in boats and attacked Speke's men, who numbered only twenty; these, instead of offering resistance, as ordered, began to cry out for mercy, and refused abjectly to use their carbines. The resistance, therefore, fell entirely upon Speke, who shot three of the attacking party. The noise and effect of the gun produced a panic among the enemy, who returned to shore as quickly as possible, and gaining that, scrambled up the bank and rapidly disappeared.

After boating on the lake for some time, Speke resumed his march toward the palace of Kamrasi, who had already been apprised by Grant of his coming, and he sent 150 of his warriors to conduct Speke to the capital of his dominion. This accession of men was very fortunate, as Speke's party had been reduced by desertion to less than twenty, and they would have been compelled to abandon a portion of the supplies except for the opportune arrival of Kamrasi's men.

On the 9th of September Unyoro was reached. There was much disappointment at the failure of king Kamrasi to receive the party, but after some parley with the chief officer, quarters were provided in some miserable little huts outside of the palace grounds. They also received a small supply of provisions, and were told to await until the next day, when better accommodations would be provided. The afternoon was spent in conversation

with Kidgwiga, the king's ambassador, who proved himself not an uninteresting conversationalist. Among many other things, he said that Kamrasi and Mtesa—in fact, all the Wabuma—came originally from a stock of the same tribe dwelling beyond Kidi. All bury their dead in the same way, under ground: but the kings are toasted first for months till they are like sun-dried meat, when the lower jaw is cut out and preserved, covered with beads. The royal tombs are put under the charge of special officers, who occupy huts erected over them. The umbilical cords are preserved from birth, and, at death, those of men are placed within the door-frame, while those of women are buried without—this last act corresponding, according to Bombay, the interpreter, with the custom of the Wahiyow. On the death of any of the great officers of state, the finger-bones and hair are also preserved; or, if they have died shaven, as sometimes occurs, a bit of their mbugu dress is preserved in place of the hair. Their families guard their tombs.

Kidgwiga also confirmed a story which Speke first heard at Karague, that there were dogs in Unyoro that had horns, and to carry his assurance further, declared that he had seen one in the possession of an official person, but it died. The horns of these fabled dogs are filled with magic powder and placed on a war-track for the marching army to step over, to secure them a victory. Sometimes a child is roasted with a cock to subserve a like purpose. Kidgwiga also stated that all the bachelors of his tribe have their habitations in trees, where they invariably sleep, while married people dwell in houses.

FEASTING ON MOUNTAINS, LAKES, AND HUMAN FLESH.

It was several days before Kamrasi would consent to receive, personally, Speke or Grant, giving all manner of excuses, appointing meetings, but never appearing at them, though he sent pombe, plantains and flour, with his regards. Bombay was dispatched to the king sometimes twice a day, requesting an audience for his masters, but could only get promises, until I carried a rifle with him, and, at the king's request, shot a co

before a large number of visiting natives from an adjoining kingdom. The king then became quite communicative, and finally gave to Bombay the following curious reasons for his conduct:

“You don’t understand the matter. At the time the white men were living in Uganča, many of the people who had seen them there came and described them as such monsters, they ate up mountains and drank the lake dry; and although they fed on both beef and mutton, they were not satisfied until they got a dish of the ‘tender parts’ of human beings three times a day. Now I was extremely anxious to see men of such wonderful natures. I could have stood their mountain-eating and lake-drinking capacities, but on no consideration would I submit to sacrifice my subjects to their appetites.”

This was quite a sufficient reason, for the king evidently wanted to wait until he could determine whether indeed the white men were such great feasters as they had been represented.

After much more parleying and deceiving, the king at length appointed an interview at a hut which he had specially built for the purpose, where, as he said, no strange eyes could see them. When Speke and Grant arrived at the new palace, they found the king sitting on a low wooden stool which rested upon a double matting of cow and leopard skins. The presents which were brought for his highness were spread before him, whereupon he expressed great delight; and then referring to the absurd stories told of the white men, said he did not believe them, else his rivers, deprived of their fountain sources, would have run dry; and that even if they did eat hills and the tender parts of mankind, they should have had enough to satisfy any reasonable appetite before reaching Unyoro.

A WONDERFUL SORCERER.

THEREAFTER the travelers had no difficulty in seeing the king, as his simple fancy was usually tickled by some new present. On one occasion, Speke relates that when the usual hour arrived for him to measure the rainfall for the past twenty-four hours, he found the rain-gauge and bottle had been removed.

He therefore sent Kidgwigga to the king to request him to send his magician and institute search for it. Kidgwigga soon returned with an old man, who was almost blind, whose dress consisted of strips of leather fastened to his waist. In one hand he carried a cow's horn primed with magic powder, the mouth of which was carefully covered with a piece of leather, from which dangled an iron bell. The old creature jingled the bell, entered Speke's hut, squatted on his hams, looked first at one, then at the other; inquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his head, as if desirous of catching air from all four sides of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and grunted his satisfaction; the missing articles must be found.

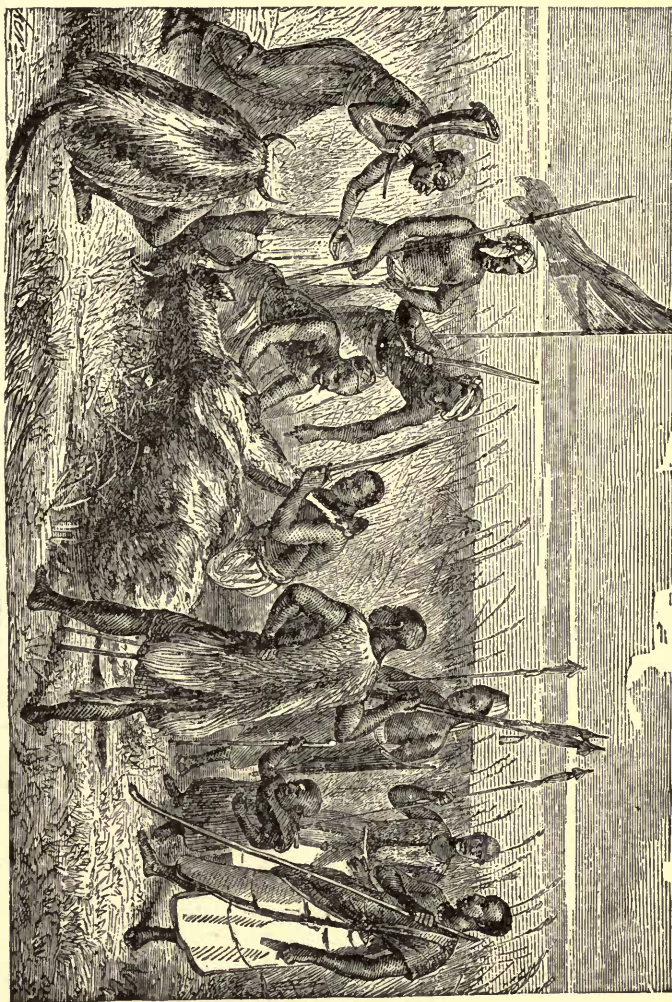
To carry out the incantation more effectually, however, all of Speke's men were sent for to sit in the open before the hut, when the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. Then, confronting one of the men, he dashed the horn forward as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head, then dashed at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that the thief was not among them. He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and finally went to the place where the bottle had been kept. There he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side, then on the other, till the track of a hyena gave him the clew, and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyena had carried it into the grass and dropped it. Bravo for the infallible horn! and well done the king for his honesty in sending it! So Speke gave the king the bottle and gauge, which delighted him amazingly; and the old doctor, who begged for pombe, got a goat for his trouble.

EFFORTS TO LEAVE UNYORO.

KAMRASI proved himself as persistent a beggar as Mtesa, and to enable him to get more than Speke was willing to give, the old king cunningly held his white guests prisoners, though all the time professing the warmest friendship and promising whatever

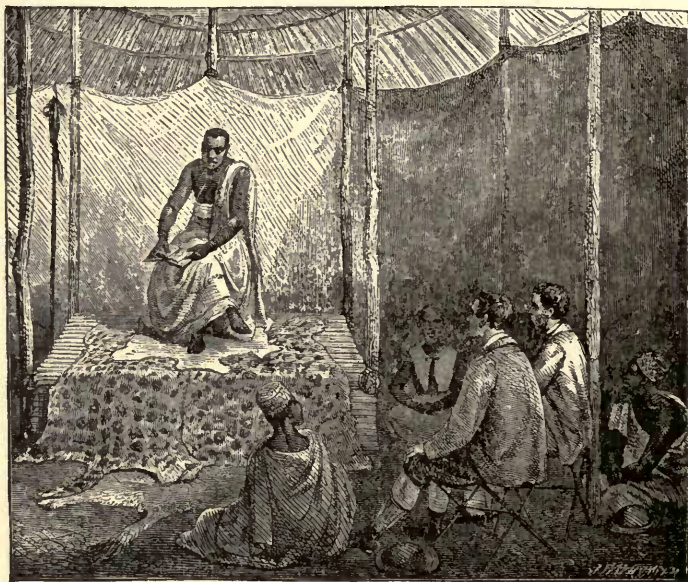
aid he could give. Kamrasi was hardly so blood-thirsty as Mtesa, but his propensities were very far from the merciful, particularly

THE RAIN DOCTOR RECEIVES HIS REWARD.



to women, whom he destroyed with savage delight at times. On one occasion he offered to entertain his visitors by having four women cut to pieces in their presence, just for amusement.

King Kamrasi's sisters are not allowed to wed ; they live and die virgins in his palace. Their only occupation in life consists in drinking milk, of which each one consumes the produce daily of from ten to twenty cows, and hence they become so inordinately fat that they cannot walk. Should they wish to see a relative, or go outside the hut for any purpose, it requires eight men to lift any one of them on a litter. The brothers, too, are not allowed to go out of his reach. This confinement of the palace family is considered a state necessity, as a preventive to civil



KAMRASI ON HIS THRONE.

wars, in the same way as the destruction of the Uganda princes, after a certain season, is thought necessary for the preservation of peace there.

On one occasion, when Speke went to visit Kamrasi, the latter became quite communicative, and informed his guest that he was sadly afflicted with a disorder which no one but the white man could cure. "What is it, your majesty?" said Speke ; "I can see nothing in your face ; it may, perhaps, require a private

inspection." "My heart," he said, "is troubled because you will not give me your magic horn—the thing, I mean, in your pocket, which you pulled out one day when you were discussing the way; and you no sooner looked at it than you said, 'This is the way to the palace.' " It was Sepke's chronometer, the only one he had with him, that the old fellow was angling for. The instrument was very valuable, and could not well be spared, so he begged the king to wait until he could go to the white man's country and send him another. "No, I must have the one in your pocket," said Kamrasi; "pull it out and show it." Speke reluctantly obeyed, when the impetuous savage seized chronometer, chain and all, and deposited it on his own greasy person. The next day Speke sent a message to Kamrasi asking that he might be allowed to depart. The king, thinking him angry for having taken the watch so rudely, took fright at the message, and sent the chronometer back by an attendant, but in a badly damaged condition, as he had used his fingers in showing his people how the hands worked.

AFRICAN TWINS.

A GREAT deal of superstition surrounds the birth of twin children in Africa. If one should die the mother continues to milk herself every evening for five months, in order that the spirit of the dead child may have plenty to eat and not persecute her. Twins are not buried as ordinary people, under ground, but are placed in earthenware pots and carried to the jungle, where the pots are left, mouths downward, near the roots of a tree. Among some tribes, on the death of a twin, the mother ties a little gourd around her neck, and puts into it a trifle of everything she gives to the living child, lest the spirit of the dead one should become jealous. In some localities, on the death of a child the mother smears herself with butter and ashes, and runs frantically about, tearing her hair and bewailing piteously; while the men of the place use toward her the foulest language, apparently as if in abuse of her person, but in reality to frighten away the demons who have robbed her nest.

Delays and broken promises at length so exasperated Speke,

who was exceedingly anxious to return home, that he sent a message to Kamrasi reminding him of his deceptive promises, and declaring that unless he was permitted to depart at once he would return all the presents the king had given him and regard his actions as hostile. Upon receiving this message Kamrasi was much concerned, and sent Speke a present of a dwarf called Kimenya, thinking to thus allay his wrath. This dwarf was less than a yard in height, had many deformities, and walked with a cane much taller than himself. He made himself quite familiar with the travelers, and amused them by dancing, singing and



THE FROLICSOME DWARF.

performing many queer antics, ending by giving the charging-march and asking for 500 beads. The colored beads were given him, and he was then sent back to the king, because no possible use could be made of him.

Two days more were spent persuading Kamrasi to consent to a departure of the expedition, but to all requests he returned some cunning reply: it was impossible to get his men together so soon; or, he was fearful lest they should fall into the hands of savages, who had already threatened to exterminate the white travelers; or, that the weather was unfavorable, and a dozen

other pretenses equally unreasonable and vexatious. Forbearance finally lost its virtue, and Speke began to declare his independence, notwithstanding his great need for an escort and some provisions which the king had promised him. His bold attitude had the desired effect upon Kamrasi, and his consent to their departure was finally obtained. Before saying adieu, however, the old beggar asked for medicine that would prevent the death of offspring, which is a calamity that overtakes a very large proportion of children in that country before they are able to walk. He also wanted a medicine that would cause his subjects to love him. Both these remedies, of course, had to be denied, whereupon the king compromised on six carbines, a hair brush, some matches, a pot, and a quantity of ammunition. An escort of twenty-four warriors was then provided, and ten cows were given for meat. The expedition now began its march to Madi.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

UPON leaving Kamrasi's, Speke and his men proceeded part of the way by water, in canoes, on the Kafu river, on which they saw many floating islands of grass and reeds, frequently large and compact enough to support cattle, which grazed upon them.

One evening, after camping on the banks of the river, a half-drunken native brought them a pot of pombe, and greatly amused them with frantic charges, as if he were fighting with his spear; and after settling the supposed enemy, he delighted in trampling him under foot, spearing him repeatedly through and through, then wiping the blade of the spear in the grass, and finally polishing it on his tufty head, when, with a grunt of satisfaction, he shouldered arms and walked away a hero.

They continued their water journey until they reached Parau-

goni, where they halted to please the governor, Magamba, who received them with great kindness. This titled savage was anxious to see all the white men's possessions, which he regarded with inexpressible wonder. He told the travelers, among other things, that in the neighboring district of Ururi, which is a province of Unyoro, there was a very noted governor, named Kimeziri, whose wisdom was greater than that of any other man in Africa. This wise man had an original way of doing things; for example, when his wives presented him children there was always more or less doubt about their paternity; so, to settle the question, he covered the new infants with beads and threw them into the lake; if they sank he accepted the fact as proof that they were not his offspring. It may be inferred that Kimeziri had very few children out of the lake.

Speke did not tarry long with the hospitable Magamba, for he was in a country badly infested by thieves, who were daily making efforts to reduce the small store of provisions which he had with much difficulty accumulated.

Ukoro, governor-general of Chopi, sent a message to Speke, requesting him not to proceed further down the river, lest the Chopi ferryman at Karuma falls should take fright at the strange appearance of white men and flee away. Careful to give no offense, he complied with this singular request, and sent his packs overland.

The ground on the line of march was highly cultivated, and intersected by a deep ravine of running water, whose sundry branches made the surface very irregular. The sand-paper tree, whose leaves resemble a cat's tongue in roughness, and which is used in Uganda for polishing their clubs and spear-handles, was conspicuous; but at the end of the journey only was there any thing of much interest to be seen. There suddenly, in a deep ravine, the formerly placid river, up which vessels of moderate size might steam two or three abreast, was changed into a turbulent torrent. Beyond lay the land of Kidi, a forest of mimosa trees rising gently away from the water in soft clouds of green. This the governor of the place, Kija, described as a sporting-

field, where elephants, hippopotami and buffalo are hunted by the occupants of both sides of the river.

The name given to the Karuma Falls arose from the absurd belief that Karuma, the agent or familiar of a certain great spirit, placed the stones that break the waters in the river, and, for so doing, was applauded by his master, who, to reward his services by an appropriate distinction, allowed the stones to be called by his own name. Near this is a tree which contains a spirit whose attributes for gratifying the powers and pleasures of either men or women who summon its influence in the form appropriate to each, appeared to be almost identical with that of Mahadeo's *Ligra* in India.

AMONG ELEPHANTS, BUFFALOES AND HARTEBEEST.

WITH an increased force the party moved on through very high grass with great difficulty. This was a rich pasture-ground for elephants, buffaloes and hartebeest, many of which were seen, but none happened to be within gun shot, except a single large buffalo, which Speke put a bullet through and then allowed the savage porters who accompanied him the pleasure of dispatching the wounded animal in their own wild fashion with spears,

It was a sight quite worthy of a little delay. No sooner was it observed that the huge beast could not retire, than, with springing bounds, the men, all spear in hand, as if advancing on an enemy, went top speed at him, over rise and fall alike, till, as they neared the maddened bull, he instinctively advanced to meet his assailants with the best charge his exhausted body could muster up. Wind, however, failed him soon; he knew his disadvantage, and tried to hide by plunging into the water—the worst policy he could have pursued; for the men from the bank above soon covered him with bristling spears, and gained their victory. They then proceeded to cut up and cook the carcass, all the while indulging in loud praises of their personal bravery and prowess.

After a journey of more than one whole day, Speke accomplished the distance which lay between the spot where he had

shot the buffalo and the village of Koki, in the province of Gani. The weather now was fine, and the view afforded was very beautiful, looking toward the village, which was composed of about fifty conical huts, located on the ridge of a small chain of granitic hills. As they approached nearer, knots of naked men could be seen perched like monkeys on the granite blocks awaiting their arrival. According to the usage of the country, Speke and his porters halted while the guides were sent forward to notify Chongi, the governor-general, that a party of visitors from Kamrasi were coming to be his guests for a day or more. This information was very pleasing to Chongi, who had been appointed governor of the district by Kamrasi. All the notables of the place, covered with war-paints, and dressed, so far as their nakedness was covered at all, like clowns in a fair, charged down the hill full tilt with their spears, and, after performing their customary evolutions, mingled with Speke's men and invited them up the hill, where they no sooner arrived than Chongi, a very old man, attended by his familiar, advanced to receive them—one holding a white hen, the other a small gourd of pombe and a little twig.

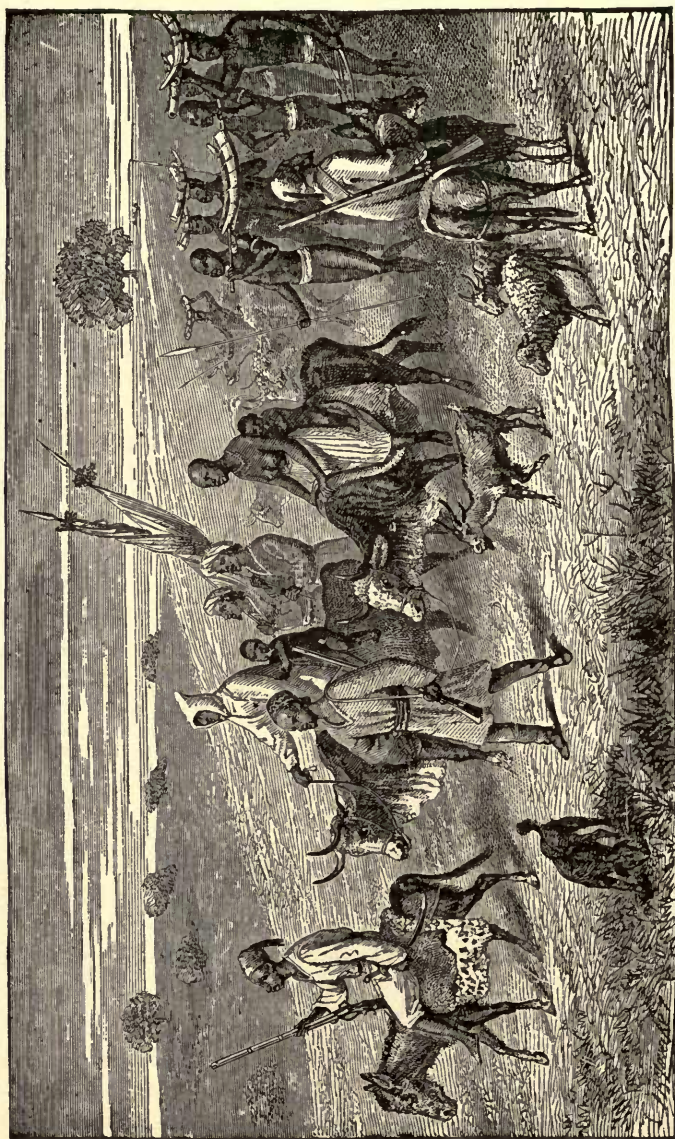
Chongi gave the party a friendly harangue by way of greeting, and, taking the fowl by one leg, swayed it to and fro close to the ground in front of his assembled visitors. After this ceremony had been repeated by the familiar, Chongi took the gourd and twig and sprinkled the contents all over the travellers; retired to the uganda, or magic house—a very diminutive hut—sprinkled pombe over it; and, finally, spreading a cowskin under a free, bade Speke and Grant sit, and gave them a jorum of pombe, making many apologies that he could not show them more hospitality, as famine had reduced his stores. What politeness in the midst of such barbarism! Nowhere had they seen such naked creatures, whose sole dress consisted of bead, iron, or brass ornaments, with some feathers or cowrie-beads on the head. Even the women contented themselves with a few fibres hung like tails before and behind. The hair of the men was dressed in the same fantastic fashion. Babies were carried at their mother's backs,

as in all savage countries, and the women placed gourds over them to protect them from the sun. These people, like the Kidi, whom they much fear, carry diminutive stools to sit upon wherever they go.

A HAPPY MEETING NOT WHOLLY UNALLOYED.

NEARLY two days were spent with Chief Chongi, who entertained his white guests very agreeably, but when Speke desired to move again, he found his porters in a mutinous mood, and more than one-half of them deserted. With such a diminution of their carrying force, they were seriously inconvenienced, but they pushed on anxious to meet an expedition under Petherick, who had come to their relief, and was reported to be then in the Madi country. Late in the afternoon of the day of their departure they came in sight of what they supposed was Petherick's outpost, under charge of a very black Turk named Mohamed. Guns were fired, flags waved, and other evidences of joy manifested. Mohamed came out and greeted Speke and Grant with hugs and kisses, and in reply to inquiries declared that Petherick was then at Gondokoro, about fifteen days' marches distant. Speke was anxious to set off at once, but Mohamed detained him by various excuses, until at length, by a cunning stratagem, he induced Speke to remain and guard the camp until he returned from a short excursion into the interior on a trading expedition. Mohamed marched his regiment out of the place, drums and fifes playing, colors flying, a hundred guns firing, officers riding, some of them on donkeys, and others on cows! while a host of the natives under Rionga, a rebellious brother of Kamrasi, accompanied them, carrying spears and bows and arrows. The outfit looked very little like a peaceful caravan of merchants, but much more like a band of marauders, as they really were.

In this matter Speke was badly outwitted, for the wily Turk was an independent trader, having no connection with Petherick whatever, but by his pretenses induced Speke to guard the camp while he went out to plunder one of Kamrasi's allies. When Mohamed returned to camp he brought his army in laden with ivory, and drove before him five slave girls and thirty head of



MOHAMED'S RETURN.

cattle. During the time that Speke guarded the camp he was surprised to see an entire village of Madi people removing their habitations from the vicinity. They had suffered enough from Mohamed, and when they saw their opportunity, they literally took up the frames of their houses and went off to found another village, where they hoped the brutal Turk would not find them.

Shortly after Mohamed's arrival with his spoils of victory, there came into camp the head man of a village which the Turk had assisted Rionga in destroying, carrying with him a large tusk of ivory with which to ransom his daughter, who was one of the five girls seized for slaves. As girls were numerous and of no value, Mohamed accepted the ransom. On the following day his villainous character was again illustrated. Some men who had fled from their village when his plundering party passed by them, surprised that he did not stop to sack their homes, now brought ten large tusks of ivory to him to express the gratitude they said they felt for his not having molested them. Mohamed, on finding how easy it was to get taxes in this fashion, instead of thanking them, assumed the air of the great potentate, whose clemency was abused, and told the poor creatures that, though they had done well in seeking his friendship, they had not sufficiently considered his dignity, else they would have brought double that number of tusks, for it was impossible he could be satisfied at so low a price. "What," said these poor creatures, "can we do, then, for this is all we have got?" "Oh," says Mohamed, "if it is all you have got now in store, I will take these few for the present, but when I return from Gondokoro I expect you will bring me just as many more. Good-by, and look out for yourselves." Impatient of delays, and disgusted with Mohamed's barbarity, Speke at length procured two guides from him, and pushed ahead for the Nile, which they reached after several hard marches, at a place called Jaifi. Here they were overtaken by the advanced guard of the Turks, who killed a crocodile and ate him on the spot, much to the amusement of Speke's men, who immediately shook their heads laughingly, and said, "Ewa Allah! are these men, then, Mussulmans? Savages in our country don't much like a crocodile." --

JOYFUL MEETING WITH SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

Two days later Mohamed overtook Speke, and together they journeyed, with plundered cattle, slave girls and ivory, which the old Turk had so cruelly wrested from the helpless savages, on to Gondokoro. On reaching that place, they met the noted English traveler, Samuel White Baker, and his wife, on their way to the interior of Africa. This meeting must be described in Speke's own language :

“Walking down the bank of the river—where a line of vessels was moored, and on the right hand a few sheds, one-half broken down, with a brick house representing the late Austrian mission establishment—we saw hurrying on toward us the form of an Englishman, who for one moment we believed was a Simon Pure [Petherick]; but the next moment my old friend Baker, famed for his sports in Ceylon, seized me by the hand. A little boy of his establishment had reported our arrival, and he in an instant came out to welcome us. What joy this was I can hardly tell. We could not talk fast enough, so overwhelmed were we both to meet again. Of course we were his guests in a moment, and learned everything that could be told. I now first heard of the death of H. R. H. the Prince Consort, which made me reflect on the inspiring words he made use of, in compliment to myself, when I was introduced to him by Sir Roderick Murchison a short while before leaving England. Then there was the terrible war in America, and other events of less startling nature, which came on us all by surprise, as years had now passed since we had received news from the civilized world.

“Baker then said he had come up with three vessels—one dyabir and two nuggers—fully equipped with armed men, camels, horses, donkeys, beads, brass wire, and everything necessary for a long journey, expressly to look after us, hoping, as he jokingly said, to find us on the equator in some terrible fix, that he might have the pleasure of helping us out of it. He had heard of Mohamed's party, and was actually waiting for him to come in, that he might have had the use of his return-men to start with comfortably. Three Dutch ladies, also, with a view

to assist us in the same way as Baker (God bless them), had come here in a steamer, but were driven back to Khartoum by sickness. Nobody had even dreamed for a moment it was possible we could come through. An Italian, named Miani, had gone further up the Nile than any one else, and had cut his name on a tree by Apuddo, at the furthest point reached by him. But what had become of Petherick? He was actually trading at N'yambara, seventy miles due west of this, though he had, since I left him in England, raised a subscription of £1,000 from my friends to aid him in finding me."

ALARM ABOUT PETHERICK.

SPEKE felt some alarm about the safety of Petherick, and was upon the point of going to his succor, especially as it was reported he had already had one engagement with the natives. But when he was about ready to start, Petherick returned to Gondokoro, and the joy of meeting was complete.

We have now followed Speke through Africa, describing all the important facts and incidents recorded in his journal, but before dismissing him to call up another, will present his conclusions, which, as will hereafter be seen, were frequently at fault. He says:

"Having now, then, after a period of twenty-eight months, come upon the tracks of European travelers, and met them face to face, I close my Journal, to conclude with a few explanations, for the purpose of comparing the various branches of the Nile with its affluents, so as to show their respective values.

"The first affluent, the Bahr el Ghazal, took us by surprise; for, instead of finding a huge lake, as described in our maps, at an elbow of the Nile, we found only a small piece of water resembling a duck-pond buried in a sea of rushes. The old Nile swept through it with majestic grace, and carried us next to the Geraffe branch of the Sobat river, the second affluent, which we found flowing into the Nile with a graceful semi-circular sweep and good stiff current, apparently deep, but not more than fifty yards broad.

"Next in order came the main stream of the Sobat, flowing

into the Nile in the same graceful way as the Geraffe, which in breadth it surpassed, but in velocity of current was inferior. The Nile by these additions was greatly increased; still, it did not assume that noble appearance which astonished us so much, *immediately after the rainy season*, when we were navigating it in canoes in Unyoro.

“The Sobat has a third mouth farther down the Nile, which unfortunately was passed without my knowing it; but as it is so well known to be unimportant, the loss was not great.

“Next to be treated of is the famous Blue Nile, which we found a miserable river, even when compared with the Geraffe branch of the Sobat. It is very broad at the mouth, it is true, but so shallow that our vessel with difficulty was able to come up it. It had all the appearance of a mountain stream, subject to great periodical fluctuations. I was never more disappointed than with this river; if the White river was cut off from it, its waters would all be absorbed before they could reach Lower Egypt.

“The Atbara river, which is the last affluent, was more like the Blue river than any of the other affluents, being decidedly a mountain stream, which floods in the rains, but runs nearly dry in the dry season.

“I had now seen quite enough to satisfy myself that the White river, which issues from the lake at the Ripon Falls, is the true or parent Nile; for in every instance of its branching, it carried the palm with it in the distinctest manner, viewed, as all the streams were by me, in the dry season, which is the best time for estimating their relative perennial values.”

Of the original number of three hundred porters, guides and interpreters, only eighteen remained faithful and returned with Capt. Speke to Alexandria. These were well provided for, and greatly lionized by the English residents of that city, who took them to places of amusement, gave them liberal purses, and then returned them to Zanzibar, to remain under the protection of the English consul there.

Speke proved himself to be a good traveler, in some respects

superior to those who preceded him or came after, for he managed so well as to avoid collisions with the natives, and to leave Africa with the good will of all its savage kings and chiefs, all of whom were treated with kindly consideration and bettered by reason of his visit among them.

EXPEDITION OF SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

CHAPTER VII.

OFF FOR THE NILE.

SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, subsequently knighted in recognition of his services as an African explorer, thus begins the account of his first expedition up the Nile:

“In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the South, *via* Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task or die in the attempt. From my youth I had been inured to hardships and endurance in wild sports in tropical climates, and when I gazed upon the map of Africa, I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might by perseverance reach the heart of Africa.

“I could not conceive that anything in the world had power to resist a determined will, so long as health and life remained. The failure of every former attempt to reach the Nile’s source,



SIR SAMUEL BAKER AND WIFE.

did not astonish me, as the expeditions had consisted of parties which, when difficulties occur, generally end in difference of opinion and retreat; I therefore determined to proceed alone,

trusting in the guidance of a Divine Providence, and the good fortune that sometimes attends tenacity of purpose. I weighed carefully the chances of the undertaking. Before me—untrodden Africa; against me—the obstacles that had defeated the world since its creation; on my side—a somewhat tough constitution, perfect independence, a long experience in savage life, and both time and means which I intended to devote to the object without limit. England had never sent an expedition to the Nile sources previous to that under the command of Speke and Grant. Bruce, ninety years ago, had succeeded in tracing the source of the Blue or Lesser Nile: thus the honor of that discovery belonged to Great Britain; Speke was on his road from the South, and I felt confident that my gallant friend would leave his bones upon the path rather than submit to failure. I trusted that England would not be beaten; and although I hardly dared to hope that I could succeed where others greater than I had failed, I determined to sacrifice all in the attempt. Had I been alone it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me; but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care; one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be: she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me. And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.'

“Thus accompanied by my wife, on the 15th of April, 1861,

I sailed up the Nile from Cairo. The wind blew fair and strong from the north, and we flew towards the south against the stream, watching those mysterious waters with a firm resolve to track them to their distant fountain."

When Baker arrived at Berber, he found that a knowledge of Arabic was essential to his success, and therefore devoted the first year to exploring affluents of the Nile from the Abyssinian range of mountains, which gave him a very excellent means for acquiring the language, as association is a better school than study.

STARTING FOR THE NILE SOURCE.

HAVING made himself familiar with Arabic, as did also his wife, Baker prepared, in December, 1862, to proceed with his original purpose. The principal requirement now was a force of arms-bearers and sailors. This preparation had to be made at Khartoum, where many men could be had, but they were generally of a dissolute and perfidious character. However, he enlisted ninety-six men, forty of whom he armed with double-barreled guns and rifles, forty others were sailors, and the remainder servants. He had three boats specially built, which he loaded with twenty-one donkeys, four camels and four horses, hoping these would render him independent of porters, who are so given to desertion. Each man received five months' wages in advance, and just before starting they were treated to an entertainment, at which they had an abundance to eat and drink.

Everything was now ready for the departure, all the supplies and animals having been taken on board, and the men at their several posts, when an officer arrived from Divan to demand a poll-tax from Baker for each of his men, equal to one month's wages per head, threatening to detain the boats if it was not paid forthwith. Baker ordered his captain to hoist the British flag upon each of the boats, and then answered the demand by declaring that he was neither a Turk nor a trader, but an English explorer, and therefore not responsible for the tax, and that if any official attempted to board his boats he would take pleasure, in the name of Great Britain, in throwing him overboard. The

tax-gatherer made no effort to force a collection, but quietly departed.

A FIGHT.

THE boats were now got under way, but had moved only a short distance when a government boat came sailing swiftly down the river and in a most reckless manner crushed into Baker's boat, breaking the oars and otherwise damaging it. The reis, or captain, instead of apologizing, broke forth in the wildest abuse and invectives, positively refusing to make reparation for the damage done, and dared any one of Baker's men to come on board. This captain of the government boat was a gigantic black, so conscious of his physical powers that he felt a savage pride in parading them. As the boats had fallen foul of each other, Baker brushed aside his men and stepped over to the government vessel, where the muscular black stood ready to receive him. A fight took place between the two, with natural weapons, in which Baker pommelled his adversary so soundly that the black captain was exceedingly glad to escape further punishment by giving Baker new oars in the place of those that were broken and to abjectly apologize for his conduct.

The expedition met with no further embarrassments and proceeded up the river for Gondokoro, which is the head of navigation on the Nile.

THE FIRST DEATH.

IN the party engaged at Khartoum was an adventurous German named John Schmidt. He had been an old hunter in India, well experienced in tropical sports and exposures, and a most serviceable man with such an expedition as Baker now commanded, but the poor fellow was badly afflicted with consumption. He was very anxious to accompany Baker, feeling that such a journey would improve his health, which he did not believe was seriously impaired. Baker tried hard to advise him against such an undertaking, dwelling upon the extreme hardships which he must certainly suffer; but Schmidt was determined, and Baker, on the ground of old comradeship, finally consented to take him,

especially since he had rendered such excellent service in preparing for the departure.

Baker's diary, which was kept throughout the long journey, shows how poor Schmidt began to fail, though his great energy kept him from giving up for a long time, but the struggle grew less until the year began to fade out, when with it sped the brave spirit. Baker's chronicle of this event is as follows:

"Johann is in a dying state, but sensible; all his hopes, poor fellow, of saving money in my service and returning to Bavaria are past. I sat by his bed for some hours; there was not a ray of hope; he could speak with difficulty, and the flies walked across his glazed eyeballs without his knowledge. Gently bathing his face and hands, I asked him if I could deliver any message to his relatives. He faintly uttered, 'I am prepared to die; I have neither parents nor relations; but there is one—she'—he faltered. He could not finish his sentence, but his dying thoughts were with one he loved; far, far away from this wild and miserable land. Did not a shudder pass over her, a chill warning at that sad moment when all was passing away? I pressed his cold hand and asked her name. Gathering his remaining strength he murmured, 'Es bleibt nur zu sterben.' 'Ich bin sehr dankbar.' These were the last words he spoke, 'I am very grateful.' I gazed sorrowfully at his attenuated figure, and at the now powerless hand that had laid low many an elephant and lion in its day of strength; and the cold sweat of death lay thick upon his forehead. Although the pulse was not yet still, Johann was gone. I made a huge cross with my own hands from the trunk of a tamarind tree, and by moonlight we laid him in his grave in this lonely spot."

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a *Pilgrim* taking his rest,
With his *mantle* drawn around him."

A FATAL BUFFALO HUNT.

On the evening of January 9th, while the boats were moving at the rate of five miles an hour against the current, a buffalo

was sighted in the deep grass about one hundred yards from the river. As meat was scarce, Baker had the boats run to bank, and as the buffalo's head appeared above the grass he fired, and the animal dropped as if struck dead. Several of the men ran pell-mell after it, and as the beast still appeared to be dead, instead of falling to at once and cutting it up, they danced about it in savage delight, one holding its tail while another danced on the body brandishing his knife. Suddenly the buffalo jumped up, scattered the blacks, and ran off into a morass, where it fell again. The boats tied up for the night, and on the following morning the groans of the wounded animal could plainly be heard. About forty of the men now took their guns and waded knee-deep through mud, water and high grass in search of it. One hour after Baker heard shouting and shooting, which lasted fully twenty minutes; by aid of the telescope he could see a crowd of his men standing on an ant-hill three hundred yards distant, from which point they were still shooting at some indistinguishable object. The death-howl then followed, and the men were seen to rush down from their secure position, and directly afterward returned to the boats, carrying the dead and mangled body of Sali Achmet, Baker's most valuable man. It transpired that this man had been attacked by the wounded buffalo and killed in sight of his comrades, who were too cowardly to render him any assistance. The poor fellow was horribly mangled, and, as usual with buffaloes, the furious beast had not rested content until it pounded the breath out of the body, which was found imbedded and trampled so tightly in the mud that only a portion of the head appeared above the marsh.

In relating the story to Baker, the men stated that three men were with Sali when the buffalo charged him, but that the cowards bolted without firing a gun, and took position on an ant-hill, from which they saw their comrade tossed into the air and heard his distressing cries for help without responding. This was a fair sample of the courage of the native Africans, who exalt their bravery when danger is not near, but who run like sheep at the first intimation of peril.

The buffalo was found dead from exhaustion, its shoulder having been broken, and was secured, while poor Sali was buried according to the usages of his countrymen. The boats were then got underway again.

MEETING WITH A STRANGE PEOPLE.

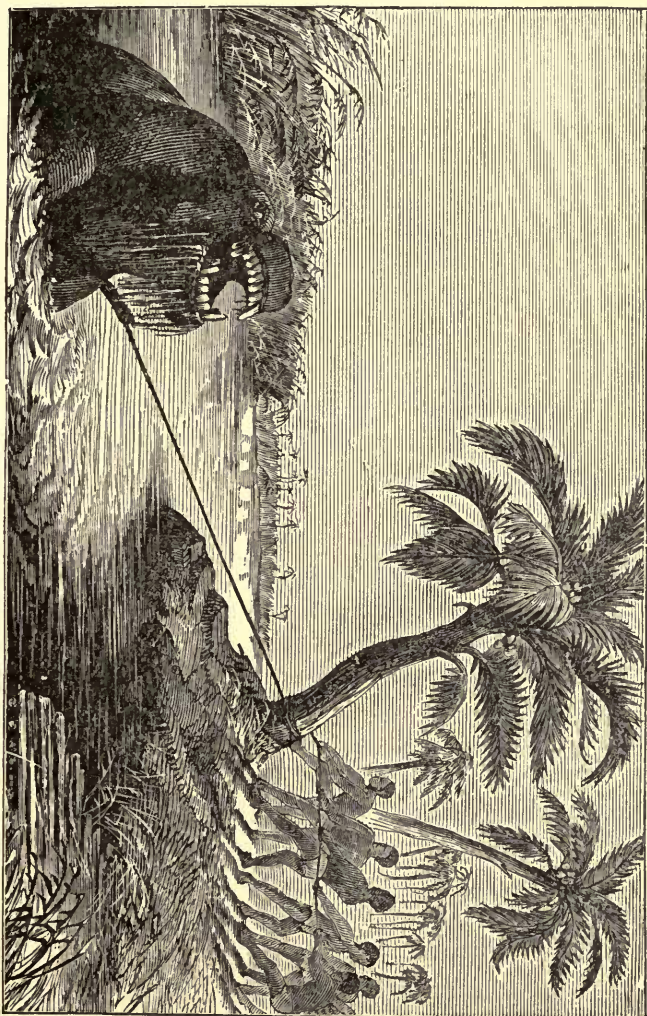
ON the 13th of January the expedition stopped near a village on the right bank of the river. The natives came down to the boats,—they were something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine. Baker says these fellows were the most unearthly-looking devils he ever saw—there was no other expression for them. The unmarried women were also entirely naked; the married had a fringe made of grass around their loins. The men wore heavy coils of beads about their necks, two heavy bracelets of ivory on the upper portion of the arms, copper rings upon the wrists, and a horrible kind of bracelet of massive iron armed with spikes about an inch in length, like leopard's claws, which they used for a similar purpose. The chief of the Nuehr village, Joctian, with his wife and daughter, paid a visit to the boats, and asked for all they saw in the shape of beads and bracelets, but declined a knife as useless. They went away delighted with their presents. The women were very ugly. The men were tall and powerful, armed with lances. They carried pipes that contained nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco, in which they smoked simple charcoal should the loved tobacco fail. The carbonic acid gas of the charcoal produces a slight feeling of intoxication, which is the effect desired. Baker took the chief's portrait; of course he was delighted. In reply to a question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet, he exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars. Charming people, these poor blacks! He was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast.

NOVEL CONTEST WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

ON the 15th of January, while the men ashore were drawing

the boats, their heads being invisible on account of the tall grass, a hippopotamus was frightened out of his lair and

DRAWING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS ASHORE.



appeared directly under the bow of the boat. In an instant, about twenty men, thinking the animal an infant one, jumped overboard to grapple with it, but as the supposed baby suddenly

appeared again about three times as large as they expected it was, they showed no further eagerness to close with it. However, the captain of the boat, more courageous than the rest, pluckily seized the hippopotamus by one of its hind legs, whereupon the others rushed in and a grand tussle followed. Ropes were thrown from the boat and nooses slipped over the animal's head, but these efforts for its capture were so futile that the hippopotamus swam rapidly toward midstream and would have carried everything with it, had not Baker put an end to the sport by shooting the beast.

He was scored all over by the tusks of some other hippopotamus that had been bullying him. The men declared that his father had thus misused him; others were of opinion that it was his mother; and the argument ran high and became hot. These Arabs have an extraordinary taste for arguments upon the most trifling points. Baker says he has frequently known his men to argue throughout the greater part of the night, and commence the same argument on the following morning. These debates generally end in a fight; and in the present instance the excitement of the hunt only added to the heat of the argument. They at length agreed to refer it to the master, and both parties approached, vociferously advancing their theories; one-half persisting that the young hippo had been bullied by his father, and the others adhering to the mother as the cause. Baker, being referee, suggested that "perhaps it was his *uncle*." "Wah Illahi sahe!" (By Allah, it is true!) Both parties were satisfied with the suggestion; dropping their theory they became practical, and fell to with knives and axes to cut up the cause of the argument. The hippopotamus was as fat as butter, and was a perfect godsend to the people, who divided him with great excitement and good humor.

A STRANGE RACE OF PEOPLE.

On the 19th of January the boats emerged from the apparently endless region of marsh-grass and saw on the right bank a large herd of grazing cattle tended by naked natives. This proved to be the Kytch country, a tribe of the most strange and singular

people that can be found in Africa. At the principal station, Zareebo, one of the natives generously offered Baker a bullock, which he refused, until he saw that the man was affronted. Notwithstanding the vast herds of cattle these people own, their misery is beyond description. They will not kill their cattle, nor do they ever taste meat unless an animal dies of sickness; neither will they work, and thus starvation is common among them, as they exist almost wholly upon rats, lizards, snakes and fish. They capture fish by means of a harpoon, which is a neatly made instrument, attached to a reed pole about twenty feet in length, and secured by a long line. They cast the harpoon haphazard, anywhere among the reeds, without regard for signs of fish; thus they may make and do make hundreds of casts before striking a fish. Occasionally, but always by accident, they harpoon species of fish weighing as much as two hundred pounds; and in such an event a long and exciting chase ensues, for the fish carries away the harpoon and the spearman has to swim with the line and play with the fish until it is tired out.

Baker was introduced to the chief of the Kytch tribe, and he describes him and his people as follows: "The chief of the Kytch people wore a leopard skin across his shoulders, and a skull-cap of white beads, with a crest of ostrich feathers; but the mantle was merely slung over his shoulders, and all other parts of his person were naked. His daughter was the best-looking girl that I have seen among the blacks; she was about sixteen. Her clothing consisted of a little piece of dressed hide, about a foot wide, slung across her shoulders, all other parts being exposed. All the girls of this country wear merely a circlet of little iron jingling ornaments round their waist. They came in numbers, bringing small bundles of wood to exchange for a few handfuls of corn. Most of the men are tall, but wretchedly thin; the children are mere skeletons, and the entire tribe appears thoroughly starved. The language is that of the Dinka. The chief carried a curious tobacco-box, an iron spike about two feet long, with a hollow socket, bound with iguana-skin; this served for either tobacco-box, club, or dagger.

The whole day we were beset by crowds of starving people, bringing small gourd-shells to receive the expected corn."

Among the Kytch polygamy is, of course common. When a man becomes too old for his several wives his eldest son becomes his substitute.



THE CHIEF AND HIS DAUGHTER.

FIGHTING BLACK AMAZONS.

SHORTLY after leaving the Kytch country, a squall of wind came up, which took away one mast of the best boat and left it a wreck. Baker had now to proceed entirely by cordelling, which process was very slow and not without danger to the men, who had to wade through marshes in which were numerous crocodiles, snakes and hippopotami; besides, the country was filled with malaria, mosquitoes and a sultry atmosphere. Thus day by day passed, and but for one incident the monotony of the journey

would have been vexatiously wearisome. This diversion was afforded, strange enough, by the fighting black women on board, who worried, quarreled and scratched like Gehenna cats. Among these was one little black terrier named Gaddum Her, very short, but wonderfully strong and plucky; she was the embodiment of long-cultivated vice, and was always spoiling for a fight. On one occasion this little wretch fought with another of her tribe until they rolled all over the boat, and finally down into the hold, where they landed upon a number of water-jars, which they broke. On the next day the fight was renewed, and did not end until both had fallen into the river. This irritability was not only manifested among the women, but the donkeys, horses and camels also had their daily fights.

THE ALIAB TRIBE.

ON January 20th Baker passed two bivouacs of Aliabs, who were tending large herds of cattle. These people appeared quite friendly; they were hardly so bad as the Kytch tribe, but were very low in the scale of humanity. They not only milk their cows, but bleed them every month, by driving a lance into a vein of the neck, and boil the blood for food. Living in a country where mosquitoes are so numerous, they make tumuli of dung, which are kept constantly on fire, fresh fuel being added as fast as wasted; this burns like smudge, producing a heavy smoke that drives the mosquitoes away. Around these smouldering dung-heaps the cattle crowd in hundreds, living with the natives in the smoke. By degrees the heaps of ashes become about eight feet high; they are then used as sleeping places and watch stations by the natives, who, rubbing themselves all over with the ashes, have a ghastly and devilish appearance positively horrible to look upon.

THE SHIR TRIBE.

Two days later, Baker came upon the Shir tribe, which he describes as follows: "The men are, as usual in these countries, armed with well-made ebony clubs, two lances, a bow (always strung), and a bundle of arrows; their hands are completely full



A SHIR VILLAGE AND MAN AND WOMAN.

of weapons ; and they carry a neatly made miniature stool slung upon their backs, in addition to an immense pipe. Thus a man carries all that he most values about his person. The females in this tribe are not absolutely naked ; like those of the Kytch, they wear small lappets of tanned leather as broad as the hand ; at the back of the belt, which supports this apron, is a tail which reaches to the lower portions of the thighs ; this tail is formed of finely-cut strips of leather, and the costume has doubtless been the foundation for the report I had received from the Arabs, that a tribe in Central Africa had tails like horses. The women carry their children very conveniently in a skin slung from their shoulders across the back, and secured by a thong round the waist ; in this the young savage sits delightfully. The huts throughout all tribes are circular, with entrances so low that the natives creep both in and out upon their hands and knees. The men wear tufts of cock's feathers on the crown of the head, and their favorite attitude, when standing, is on one leg while leaning on a spear, the foot of the raised leg resting on the inside of the other knee. Their arrows are about three feet long, without feathers, and pointed with hard wood instead of iron, the metal being scarce among the Shir tribe. The most valuable article of barter for this tribe is the iron hoe generally used among the White Nile negroes. In form it is precisely similar to the 'ace of spades.' The finery most prized by the women are polished iron anklets, which they wear in such numbers that they reach nearly half-way up the calf of the leg ; the tinkling of these rings is considered to be very enticing, but the sound reminds one of the clanking of convicts' fetters."

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL AT GONDOKORO.

ON the 1st of February Baker arrived at Gondokoro, which is a Turkish slave and trading station, composed of miserable little grass huts and the ruins of an old mission. Here a long stay was made, waiting the arrival of a Turkish trader from the interior, whom Baker hoped to accompany on the return to Central Africa.

The natives of Gondokoro belong to the Bari tribe, a singular people who have become savage in their nature by contact with the barbarous Turks. Their dwellings are very cleanly, but far from picturesque. The domicile of each family is surrounded by a hedge of impenetrable thickness, and the interior of the enclosure usually consists of a yard neatly plastered with a cement of ashes, cow-dung and sand. The huts have projecting roofs, in order to afford shade, and the entrance is only about two feet high.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BARI TRIBE.

WHEN a member of the family dies he is buried in the yard; a few ox-horns and skulls are suspended on a pole above the spot, while the top of the pole is ornamented with a bunch of cock's feathers. Every man carries his weapons, pipe, and stool, the whole (except the stool) being held between his legs when standing. The men are well grown, the women are not prepossessing, but the negro type of thick lips and flat nose is wanting; the features are good, and the woolly hair alone denotes the trace of negro blood. They are tattooed upon the stomach, sides, and back so closely that it has the appearance of a broad belt of fish-scales, especially when they are rubbed with red ochre, which is the prevailing fashion. This pigment is made of a peculiar clay, rich in oxide of iron, which, when burnt, is reduced to powder, and then formed into lumps like pieces of soap; both sexes anoint themselves with this ochre, formed into

a paste by the admixture of grease, giving themselves the appearance of new red bricks. The only hair upon their persons is a small tuft upon the crown of the head, in which they stick one or more feathers. The women are generally free from hair, their heads being shaved. They wear a neat little lappet, about six inches long, of beads, or of small iron rings, worked like a coat of mail, in lieu of a fig-leaf, and the usual tail of fine shreds of leather or twine, spun from indigenous cotton, pendant behind. Both the lappet and tail are fastened on a belt, which is worn round the loins, like those in the Shir tribe; thus the toilette is completed at once. It would be highly useful, could they only wag their tails to whisk off the flies, which are torments in this country.

The cattle are very small; the goats and sheep are quite Lilliputian, but they generally give three at a birth, and thus multiply quickly. The people of the country were formerly friendly, but the Khartoumers pillage and murder them at discretion in all directions; thus, in revenge, they will shoot a poisoned arrow at a stranger unless he is powerfully escorted. The effect of the poison used for the arrow-heads is very extraordinary. A man came to Baker for medical aid; five months before he had been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the leg, below the calf, and the entire foot had been eaten away by the action of the poison. The bone rotted through just above the ankle, and the foot dropped off. The most violent poison is the produce of the root of a tree, whose milky juice yields a resin that is smeared upon the arrow. It is brought from a great distance, from some country far west of Gondokoro. The juice of the species of euphorbia, common in these countries, is also used for poisoning arrows. Boiled to the consistence of tar, it is then smeared upon the blade. The action of the poison is to corrode the flesh, which loses its fibre, and drops away like jelly, after severe inflammation and swelling. The arrows are barbed with diabolical ingenuity; some are arranged with poisoned heads that fit into sockets; these detach from the arrow on an attempt to withdraw them; thus the barbed blade, thickly smeared with

poison, remains in the wound, and before it can be cut out the poison is absorbed by the system. Fortunately the natives are bad archers. The bows are invariably made of the male bamboo, and are kept perpetually strung; they are exceedingly stiff, but not very elastic, and the arrows are devoid of feathers, being simple reeds or other light wood, about three feet long, and slightly knobbed at the base as a hold for the finger and thumb; the string is never drawn with the two fore-fingers, as in most countries, but is simply pulled by holding the arrow between the middle joint of the fore-finger and the thumb. A stiff bow drawn in this manner has very little power; accordingly the extreme range seldom exceeds a hundred and ten yards.

The Bari tribe are very hostile, and are considered to be about the worst of the White Nile. They have been so often defeated by the traders' parties in the immediate neighborhood of Gondokoro, that they are on their best behavior while within half a mile of the station; but it is not at all uncommon to be asked for beads as a tax for the right of sitting under the shade of a tree, or for passing through the country. The traders' people, in order to terrify them into submission, were in the habit of binding them, hands and feet, and carrying them to the edge of a cliff about thirty feet high, a little beyond the ruins of the mission house; beneath this cliff the river boils in an eddy, and into this watery grave the victims were remorselessly hurled as food for the crocodiles. It appeared that this punishment was dreaded by the natives more than the bullet or rope, and it was accordingly adopted by the Turkish trading parties.

BAKER'S TROUBLE IN GONDOKORO.

BAKER was regarded by the Turks in Gondokoro as an intruder or as a spy sent by England to obtain information concerning the slave trade; they therefore set about to create dissatisfaction among his men and to annoy him into a hasty departure. The slaves were kept out of sight as much as possible, being heavily manacled and confined in close stockades. There were about six hundred traders in the town, who spent their leisure drinking,

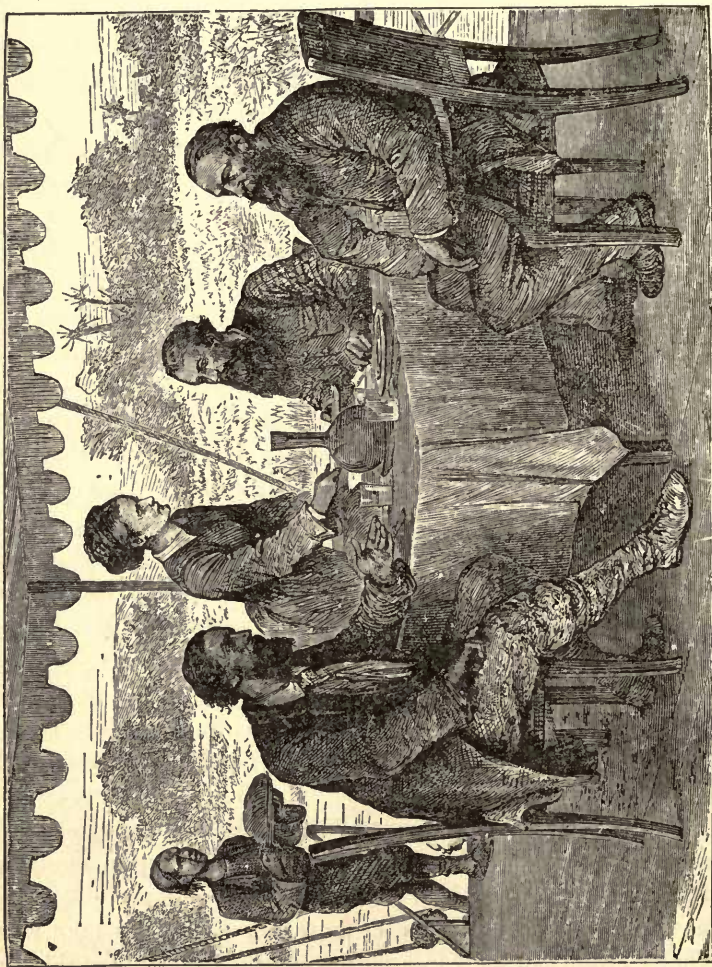
quarreling and maltreating the slaves. The majority were continually intoxicated, and in this condition amused themselves by promiscuous firing of guns, so that there was no safety from stray bullets, one of which killed a little boy in Baker's party.

Baker had remained in Gondokoro only a short time before he observed a general discontent among his men ; its first outcropping was a demand made upon him for privilege to steal some cattle from the natives for a feast ; this being refused, they threatened to steal such cattle as they wanted, regardless of orders. Baker then had the men called for muster, and made them a sharp address, but this only served to provoke an outburst of insolence. The ringleader, named Elsar, was so impertinent and violent, that Baker ordered him to be bound and given twenty-five lashes. When an attempt was made to enforce this order, a large number of the men came to Elsar's assistance and a mutiny was raised. There was now no other alternative than for Baker himself to carry out the order, as any concessions would have entirely destroyed his power over the men ; accordingly he attempted to seize Elsar, when the savage black rushed at him with a stick, eager for a fight. Baker accepted the challenge, and with a powerful blow of his fist knocked him sprawling on the ground and followed up his advantage by administering a severe punishment with his boot. His savage companions suffered their ringleader to be well castigated, apparently awed at Baker's boldness ; but soon they rallied and set upon him with sticks and stones. The affair would no doubt have terminated seriously for Baker, had not his wife, seeing the danger, rushed to the rescue, and by ordering the drums beaten, stopped the fray. A settlement of the difficulty was effected by Baker remitting the further punishment of Elsar upon condition that the mutineer should kiss his hand and apologize.

This incident proved to Baker how unreliable his men were, and that to take such a force with him into Africa would only invite danger and defeat his objects, although the men swore fidelity again, and Elsar declared that he would stand before his master and receive every arrow rather than have him injured.

MEETING WITH SPEKE AND GRANT.

Two days after the mutinous outbreak, Baker was startled by the rapid firing of guns and shouts apparently from the whole



BAKER ENTERTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

village. Rushing out of his hut he was overjoyed to see two white men approaching, who, upon close inspection, proved to be his old friend Capt. Speke, accompanied by Capt. Grant, both

ragged, lean and much careworn. After embracing, the three adventurous Englishmen repaired to one of the boats, and there, seated under an awning, they talked upon the one subject so absorbing to them all, namely, the source of the Nile. Speke gave Baker much information concerning the natives of the interior and the best routes for his journey, at the same time encouraging him to pursue his intended explorations, as there were possibly other sources of the Nile than the Victoria lake, which circumstances had not permitted him to seek for. Speke entertained some doubts about Victoria lake being the sole source of the Nile, because he had been told by Kamrasi that there was a river or lake called the Luta N'zige, which extended in a direct line from south to north with the same general system of drainage as the Nile, and in like direction, and which he believed held a very important position in the Nile basin. Speke gave Baker his maps and written instructions how to proceed.

On the 26th of February Speke and Grant sailed from Gondokoro for home, while Baker at once proceeded to strike for the interior, regardless of the danger which threatened him from his treacherous force, relying almost wholly upon the protection and assistance of the Turk Mohamed, who promised to accompany him to where his ivory was stored, which would require but a few days' time.

A TROUBLESOME BIRD.

AFTER the departure of Speke and Grant, Baker moved his tent to the high ground above the river; the effluvium from the filth of some thousands of people was disgusting, and fever was prevalent in all quarters. Baker and his wife were both sick, also several of the men, one of whom died. The animals were all healthy, but the donkeys and camels were attacked by a bird, about the size of a thrush, which caused them great uneasiness. This bird is a greenish brown color, with a powerful red beak and excessively strong claws. It is a perfect pest to animals, and positively eats holes into them. The original object of the bird in settling upon the animal is to search for vermin, but it is not contented with the mere insects, and industriously pecks

holes in all parts of the beast, more especially on the back. A wound once established adds to the attraction, and the unfortunate animal is so pestered that it has no time to eat. Baker was obliged to hire little boys to watch the donkeys, and to drive off these plagues; but so determined and bold were the birds, that they would run under the body of the donkey, clinging to the belly with their feet, and thus retreating to the opposite side of the animal when chased by the watchboys. In a few days the animals were full of wounds, excepting the horses, whose long tails were effectual whisks. With the exception of this annoyance everything appeared in fair condition for the journey. Mohamed had promised to accompany the expedition through, in consideration of such presents as Baker had agreed to give him, but he had not reckoned on the duplicity of the Arab scoundrel thus engaged. While professing friendship, he was doing all in his power to hinder and defeat Baker's expedition, by circulating false and alarming stories among his ignorant and superstitious men.

Influenced by these stories, they began to evince a sullen demeanor, which was not long developing into an insurrection, having for its purpose the murder of Baker and the confiscation of his property. It chanced, however, that among his force there were two really faithful subjects, one named Richarn, a fellow of dissolute habits, but honorable and trustworthy; the other a little boy named Saat, only twelve years of age, whom Mrs. Baker had taken compassion on at Khartoum as a friendless outcast, and adopted. This boy had received some Christian instruction and was anxious to be taught more, which made him a source of tender care to Mrs. Baker, and in return for this he was obedient, loving, ready to lay down his innocent life for his master and mistress.

A DREADFUL PLOT DISCOVERED.

How these two faithful servants saved Baker's life is related by himself as follows: "We were to start upon the following Monday. Mohamed had paid me a visit, assuring me of his devotion, and begging me to have my baggage in marching order,

as he would send me fifty porters on the Monday, and we would move off in company. At the very moment that he thus professed, he was coolly deceiving me. He had arranged to start without me on the Saturday, while he was proposing that we should march together on Monday. This I did not know at the time. One morning I had returned to the tent after having, as usual, inspected the transport animals, when I observed Mrs. Baker looking extraordinarily pale, and immediately upon my arrival she gave orders for the vakeel (headman) to be brought. There was something in her manner so different to her usual calm that I was utterly bewildered when I heard her question the vakeel, 'whether the men were willing to march?' 'Perfectly ready,' was the reply. 'Then order them to strike the tent and load the animals; we start this moment.' The man appeared confused, but not more so than I. Something was evidently on foot, but what I could not conjecture. The vakeel wavered, and to my astonishment I heard the accusation made against him that, 'during the night, the whole of the escort had mutinously conspired to desert me, with my arms and ammunition that were in their hands, and to fire simultaneously at me should I attempt to disarm them.' At first this charge was indignantly denied, until the boy Saat manfully stepped forward, and declared that the conspiracy was entered into by the whole of the escort, and that both he and Richarn, knowing that mutiny was intended, had listened purposely to the conversation during the night; at day-break the boy had reported the fact to his mistress. Mutiny, robbery and murder were thus deliberately determined.

Realizing that it would never do to attempt to penetrate Africa with such men, Baker determined to get rid of them. He first disarmed them, with the assistance of his courageous wife and the faithful Richarn and Saat, and then gave them their discharges, writing the word "mutineer" above his signature on each of them. None of the men being able to read, they unconsciously carried the evidence of their own guilt, which he resolved to punish should he ever find them on his return to Khartoum.

Most of the men that Baker disarmed at once joined trading

parties, while the others made off at the first intimation of trouble and were seen no more. It was the expressed intention of the mutineers to shoot Baker, which no doubt would have been done had they not found him so well prepared to return their shots.

GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.

HAVING been deserted by Mohamed and compelled to discharge the force he had engaged at Khartoum, Baker sent for a Circassian chief, named Koorshid, from whom he requested the service of ten elephant hunters and two interpreters; but his request was denied, for the reason that no men could be hired to serve under him. This denial took away all hope from Baker, and nothing remained for him to do but establish a depot and remain at Gondokoro for another season. No expedition had ever been more carefully planned; everything being prepared under his own directions and without regard for expense, but the promise of success and reward was defeated by the very ones whom he had employed to assist him. These reflections weighed heavily upon the minds of Baker and his courageous wife. During the night they were startled by a succession of loud screams, and upon listening attentively, heard the heavy breathing of something in their hut; searching through the dark, they discovered an object cowering close to the head of the bed. Baker noiselessly drew a revolver from under his pillow, and pointing it at the crouching object, asked, "Who is that?" Just as he was upon the point of firing, a voice replied "Fadeela!" It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light Baker found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the coorbach (whip of hippopotamus hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, he found a party in the act of flogging two women; two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and neck, while two men with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of thus

punishing the women for a breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadeela had escaped before her punishment had been completed, and came near being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the coorbatches from the hands of one of the executioners, Baker administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage ;—"they were only slave women." In all such expeditions it is necessary to have women belonging to the party to grind the corn and prepare the food for the men ; Baker had accordingly hired several from their proprietors at Khartoum, and these had been maltreated as described.

DETERMINED TO LEAVE GONDOKORO.

BAKER determined at all hazards to leave Gondokoro, having engaged seventeen men whom he knew to be fully as treacherous as those he had dismissed, but he hoped to overcome their evil designs by kind treatment and by impressing them with the importance of yielding obedience, as the only way of successfully penetrating a country filled with hostile savages.

A party of Koorshid's people had just arrived from the Latooka country, bringing with them a number of porters. These people wore helmets of glass beads and were remarkably handsome, though destitute of clothing. Adda, the chief, presented himself at Baker's tent, accompanied by a few of his men ; he was a man of remarkable symmetry, a dusky Appollo ; he was very friendly with Baker and gave much information about the Latooka country, at the same time urging the white man to visit him. To further excite his friendship, Baker took the chief's portrait, and made him a variety of presents, such as copper bracelets, beads and a red cotton handkerchief. This latter article Adda carefully folded in the shape of a triangle and tied it around his body so that the pendant corner would fall behind, occupying half an hour in arranging it to suit his fancy.

Finding their chief so cleverly entertained, the others crowded around, asking for presents, which they generally received, as Baker was anxious to promote their friendship, hoping to

accompany them back to Latooka, as the chief had requested. There was a party of Turks also in Gondokoro, who were going to the Latooka country, and these declared that Baker should not follow. Adda despised the Turks, but was compelled to labor in their service, carrying ivory, his tribe being too poorly equipped to contend with them. Though he would have been glad to treat Baker as a friend, the open hostility displayed by these Turks caused him to remain neutral. Notwithstanding the threats repeated by the Turks, Baker resolved to follow with his small force of seventeen men.

On the route between Gondokoro and Latooka there was a powerful tribe among the mountains of Ellyria. The chief of that tribe (Legge) had formerly massacred one hundred and twenty men of a traders' party. He was an ally of Koorshid, whom the Turks declared would raise an army against Baker to defeat and destroy him. It would only be necessary for the traders to request the chief of Ellyria to attack his party to insure its destruction, as the plunder of the baggage would be an ample reward. Baker, however, had great faith in presents. The venality of Arabs is proverbial, and having many valuable effects with him, he trusted that when the proper moment should arrive, he would be able to overcome all opposition by an open hand.

A MOMENTOUS HOUR.

THE day arrived for the departure of Koorshid's people. They commenced firing their usual signals; the drums beat; the Turkish ensign led the way; and they marched at two o'clock, P. M., sending a polite message, "*daring*" the Englishman to follow them.

Baker immediately ordered the tent to be struck, the luggage to be arranged, the animals to be collected, and everything to be ready for the march. Richarn and Saat were in high spirits, even Baker's unwilling men were obliged to work, and by seven P. M., they were all ready. The camels were too heavily loaded, carrying about seven hundred pounds each. The donkeys were also overloaded, but there was no help for it. Mrs. Baker was

well mounted on a good Abyssinian horse, and was carrying several leather bags slung to the pommel, while her husband was equally loaded on his horse; in fact, they were all carrying as much as they could stow.

They had neither guide nor interpreter. Not one native was procurable, all being under the influence of the traders, who had determined to render their advance utterly impossible by preventing the natives from assisting them. They commenced the desperate journey in darkness about an hour after sunset.

"Where shall we go?" said the men just as the order was given to start. "Who can travel without a guide? No one knows the road." The moon was up, and the mountain of Belignan was distinctly visible about nine miles distant. Knowing that the route lay on the east side of that mountain, Baker led the way, Mrs. Baker riding by his side, and the British flag following close behind as a guide for the caravan of heavily-laden camels and donkeys.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE MARCH TO LATOOKA.

It being late when the cavalcade started, Baker halted after a march of three hours and went into camp one-half mile from where the Turks had bivouacked, hoping to conciliate Ibrahim, the Turkish chief, and procure a guide from him. The haughty Mussulman, however, rejected all overtures, and repeated his threat to have the Englishman annihilated by the Ellyrians. Baker now saw that his safety lay in out-traveling the Turks and passing the Ellyrian mountains before Ibrahim could communicate with the savages. Accordingly, he struck his tents before daylight the next morning and pushed on with all possible speed, but on account of his badly overloaded camels and donkeys, he could travel but slowly.

Having no guides, the route taken was extremely bad, being obstructed by deep ravines, and penetrating a jungle that was

composed chiefly of thorn bushes. The camels being tall the overhanging branches caught in their packs, either shifting the loads or dragging them off altogether, and while going down ravines the animals frequently stumbled and would sometimes roll over and over to the bottom. Thus it was that the men would have to unload, carry the packs up the opposite hill, and reload the camels about every half hour. The Turks made slow progress also, as they were trading with the natives along the route, and had no object to hurry them.

While proceeding under great difficulty, two Latookas, who had deserted Ibrahim for being severely beaten by him, overtook Baker and offered to guide him through the Ellyria country; this was a piece of extraordinary good luck, for his men, having neglected to supply themselves with water, were now suffering much from thirst. The Latooka guides led the way, and soon brought the half-famished party to a place where water was procured by digging a few feet in a dry basin. While the men were regaling themselves and the animals at the wells thus made, some natives appeared, carrying the head of a wild boar that was in a horrible state of decomposition and fairly alive with maggots. They made themselves familiar with Baker's men, and building a fire proceeded to cook the unsavory dish. The skull becoming too hot for its inhabitants, the maggots wriggled out from the ears and nose like a jam of people escaping from the doors of a theatre on fire. The natives tapped the skull with a stick to hasten their exit, and when the cooking was done they devoured the meat and sucked the bones. No matter how putrid meat may be, it does not appear to affect the health or stomach of native Africans.

BESIEGED BY CURIOUS NATIVES.

THE blacks having finished their repast, joined the caravan, which now moved on again, with Mr. and Mrs. Baker about one mile in advance, accompanied by the Latooka guides. Crossing a deep gully they halted under a large fig tree at the extremity of a vale, to await the party. They were soon observed by the Tolloga natives, who emerged from their villages among the

rocks and surrounded them. They were all armed with bows and arrows and lances, and were much excited at seeing the horses, which to them were unknown animals. Says Baker:

"There were five or six hundred natives pressing round us. They were excessively noisy, hallooing to us as though we were deaf, simply because we did not understand them. Finding that they were pressing rudely around us, I made signs to them to stand off, when at that moment a curiously ugly, short, humped-back fellow came forward and addressed me in broken Arabic. I was delighted to find an interpreter, and requesting him to tell the crowd to stand back, I inquired for their chief. The hump-back spoke very little Arabic, nor did the crowd appear to heed him, but they immediately stole a spear that one of my Latooka guides had placed against the tree under which we were sitting. It was getting rather unpleasant; but having my revolver and a double-barreled rifle in my hands, there was no fear of their being stolen.

"In reply to a question to the humpback, he asked me 'Who I was?' I explained that I was a traveler. 'You want ivory?' he said. 'No,' I answered, 'it is of no use to me.' 'Ah, you want slaves!' he replied. 'Neither do I want slaves,' I answered. This was followed by a burst of laughter from the crowd, and the humpback continued his examination. 'Have you got plenty of cows?' 'Not one; but plenty of beads and copper.' 'Plenty? Where are they?' 'Not far off; they will be here presently, with my men,' and I pointed to the direction from which they would arrive. 'What countryman are you?' 'An Englishman.' He had never heard of such people. 'You are a Turk?' 'All right,' I replied; 'I am anything you like.' 'And that is your son?' (pointing at Mrs. Baker). 'No, she is my wife.' 'Your wife! What a lie! He is a boy.' 'Not a bit of it,' I replied; 'she is my wife, who has come with me to see the women of this country.' 'What a lie!' he again politely rejoined in the one expressive Arabic word, 'Katab.'

"After this charmingly frank conversation he addressed the crowd, explaining, I suppose, that I was endeavoring to pass off

a boy for a woman. Mrs. Baker was dressed similar to myself in a pair of loose trousers and gaiters, with a blouse and belt—the only difference being that she wore long sleeves, while my arms were bare from a few inches below the shoulder.”

A MONKEY AND OLD IBRAHIM.

TOMBE, chief of the tribe, was not long in making his appearance, with a gourd full of honey and a pot of native beer, which was very refreshing. The chief drove the importunate natives away, Baker having gained his favor by giving him a variety of beads and copper bracelets. This display of presents brought the natives back again, when they discovered Mrs. Baker's pet monkey, one of a red species of Abyssinia, quite unknown to them. This attracted their attention, but the monkey resisted all attempts at familiarity by viciously attacking their unprotected legs, which made the crowd roar with laughter, and resulted in winning their friendship.

The humpback was employed as interpreter, and the party then moved on, Baker believing that he had distanced the hated Turk, and would be able to pass through Ellyria, which was now only six miles distant, before they could reach there. The remainder of the road, however, was extremely rough, and ran through a rocky defile, from the heights of either side of which a few savages might, by rolling down stones, have destroyed an army. Baker could not help feeling some alarm at the position he was now in, for it would take him several hours to pass through this place; he knew it was here that more than one hundred traders met their deaths at the hands of the barbarous Ellyrians, and he therefore felt a growing insecurity as he neared the principal village of that tribe, realizing that the Turks must be very close in his rear.

Just before emerging onto the plain, within a mile of Ellyria, he was horrified to see the Turks immediately in the rear of his party, and they soon marched by without the slightest recognition. He felt that all must now be lost, and with no definite plan to pursue he stood still till the hated caravan had gone by, and Ibrahim, who was some distance in the rear, approached.

This man had the visage of a demon, a merciless, cold, villainous face, and the scowl of a savage brute. He did not turn his head to recognize Baker, who, in turn, was too proud and defiant to notice him. But Mrs. Baker insisted upon her husband calling to Ibrahim and placating him, and upon his refusal she called to the Turk herself. With a sullen look he turned and gruffly asked what she wanted. Baker now saw that his wife's ideas were more reasonable than his own, and he accordingly addressed the Turk as follows :

“Ibrahim, why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God ; why should we quarrel in this land of heathens, who believe in no God? You have your work to perform ; I have mine. You want ivory ; I am a simple traveler ; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country I would not accept a single tusk, nor interfere with you in any way. Transact your business, and don't interfere with me : the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake—the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will* (Inshallah). No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum ; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country you will be suspected ; you know the result ; the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. On the contrary, if you are friendly, I will use my influence in any country that I discover, that you may procure its ivory for the sake of your master, Koorshid, who was generous to Captains Speke and Grant, and kind to me. Should you be hostile, I shall hold your master responsible as your employer. Should you assist me, I will befriend you both. Choose your course frankly, like a man—friend or enemy?”

This speech caused Ibrahim to pause, whereupon Baker furnished him a new double-barreled gun and some gold, which completely won the old scoundrel, and they marched into Ellyria together.

LEGGE, THE SAVAGE CHIEF.

THE party had not time to unpack their loads before they were

surrounded by a large body of Ellyrians, and among the first was their chief, Legge, who was intent on securing blackmail. His first demand was for fifteen heavy copper bracelets and ten pounds of assorted beads. A bottle of spirits had accidentally been broken in one of the packs, and smelling the liquor he immediately clamored for a "belly-fully," as he expressed it. A pint bottle of the strongest spirits was given him, which he emptied without once removing it from his mouth. Baker says:

"Although I had presented Legge with what he desired, he would give nothing in return, neither would he sell either goats or fowls; in fact, no provision was procurable except honey. I purchased about eight pounds of this luxury for a hoe. My men were starving, and I was obliged to serve them out rice from my sacred stock, as I had nothing else to give them. This they boiled and mixed with honey, and they were shortly sitting round an immense circular bowl of this rarity, enjoying themselves thoroughly, but nevertheless grumbling as usual. In the coolest manner possible the great and greedy chief, Legge, who had refused to give or even to sell anything to keep us from starving, no sooner saw the men at their novel repast than he sat down among them and almost choked himself by cramming handfuls of the hot rice and honey into his mouth, which yawned like an old hippopotamus. The men did not at all approve of this assistance, but as it is the height of bad manners in Arab etiquette to repel a self-invited guest from the general meal, he was not interfered with, and was thus enabled to swallow the share of about three persons."

Legge, although the worst of his tribe, had a similar formation of head. The Bari and those of Tolloga and Ellyria have generally bullet-shaped heads, low foreheads, skulls heavy behind the ears and above the nape of the neck: altogether their appearance is excessively brutal, and they are armed with bows six feet long, and arrows horribly barbed and poisoned.

THROUGH A GAME COUNTRY.

THE Ellyrians would sell nothing but honey, while their incessant begging was very annoying, so that the halt among them

was only for one day. The route from this place toward Latooka led generally through a flat country, with few difficulties to surmount. The Turks took the lead, with Ibrahim in advance, alongside of whom rode Mr. and Mrs. Baker. They soon got into friendly conversation, which Baker improved by flattering the old Turk and winning his friendship. Ibrahim at length became confidential and told Baker that his men had agreed to mutiny as soon as they should arrive at Latooka, and named the leader. This was bad news in one sense, but good in another, for it gave Baker time to prepare for the trouble, whereas he might otherwise have been shot down and his wife left to perish in that barbarous region. They pushed on together, and two days after leaving Ellyria they came into the Wakkula country, which, owing to its rich pasturage and abundant water, abounded with all kinds of game, such as elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, giraffes, wild boars, and several varieties of large antelope. Just before going into camp in this beautiful region, some of Baker's men found a buffalo that had been caught in a trap and partially eaten by a lion; that which remained the men devoured with great relish, as it was the first meat they had tasted since leaving Gondokoro. Baker went on a hunt in this paradise and bagged several antelope, enough to provision the force until their arrival at Latooka, but his great anxiety to push forward prevented him from enjoying a hunt for larger game.

Shortly after leaving the lovely plain on which he had found such an abundance of game, still in the company of Ibrahim and his party, they saw a large Latooka town, named Latome, in the distance, and could discover a considerable crowd of Turks assembled in the shade of two enormous trees. These issued forth, upon observing the approaching columns, and coming near, fired their guns off with great rapidity, as a salute. This was the place where Baker's men had agreed to mutiny, and the salute was therefore no indication of an agreeable spot to camp. Directly afterward, however, a Turkish trading party, under Mohamed Her, that had bivouacked in the village, came out and forbid the passage of Ibrahim through the country,

claiming an exclusive right to trade there. A big row was the result, in which Mohamed was strangled almost to death by one of Ibrahim's sergeants. Baker's men showed an unmistakable sympathy for Mohamed, though their time had not yet arrived for making an outbreak.

ANOTHER MUTINY.

AFTER violent quarreling for some hours, the several parties repaired to their tents and slept, but on the following morning, when Baker called his men to resume the march, they sullenly disobeyed and four of them rose, seized their guns and assumed a threatening attitude. He knew that the mutiny was now about to manifest itself, and acted accordingly. Belaal, the leading spirit of this outbreak, stood near, and upon being ordered to fall in and begin loading the camels, he advanced upon Baker, looking him fiercely in the eyes, and dashing the butt of his gun violently to the ground, said, "Not a man shall go with you!—go where you like with Ibrahim, but we won't follow you, nor move a step farther. The men shall not load the camels; you may employ the 'niggers' to do it, but not us."

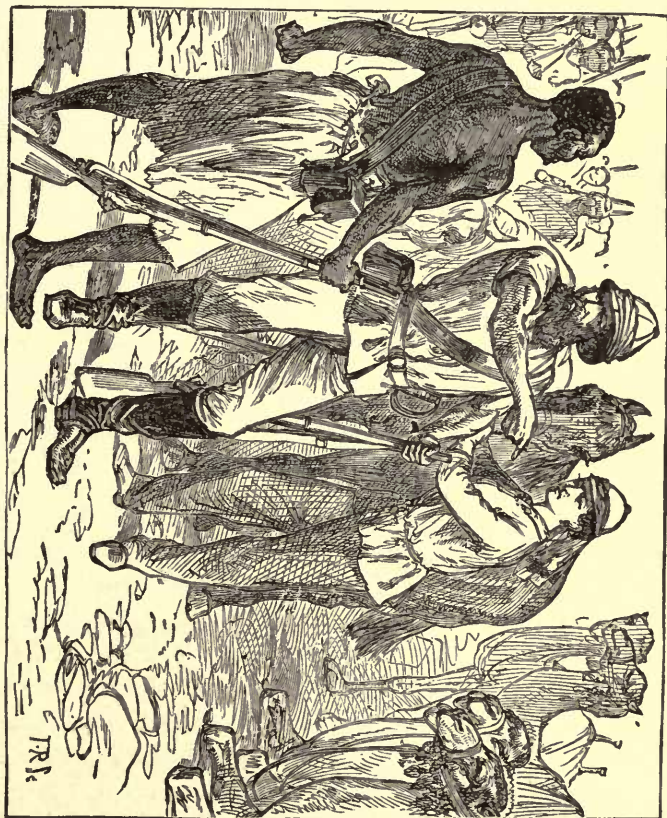
"I looked at this mutinous rascal for a moment," says Baker; "this was the burst of the conspiracy, and the threats and insolence that I had been forced to pass over for the sake of the expedition all rushed before me. 'Lay down your gun!' I thundered, 'and load the camels!' 'I won't!' was his reply. 'Then stop here!' I answered; at the same time lashing out as quick as lightning with my right hand upon his jaw.

"He rolled over in a heap, his gun flying some yards from his hand; and the late ringleader lay apparently insensible among the luggage, while several of his friends ran to him, and did the good Samaritan. Following up on the moment the advantage I had gained by establishing a panic, I seized my rifle and rushed into the midst of the wavering men, catching first one by the throat, and then another, and dragging them to the camels, which I insisted upon their immediately loading. All except three, who attended to the ruined ringleader, mechanically obeyed. Richarn and Sali both shouted to them to 'hurry;'

and the vakeel arriving at this moment and seeing how matters stood, himself assisted, and urged the men to obey.

"Ibrahim's party had started. The animals were soon loaded, and leaving the vakeel to take them in charge we cantered on to overtake Ibrahim, having crushed the mutiny,

BAKER QUELLS THE MUTINY.



and given such an example that, in the event of future conspiracies, my men would find it difficult to obtain a ringleader."

A short time after the event just related, Belaál and four others deserted and joined Mohammed Her, taking their guns and ammunition with them. Baker roundly abused his leader for permitting them to escape, and declared that the vultures

would pick the bones of the base recreants who had abandoned them. This threat seemed to have much effect upon the men, and when, three days later, Belaal and his four compatriots were killed by a band of savage natives, the superstitious people believed that it was through some magic power exerted by Baker, so that they hailed him as a powerful magician. This belief he did not attempt to dispel, and it was fortunate that he did not, for it served him well on future occasions.

THE PEOPLE OF TARRANGOLLE.

THIRTEEN miles from Latome lay the largest village in the Latooka country, Tarrangolle, where Moy, the chief, resided. This was Ibrahim's destination, the place where he collected his ivory and slaves, and carried them back to Gondokoro, which, by dead reckoning, was only 101 miles distant, but nearly a month is required to make the journey.

Crowds of natives came out of the village to receive Baker and the Turks, but their curiosity was attracted almost exclusively to the camels and the white woman, paying little heed to Baker himself, because he was brown as an Arab.

The Latookas are doubtless the finest made savages in all Africa. A score or more of them who came into Baker's tent were measured, and averaged five feet eleven and one-half inches. Not only are they tall, but they possess a wonderful muscular development, having beautifully proportioned legs and arms; and although extremely powerful, they are never fleshy or corpulent. The formation of head and general physiognomy is totally different from all other tribes in the neighborhood of the White Nile. They have high foreheads, large eyes, rather high cheek-bones, mouths not very large, well shaped, and the lips rather full. They have a remarkably pleasing cast of countenance, and are a great contrast to other tribes in civility of manner. They are frank but warlike, excessively merry, ready either for a laugh or fight.

The town of Tarrangolle contains about three thousand houses, which are not only surrounded by iron-wood palisades,

but every individual house is fortified by a stockaded courtyard. The cattle are kept in large kraals and very carefully tended, even to the lighting of fires to keep annoying insects from them. The houses are bell-shaped, rising into a sharp-pointed cone, twenty-five feet high, resting on a circular wall four feet in height. The doorway is only two feet high, so that entrance is made by crawling; the interior is clean, but unlighted by windows, the only light received being through the door.

A PLENTIFUL CROP OF DEAD MEN'S BONES.

BAKER says he noticed, during the march from Latome, that the vicinity of every town was announced by heaps of human remains, bones and skulls, forming an incipient Golgotha within a quarter of a mile of every village. Some of the bones were in earthenware pots, generally broken; others lay strewn here and there; while a heap in the centre showed that some form had originally been observed in their disposition. This was explained by an extraordinary custom most rigidly observed by the Latookas. Should a man be killed in battle the body is allowed to remain where it fell, and is devoured by the vultures and hyenas; but should he die a natural death, he or she is buried in a shallow grave within a few feet of his own door, in the little courtyard that surrounds each dwelling. Funeral dances are then kept up in memory of the dead for several weeks; at the expiration of which time, the body being sufficiently decomposed, is exhumed. The bones are cleaned, and are deposited in an earthenware jar, and carried to a spot near the town, which is regarded as the cemetery.

The costume of the Latookas is simple enough, as they make no effort to cover any part of the body, but infinite care is bestowed upon the hair, which is trained to grow into the shape of a helmet, the perfecting of which requires unremitting attention for eight or ten years. Their weapons consist of the lance, a powerful iron-headed mace, a long-bladed knife, and an ugly iron bracelet, armed with knife-blades about four inches in length by one-half inch broad; this latter weapon is used to

strike with if disarmed and to cut with when struggling with an enemy.

The women are as plain as the men are fastidious; they are not even acquainted with the use of a loin-cloth. They are not well made as the men, for while the latter are sinewy and graceful, the women are immense creatures, with prodigious limbs and in all respects appear to be admirably fitted for the drudgery service they are put to.

CHIEF MOY AND HIS WIFE.

ON the day after Baker's arrival he was visited by the chief, who had never before seen a white person. Seating him upon a piece of Persian carpet, Baker poured out a quantity of beads, necklaces, copper bars, and colored cotton handkerchiefs. Among the gifts was a necklace composed of opal beads, the size of marbles. He seized them like a greedy child and requested a similar necklace for his wife, Bokke; this being also given him, the chief said, "What a row there will be in the family when my other wives see Bokke (who was his chief wife) dressed up with this finery." This was, of course, a demand for more opal beads, whereupon Baker gave him three pounds of beads to be divided among his wives.

On the next day Bokke called at Baker's hut, covered with beads, and presenting a singular spectacle by reason of the scars on her cheeks, tattoo marks on her temples, and a piece of ivory pending from a perforation through her lower lip. Despite these disfigurements she was real pretty, and her daughter, Baker declares, was the handsomest savage girl he ever saw.

Bokke made herself entertaining by asking how many wives the white man had, and laughing with scorn, if not incredulity, when told that he had but one. She also suggested to Mrs. Baker that her looks would be very much improved by knocking out her four lower front teeth, according to the custom of that country, and wearing red ointment on her hair and a piece of bone through her lower lip.

In the afternoon of the following day she came again, with the information that Mohamed Her and his party of 110 men had

been massacred by the Latookas, one of whose villages he had tried to destroy and to make slaves of the inhabitants. Very soon after other runners arrived with particulars of the fight, confirming the first reports. This news put the people of Tarrangolle into a furore of excitement, particularly as Ibrahim's followers had been maltreating the Latooka women. A big fight threatened, the war drums were beaten, and several thousand warriors assembled to exterminate the Turks in their village, and Baker as well ; but chief Moy, who had become somewhat attached to his white guests, on account of the presents given, prevented his people from making an attack.

Although there were not less than 10,000 head of cattle belonging to the people of Tarrangolle, they would not sell a single beef. The want of meat was so badly felt that Baker had to resort to his gun. Fortunately ducks and geese were very plentiful in a stream near the town, and every day he shot a sufficient number to supply his men.

A FUNERAL DANCE.

A VERY interesting ceremony was witnessed by Baker at Latooka, being nothing less than a funeral dance in honor of one of the brave warriors of the tribe. The dancers were grotesquely appareled, as is the custom of all savage tribes during such ceremonies. A dozen very large ostrich feathers adorned their helmets of hair, while leopard or black and white monkey skins were suspended from their shoulders, and a leather strap tied round the waist supported a large iron bell, which was girded upon the loins like a woman's bustle ; this they rung to the time of the dance, by jerking their posteriors in the most ridiculous manner. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck, which he blew occasionally in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round in a sort of "galop infernel," brandishing their lances and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader who headed them, dancing backward. The women kept outside the line, dancing a low,



LATOOKA FUNERAL DANCE.

stupid step, and screaming a wild and most inharmonious chant, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads around their loins, kept a very good line, beating the time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles, to keep time with the drums. One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourd full of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers; the object of the operation Baker could not understand. The "premiere danseuse" was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but despite her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance.

AN AFRICAN PRINCE'S IDEA OF THE HEREAFTER.

When the funeral services were over, Baker, anxious to learn something of the origin of the ceremonies he had just witnessed, and hoping to find in them some analogy to Christian rights and beliefs, sent for Commoro (the "Lion"), brother of Moy, the chief, and entered into conversation with him on the resurrection of the body. He declares that Commoro was one of the most clever and common-sense savages any white man ever met with, and reports the conversation, which was interpreted, as follows:

"Have you no belief in existence after death?" asked Baker.

"Existence after death!" exclaimed the savage. "Can a dead man get out of his grave unless we dig him out?"

"Do you think man is like a beast, that dies and is ended?"

"Certainly; an ox is stronger than a man, but he dies and his bones last longer; they are bigger. A man's bones break quickly—he is weak."

"Is not a man superior in sense to an ox; has he not a mind to direct his actions!"

"Some men are not so clever as an ox. Men must sow corn to obtain food, but the ox and wild animals can procure it without sowing."

“Do you not know that there is a spirit within you more than flesh? Do you not dream and wander in thought to distant places in your sleep? Nevertheless, your body rests in one spot. How do you account for this?”

“Well, how do *you* account for it?” said Commoro, laughing. “It is a thing I cannot understand; it occurs to me every night.”

“The mind is independent of the body; the actual body can be fettered, but the mind is uncontrollable; the body will die and will become dust, or be eaten by vultures, but the spirit will exist forever.”

“Where will the spirit live?”

“Where does fire live? Cannot you produce a fire by rubbing two sticks together, yet you *see* no fire in the wood? Have you no idea of the existence of spirits superior to either man or beast? Have you no fear of evil except from bodily causes?”

“I am afraid of elephants and other animals when in the jungle at night, but of nothing else.”

“Then you believe in nothing; neither in a good nor evil spirit! And you believe that when you die it will be the end of body and spirit; that you are like other animals, and that there is no distinction between man and beast; both disappear and end at death?”

“Of course they do.”

“Do you see no difference in good and bad actions?”

“Yes, there are good and bad in men and beasts.”

“Do you think that a good man and a bad must share the same fate, and alike die, and end?”

“Yes; what else can they do? How can they help dying? Good and bad all die.”

“Their bodies perish, but their spirits remain; the good in happiness, the bad in misery. If you have no belief in a future state, *why should a man be good?* Why should he not be bad, if he can prosper by his wickedness?”

“Most people are bad; if they are strong they take from the weak. The good people are all weak; they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad.”

Some corn had been taken out of a sack for the horses, and a few grains lying scattered on the ground, Baker tried the beautiful metaphor of St. Paul as an example of a future state. Making a small hole with his finger in the ground, he placed a grain within it; "That," he said, "represents you when you die." Covering it with earth, he continued, "That grain will decay, but from it will rise the plant that will produce a reappearance of the original form."

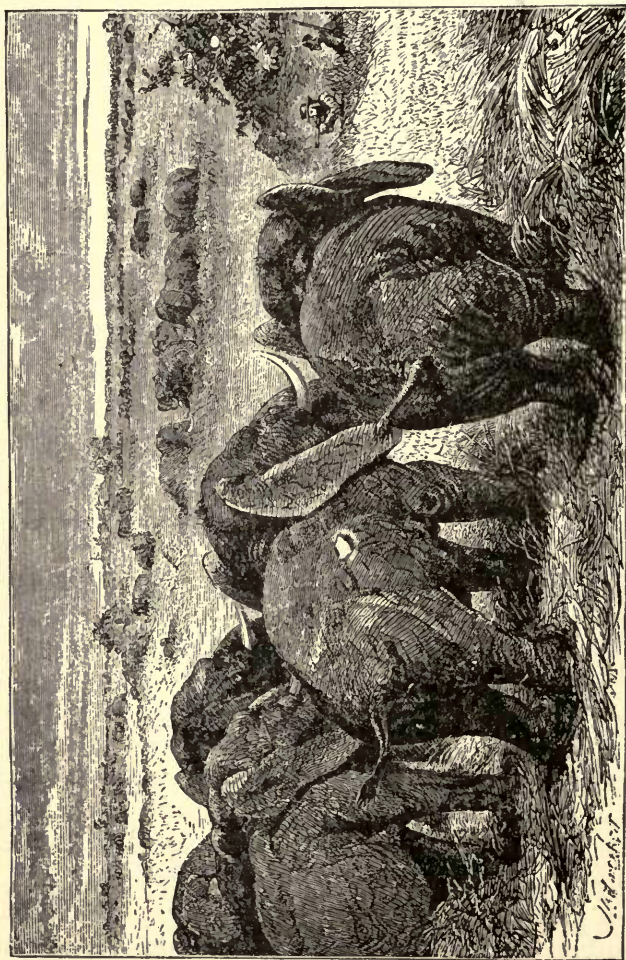
"Exactly so; that I understand. But the *original* grain does *not* rise again; it rots like the dead man, and is ended; the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the *production* of that grain: so it is with man,—I die, and decay, and am ended; but my children grow up like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended.

Baker saw it was useless to argue further, and frankly says: "I was obliged to change the subject of conversation. In this wild, naked savage there was not even a superstition upon which to found a religious feeling; there was a belief in matter; and to his understanding everything was *material*. It was extraordinary to find so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal."

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

BAKER remained at Latooka two weeks or more, waiting the return of Ibrahim from Gondokoro, whither he had gone for a new supply of ammunition; and to better employ the time of his detention, on the 15th of April, just as the rainy season was setting in, he resolved upon a hunt for large game, traces of which were numerous within five miles of Latooka. Accordingly, with a good guide and several servants to carry the guns, he set out, and coming to a plain covered with long rich grasses, he was suddenly startled by a rhinoceros bolting out of a copse close to his horse's head, and plunging into another before he could seize his gun. He would have followed had not his attention been called away from the rhinoceros by a shout from his servants,

who reported a herd of large bull elephants browsing in a forest at the edge of the plain. Stopping short to locate the herd, he was delighted to see two large bulls bearing down toward him,



HUNTING LARGE GAME.

less than one hundred yards distant. He dismounted to get a steady shot, but the elephants saw the Latookas and, taking fright, rushed off to join the main herd, only a short distance

away. Baker soon mounted and dashed toward the elephants, but his horse stepped into a buffalo hole and fell hard on his leg. He fortunately extricated himself without difficulty, and, mounting another horse, rode at full speed toward the fugitive game, which had gained considerable distance, and disappeared in the wood. After a quarter of an hour of hard riding he saw an enormous bull ploughing through the brush like an immense engine, tearing down everything in his way. The country was unfavorable for the hunter, on account of buffalo holes, and though approaching within twenty yards, he was unable to get a fair shot. Away they flew over ruts and gullies until the ponderous brute was chased to another open plain, when a ball was planted in his shoulder; though badly struck the elephant did not alter his course or speed until another shot was put close to the first one. The animal now slackened his speed, then turned about and made straight for his assailant, screaming like an infuriated demon. Baker put spurs to his horse, having urgent business in another vicinity, and as he was not pursued more than a hundred yards, made his escape. He prepared for another attack by taking a larger gun and starting after the wounded beast, but had gone less than a dozen yards when he saw a closely-packed herd of eighteen elephants coming directly toward him; but as soon as they discovered him they broke off in another direction. In the herd he noticed an uncommonly large bull that was armed with an immense and beautiful pair of tusks; this one he determined to cut out from the others, and by shouting succeeded in scattering them; he now rode for the chosen one, but the elephant seeing himself pursued, turned and charged so determinedly upon his assailant that his escape appeared for a time impossible; fortunately, again the elephant stopped, almost at the moment he might have caught the bold hunter, and entered a thicket where a horse could not well follow. Baker went into the woods to find the herd again, and soon came upon the one he had wounded. It was standing in a painful attitude as if upon the very point of dissolution, but the moment its fiery eyes rested upon the hunter the maddened beast charged



CHASED BY A MAD ELEPHANT.

him again ; another shot brought the elephant to his knees, but he rallied quickly, and lifting his great trunk and screaming with rage, he rushed after Baker, whose horse was now badly jaded. The race this time was more exciting than before, for, instead of stopping after a short run, the elephant kept its swift pace and followed for more than a mile, all the while gradually gaining, until the distance between pursued and pursuer was not more than ten yards, while the horse was nearly ready to fall from exhaustion. The cowardly servants, who were also mounted on horses, were so mindful of their own safety that they made no effort to divert the attention of the elephant, but ran as swiftly and as far away as possible. Baker was almost upon the point of despair ; he knew that the climax must soon be reached, which would be hastened should his horse fall. In a moment of desperation he turned his horse aside, like a hare doubling on the dogs, just in time to feel the swish of the elephant's trunk as it grazed him, but the momentum of the great brute carried him by. Seeing his enemy now running in a new direction, the elephant broke off up hill, and on the following morning was found dead in a jungle not far distant from where he had abandoned the pursuit.

ELEPHANT PITS AND NATIVE HUNTERS.

ELEPHANT flesh is very poor eating to white men, but it is highly esteemed by the black races of Africa, notwithstanding its leathery consistency and strong taste ; the fat is prized above the meat, however, as it is used both for food and to grease their bodies.

The more common method used by the natives to capture elephants is by pit-falls ; these are dug near some drinking place, and trees are so felled that they leave only a pathway in which the pit-falls are placed. These pits are usually three feet broad, twelve feet long and nine feet deep, tapering toward the bottom ; they are concealed by straw and sticks over which elephant dung is scattered to complete the deception. When an animal falls into the pit his two feet are jammed together in the narrow

bottom, and so nearly upright that he can scarcely move, in which helpless condition he is easily dispatched with spears.

Another way of killing elephants, much resorted to—generally in January, when the prairies are parched—is by locating a large herd and then firing the grass. Surrounded by a circle of fire, the animals huddle together or blindly rush from one side of the circle to another and become so panic-stricken that there is no danger incurred in attacking them with spears or lances.

The next method of hunting is perfectly legitimate. Should many elephants be in the neighborhood, the natives post about a hundred men in as many large trees; these men are armed with heavy lances specially adapted to this sport, with blades about eighteen inches long and three inches broad. The elephants are driven by a great number of men toward the trees in which the spearmen are posted, and those that pass sufficiently near are speared between the shoulders. The spear being driven deep into the animal, creates a frightful wound, as the tough handle, striking against the intervening branches of trees, acts as a lever, and works the long blade of the spear within the elephant, cutting to such an extent that he soon drops from exhaustion.

The best and only really great elephant-hunters of the White Nile are the Bagara Arabs, on about the 13° N. lat. These men hunt on horseback, and kill the elephant in fair fight with their spears. The lance is about fourteen feet long, of male bamboo; the blade is about fourteen inches long by nearly three inches broad, and as sharp as a razor. Two men, thus armed and mounted, form the hunting party. Should they discover a herd, they ride up to the finest tusker and single him from the others. One man now leads the way, and the elephant, finding himself pressed, immediately charges the horse. There is much art required in leading the brute, who follows the horse with great determination, and the rider adapts his pace so as to keep his horse so near that his attention is entirely absorbed with the hope of catching him. The other hunter should by this time have followed close to the elephant's heels, and, dismounting when at full gallop, with wonderful dexterity, he plunges his

spear with both hands into the animal about two feet below the junction of the tail, and with all his force he drives the weapon deep into the abdomen, and withdraws it immediately. Should he be successful in his stab, he remounts his horse and flies, or does his best to escape on foot, should he not have time to mount, as the elephant generally turns to pursue him. His comrade immediately turns his horse, and dashing at the elephant, in his turn dismounts, and stabs the beast with his lance.

Generally, if the first thrust is scientifically given, the elephant is at once disabled. Two good hunters will frequently kill several out of one herd; but in this dangerous hand-to-hand fighting the hunter is often the victim. Hunting the elephant on horseback is certainly far less dangerous than on foot, but although the speed of the horse is undoubtedly superior, the chase generally takes place upon ground so disadvantageous that he is liable to fall, in which case there is little chance for either animal or rider.

So savage are the natural instincts of Africans that they attend only to the destruction of the elephant, and never attempt its domestication.

CHAPTER X.

THE MAKKARIKA CANNIBALS.

AMONG the Turkish soldiery Ibrahim had left at Latooka, was a black Bornu man, named Ibrahimawa, who had been captured when a lad twelve years old and sold at Constantinople to Mohammed Ali Pasha. This man had been to London, Paris, and all over Europe, and besides being a great traveler was smart and valorous. He was an object of much interest to Baker, from the fact that, in addition to his travels, he had served for some years with a trading party that had penetrated through the Makkarika

country. This country lies two hundred miles west of Gondokoro, and is inhabited by cannibals. The stories of his adventures among these man-eaters were highly edifying and of no little importance, since Baker's steps were bent in that direction.

Ibrahimawa and many of his party had been frequent witnesses to acts of cannibalism during their residence among the Makkarikas. They described these cannibals as remarkably good people, but possessing a peculiar taste for dogs and human flesh. They accompanied the trading parties in their raids, and invariably ate the bodies of the slain. The traders complained that they were bad associates, as they insisted on killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves: their custom was to catch a child by its ankles, and to dash its head against the ground; thus killed, they extracted the stomach and intestines, and tying the two ankles to the neck, they carried the body by slinging it over the shoulder, and thus returned to camp, where they divided it by quartering, and boiled it in a large pot.

On one occasion, many slave women and children, on witnessing such a scene, rushed panic-stricken from the spot and took refuge in the trees. The Makkarikas, seeing them in flight, were excited to give chase, and pulling the children from their refuge among the branches of the trees, they killed several, and in a short time a great feast was prepared for the whole party.

ON THE MARCH TO OBBO.

IBRAHIM returned from Gondokoro on the last day of April, having made the trip with much expedition, considering the large supply of ammunition that he brought back with him. Having had some very favorable reports from the Obbo country, whose natives desired to trade with the Turks, Ibrahim decided to pay it a visit, much to the delight of Baker, who had now only fifteen men and no porters; besides, Obbo lay directly in the path of Baker's intended journey to the Nile source. Accordingly, on the 2d of May the two parties started from Latooka for the new country, forty miles distant, their friendship being now well and truly cemented.

Most of the country traversed in going to Obbo was exceedingly beautiful, being richly diversified by mountains, on the peaks of which native villages could be seen, impregnable by position, and green valleys covered with large herds of wild game lent variety to the view. There was also an abundance of wild fruits and nuts of most delicious taste, providing sufficient support for the natives.

The journey was made without special incident, and on arrival they were most hospitably received by the chief, Katchiba, who was an old man, but a great clown and joker. He had one specially good point, however—he did not beg.

In the evening an entertainment was provided by the chief for his visitors, which Baker describes as follows: "About a hundred men formed a circle; each man held in his left hand a small, cup-shaped drum, formed of hollowed wood, one end only being perforated, and this was covered with the skin of the elephant's ear, tightly stretched. In the centre of the circle was the chief dancer, who wore, suspended from his shoulders, an immense drum, also covered with the elephant's ear. The dance commenced by all singing remarkably well a wild but agreeable tune in chorus, the big drum directing the time, and the whole of the little drums striking at certain periods with such admirable precision that the effect was that of a single instrument. The dancing was most vigorous, and far superior to anything that I had seen among either Arabs or savages, the figures varying continually, and ending with a 'grand galop' in double circles, at a tremendous pace, the inner ring revolving in a contrary direction to the outer, the effect of which was excellent."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OBBO PEOPLE.

THE men of Obbo wear a dress consisting of a skin slung across the shoulder and loins, but the women are almost naked, and instead of wearing the leather apron and tail of the Latookas, they are contented with a slight fringe of leather shreds, about four inches long by two broad, suspended from a belt. The unmarried girls go entirely naked; or, if they are

specially rich in finery, they wear two or three strings of beads as a covering. The old ladies are antiquated Eves, whose dress consists of a string around the waist, in which is stuck a bunch of green leaves, the stalks uppermost. Some of the more prudish young ladies indulge in a like covering, but they do not appear to be fashionable. One great advantage of this leaf costume is that it may be always clean and fresh, as the nearest bush (if not thorny) provides a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple and really modest Eves, one cannot help reflecting upon the Mosaical description of our first parents, "and they sewed fig leaves together."

A ROYAL SORCERER.

CHIEF—or as Speke would call him, king—Katchiba, holds his subjects by a power which is most effective among savages, viz: sorcery. Should one of his people displease him or refuse a gift asked for, the old chief threatens to curse his goats and wither his crops, and the fear of his power usually forces obedience. Should there be either a drouth or destructive rainfall, Katchiba assembles his subjects and in a fatherly way expresses his regrets that their conduct has forced him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy or stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to regard their interests? He must have goats and corn—"No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him corn, beer and provisions.

No man would think of starting upon a journey without first receiving the old chief's blessing, which is supposed to act as a spell to avert all evil. In case of sickness he is called in to charm away the disease, but his practice exhibits the same fluctuating results that attend the efforts of all doctors. In order to propitiate this royal sorcerer, his people frequently present him with their prettiest daughters, so that he is enabled to keep a harem at every village in his country, and in his journeys he is at home wherever he goes. His multiplicity of wives has

made him a famous father; at the time of Baker's visit the old chief had *one hundred and sixteen children* living, and perhaps as many more dead. Each village in the Obbo country is ruled by one of his sons, so that the entire government is a family affair.

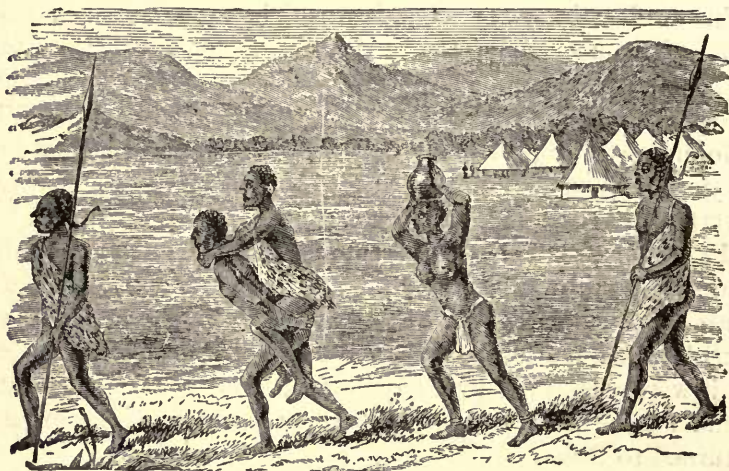
A FINE OLD CHIEF.

KATCHIBA was not a bad man, although a sorcerer, and he treated Baker with much kindness, besides furnishing most valuable information concerning the country south of him. It was now May, and he told Baker that on account of the Asua river being swollen by heavy rains, it would be impossible to cross it before December, and he must therefore postpone his departure. In his anxiety to proceed, however, Baker left his wife at Obbo, under a guard of eight men and the immediate care of Katchiba, who promised to protect her; and taking three men with him, he started upon a short trip to test the accuracy of the chief's assertions in regard to the river.

Proceeding southward, the route lay through a lovely country, park-like and well-wooded, though generally overgrown with grass about six feet high. Upon reaching the Asua river it was found to be a roaring torrent, and Baker's conclusions in regard to it were confirmed by a local chief, who assured him that it could not be crossed during the rainy season. He accordingly returned to Obbo.

He had been absent more than a week, and naturally felt some anxiety in regard to the safety of his wife, but he found her looking remarkably well, and regularly installed "at home." Several fat sheep were tied by the legs to pegs in front of the hut, a number of tame fowls were pecking around the entrance, and she met her husband on the threshold with a large pumpkin shell containing about a gallon of native beer. These luxuries were all presents from the kind-hearted old chief, who soon appeared upon the scene, wearing a very self-satisfied countenance at having so faithfully carried out his promise to protect the white woman. Mrs. Baker gave him an excellent character; he had even been so careful of her safety as to place several of his own sons as guards over the hut day and night. Baker accord-

ingly presented him with some beads, bracelets, and other odds and ends, which threw him into ecstasies of delight. Among the presents was a pair of sun-goggles, which he placed upon his flat nose and then viewed himself with great complacency in a small mirror, which had also been given to him. He regarded his presents with the pleasure and pride of a child, and his kind old heart swelled with gratitude toward his beloved white guests. Baker noticed that the old chief was lame in the back, and was



THE OLD SORCERER ON HIS TRAVELS.

told that he had received a bad fall during his absence. Mrs. Baker laughingly explained the matter. Katchiba had come to her one morning, saying that he wished to procure some chickens for her from one of his distant villages, but, said he, "my people no good; he say he got no chicken—but you lend me horse, and I ride him, then they be fraid and give me plenty chicken." Katchiba was not a good walker, owing to his age and infirmities, and also to the fact that his old head was nearly always fuddled with large draughts of native beer that he constantly guzzled. His usual method of traveling was upon the back of a very strong subject, precisely

as children ride "pick-a-pack." He generally had two or three spare men, who alternately acted as guides and ponies, while one of his wives invariably accompanied him, bearing a large jar of beer, with which it was said the old chief refreshed himself so copiously during the journey that it sometimes became necessary for two men to carry him instead of one. This may have been merely a scandalous report in Obbo; however, it appeared that Katchiba was ready for a start, as usual accompanied by a Hebe with a jar of beer. Confident in his powers as a rider across country on a man, he considered that he could easily ride a horse. It was in vain that Mrs. Baker protested, and prophesied a broken neck should he attempt to bestride the hitherto unknown animal; to ride he was determined. Accordingly one of the blooded horses was brought out, and Katchiba was assisted upon his back. Recognizing an awkward hand, the horse did not move. "Go on," said Katchiba; but as the steed did not understand the Obbo language, he remained perfectly still. "Touch him with your stick," cried one of Baker's men; and, acting upon the suggestion, the old sorcerer gave him a tremendous whack with his staff. This was immediately responded to by the spirited animal, who, quite unused to such eccentricities, gave a vigorous kick, the effect of which was to convert the sorcerer into a spread-eagle, flying head over heels, and landing heavily on the ground, amidst roars of laughter from the crowd that had collected to witness the scene. The old chief was assisted upon his feet, and being considerably stunned, he regarded the horse with great astonishment. But his natural instinct prompted him soon to call for his beer, and after a long draft from the mighty cup his courage returned. He made no further effort, however, to ride the white man's horse, expressing the sage opinion that he was "too high—it was a long way to tumble down."

RETURN TO LATOOKA.

As they could not advance southward on account of the rainy season, Baker and the Turks determined to return to their former camp at Latooka, where supplies were more abundant, and wait until the weather became more settled. Before parting a

ceremony had to be performed by Katchiba, whose brother was to be their guide, and who was to receive power as deputy-magician to control the elements during the journey. With great solemnity the dear old sorcerer broke a branch from a tree, upon the leaves of which he spat in several places. The branch thus blessed with holy water, was laid upon the ground, and a fowl was dragged around it; he then handed the branch to his brother, accompanied by a magic whistle of antelope's horn, both of which were received with great gravity. All the natives wore whistles similar in appearance, but none were supposed to be effective unless previously blessed by the great magician. The ceremony being over, the travelers took leave of Katchiba, promising soon to return, and departed on their journey amidst a din of "toot-too-too-ing" from rain whistles and horns.

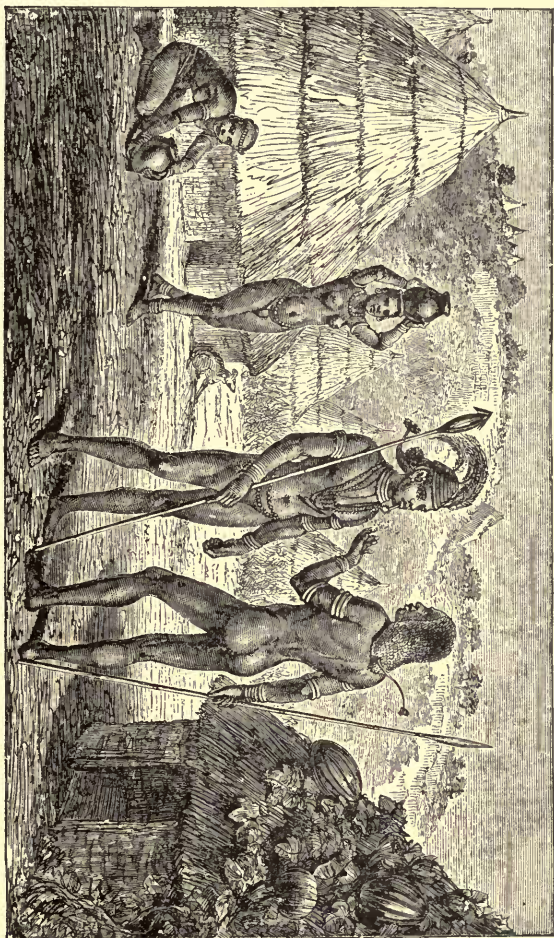
POISON YAMS.

BORDERING a ravine, near which they camped that night, were a number of large trees covered with a thorny creeper, the leaves of which resembled those of a species of yam. These Ibrahimawa, the traveled Bornu man—who claimed to be a learned botanist,—at once pronounced to be excellent food, and digging at the roots of the vines he soon procured a basketful of fine-looking yams. The rest of the men, not being botanists, left the search for food to Ibrahimawa, but when he produced the basketful of tempting-looking food they made a rush for it and helped themselves. The scientific botanist was left without a yam; but he had his revenge. The roots were soon cooked, and the men ate them voraciously; but in a few minutes they began to disappear one by one, and from a distance came smothered but unmistakable sounds similar to those produced by seasick passengers on a rolling ship. All who had dined from Ibrahimawa's botanical specimens were suffering from a powerful "vomi-purgatif." They were intensely sick for about an hour, but no further inconvenience was experienced from the poison yams, although Ibrahimawa's reputation as a botanist fell to a very low grade.

Upon reaching the Latooka valley, where game was abundant,

a herd of twenty hartebeests was seen peacefully grazing on the plain. Baker dismounted to stalk them, but he had scarcely left his horse when the red flags of the Turks attracted the attention

LATOOKA NATIVES AND VILLAGE.



of a large gang of baboons, that at once set up a chattering and hoarse cries of alarm which frightened the hartebeests. One of the men fired at a large baboon sitting on a rock, and by accident shot it through the head. It was about the size of a large mastiff,

and had a long brown mane like that of the lion. This is much prized by the natives as an ornament, which is cut into strips and worn round the body.

As the party went into camp that evening Baker rode out alone in quest of game, and found a herd of giraffes, whose towering heads could be seen as they were cropping the tops of mimosa trees. Not being able to stalk them, he relied on speed, and chased the beautiful animals a long distance, but was unable to get a shot, owing to the dense undergrowth which they ran into.

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

ON the next day the party arrived in Latooka, only to find that small-pox had broken out in a virulent form, and the disease was soon communicated to the Turkish camp. In addition to this misfortune, two of Baker's best horses died, as did also three camels and five donkeys, while his wife was laid up with gastric fever. Although the entire journey, since leaving Gondokoro had been little else than a succession of misfortunes, none had equaled those which they were now experiencing. The Turkish camp was reeking with small-pox, and Baker, as a precaution, had to change his quarters and pay special attention to his men to avoid the pestilence. To add to their other troubles, Moy and Commoro induced the Turks to join them in an attack upon a Kayala village, from which a great many cows were stolen, and sixty-five women killed, but the Turks were forced to retreat. Thus more enemies were made, who might at any time attack Latooka in return, and overwhelm Baker with the rest, for the natives of Kayala were powerful and warlike.

BACK TO OBBO.

THE position of affairs now became so desperate that the Turks decided to proceed once more to Obbo, and as Baker was dependent entirely upon them, he was compelled to follow. Upon reaching that place again, they found the people on the verge of starvation; the small-pox had also broken out among them, and they were dying rapidly from this dreadful plague. In addition to their other calamities, the Turks had robbed the

natives of nearly everything, so that it was impossible to buy either cows or oxen. Soon after their return Baker's last horse died, and both himself and wife became excessively ill from bilious fever, so that neither could assist the other. The kind old chief, hearing that they were dying, came to charm them with his magic. He found the invalids lying helpless, and immediately procured a small branch of a tree, and filling his mouth with water, he squirted it over the leaves and about the floor of the hut, he then waved the branch around his patients' heads, and completed the ceremony by sticking it in the thatch above the doorway; he told them they should now get better, and perfectly satisfied, he took his leave. The hut was swarming with rats and white ants; the former racing over them during the night, and burrowing through the floor, filled their only room with mounds like mole-hills. As fast as the holes were stopped, others were made with determined perseverance. Having a supply of arsenic, Baker gave them an entertainment, the effect being disagreeable to all parties, as the rats died in their holes and created a horrible effluvium, while fresh hosts took the place of the departed. Now and then a snake would be seen gliding within the thatch, having taken shelter from the pouring rain.

The animals were no better off, for they were attacked by the dreadful tsetse fly, so that they soon had no hair left on their bodies, and died one after another.

A VISIT TO KATCHIBA.

AFTER two months of severe illness, Baker and his wife were sufficiently recovered to be out again, and they decided to pay a morning call to chief Katchiba. He received them very politely, and begged them to enter his principal residence. Creeping on all fours through the narrow doorway, they found themselves in the presence of one of the chief's wives, who was preparing merissa beer. The whole establishment appeared to be devoted to the brewing of this drink, of which Katchiba was excessively fond. The apartment contained several immense jars, holding about thirty gallons each, in one of which the chief had stored the presents that he had received, among the rest a red flannel

shirt which Baker had given him, and which he considered exceedingly *recherche*. Several dressed ox-hides were spread on the ground, and the chief invited his visitors to be seated, Mrs. Baker on the right and her husband on the left. Then, after the beer had been passed around, and Katchiba had taken enough to warm himself up pretty well, the delightful old sorcerer called for his harp, and after tuning it, politely asked his visitors "if he should sing?" Prepared for something comic, they begged him to begin, and he sang, to their surprise, a most plaintive, wild, but pleasing air, accompanying himself perfectly on the harp. Music, dancing, and drinking beer were Katchiba's principal amusements, and he excelled in all of them. The entertainment over, he led a sheep in by a string, and begged his guests to accept it; but they politely declined, saying they did not expect a present, but had merely called on him as friends. He accordingly handed the sheep to his wife, and they departed; but on arriving at their own camp, they found the sheep awaiting them. The following day Katchiba returned their visit in great state, carrying a large red flag made from a piece of cloth the Turks had given him, and accompanied by two men beating drums, and another blowing a sort of clarionet.

NEWS FROM THE INTERIOR.

WHILE waiting at Obbo, Baker's hopes were somewhat revived by an Unyora slave woman, who gave him a very good account of the Luta N'zige, which she described as a large lake, lying in almost the exact latitude in which Baker expected to find the Albert N'yanza—the object of his expedition, but the Asua river was still too badly swollen to be crossed safely; so he continued in Obbo, oppressed with fever and the knowledge that the Turks were stirring up the natives to war, on account of their thievery. On the 17th of October, Baker concludes an entry in his journal, chiefly descriptive of the symptoms of an approaching fever, as follows: "My stock of quinine is reduced to a few grains, and my work lies before me; my cattle are all dead. We are both weakened by repeated fever, and traveling must be on foot."

KILLING AN ELEPHANT AS LARGE AS JUMBO.

THE rains finally ceased, and beautiful crops were growing, which, however, were seriously threatened by elephants, large herds of which went prowling at night, eating and trampling the crisp tullaboon plants—a grain somewhat resembling corn. Although weak and feverish, like a true hunter, Baker was anxious to secure some of the big game, the meat of which he knew would be very acceptable to the half-famished natives. So, taking his servant, they went about half-a-mile from the village, and dug a hole in which to hide, and at night the watch began. Baker reports the result as follows :

“There was no sound throughout the night. I was well wrapped up in a Scotch plaid, but an attack of ague came on, and I shivered as though in Lapland. I had several rifles in the grave; among others the ‘Baby,’ that carried a half-pound explosive shell. At about four, A. M., I heard the distant trumpet of an elephant, and I immediately ordered Richarn to watch, and to report to me their arrival. It was extremely dark, but Richarn presently sank slowly down, and whispered, ‘Here they are!’

“Taking the ‘Baby,’ I quietly rose, and listening attentively, I could distinctly hear the elephants tearing off the heads of the tullaboon, and crunching the crisp grain. I could distinguish the dark forms of the herd about thirty paces from me, but much too indistinct for a shot. I stood with my elbows resting on the edge of the hole, and the heavy rifle balanced, waiting for an opportunity. I had a paper sight arranged for night shooting, and several times tried to get the line of an elephant’s shoulder, but to no purpose. While waiting, I suddenly heard a trumpet close to my left, and quickly perceived an elephant walking toward my grave. I waited, with the rifle to my shoulder, until he was within about twelve paces; I then whistled, and he stopped and turned, exposing his side. Taking the line of the foreleg, I fired at the shoulder. The tremendous flash and smoke of ten drachms of powder completely blinded me, and the sudden reaction of darkness increased the obscurity.”

The result of Baker's shot could not be determined that night, but early in the morning a short search discovered the elephant standing about ten yards in the grass jungle, so nearly dead on its feet that it fell over upon making an attempt to move, and died. It was so large that Baker took its measurement, and found it to be ten feet six and one-half inches in height.

The word being given, a crowd of waiting natives rushed upon the huge carcass, and about three hundred people were soon attacking it with knives and lances. About a dozen men were working inside as though in a tunnel; they had chosen this locality as being near to the fat, which was greatly coveted.

A WILD BOAR.

A FEW days after killing the elephant Baker fired the grass and then strolled over the burnt ground in quest of game. Although elephants were plentiful, not a single one could be found, and he was returning to his hut greatly disappointed, when there suddenly sprang out from a hole in his pathway a wild boar and sow, and the former viciously attacked him. It was a moment of extreme peril, but quick action and a steady aim saved his life. He fired at the vicious beast and killed it almost at the muzzle of the gun. The natives were soon apprized of the lucky shot, and as they value pork above all other meat, the boar was very quickly cut up and a feast prepared.

It is a singular fact that the wild pigs of the Obbo country live underground; the manis, or great scaled ant-eater, burrows in a considerable excavation; these habitations the pigs enter, dispossess the manis, and, enlarging the retreat, make it their abode.

DEPARTURE FOR KAMRASI'S COUNTRY.

JANUARY had now arrived, and though enfeebled by fever and seriously inconvenienced by the loss of his pack-animals, Baker determined to proceed south in quest of the great lake which he believed formed the chief source of the Nile. Reports which Ibrahim received from Kamrasi's kingdom to the south, in regard to the abundance of ivory there, prompted the Turk to

accompany him, particularly since neither slaves nor ivory had been secured in the Latooka or Obbo countries. In fact, up to this time both expeditions had been practically failures, as hardships had been constant and progress retarded by incessant difficulties. Ibrahim had a force of more than two hundred men, and this made his company very agreeable to Baker, who, if alone, must have fallen a victim to the murderous Bari tribes whose business was war and plunder, and through whose country they were compelled to pass.

Katchiba, who had become extremely fond of his white guests, was induced to sell Baker three oxen, which were purchased as riding animals, as these were more serviceable for the purpose than any other animals in that country. On the 5th of January the combined party started on their journey, Mrs. Baker riding one of the oxen and her indomitable husband another, while the third was loaded with supplies. On account of extreme shyness the ox which Baker rode was unharnessed and driven awhile until it should become accustomed to the people, but the moment it was loosed it ran off with all possible speed into the jungle and was never seen again. They had not gone far when a large fly fastened on the rump of Mrs. Baker's ox, the effect of which was to produce so sudden a kick and plunge that she was thrown to the ground with much violence, bruising and stunning her. Ibrahim very civilly gave her another ox, however, which she was fortunately still able to ride; but Baker had no other alternative than to walk, although he was so weak that several times the caravan had to halt to allow him to rest; but he continued the march until they arrived at Farajoke, eighteen miles from Obbo, where he purchased an ox.

A COUNTRY FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY.

ON the 13th of January they reached a town called Shooa, where they received a most friendly welcome, and found the place, in figurative language, "flowing with milk and honey." Fowls, butter, goats, etc., were in abundance and very cheap; beads were of great value, as few had ever reached that country. The women flocked to see Mrs. Baker, bringing presents of milk and

flour, and receiving beads and bracelets in return. The people were like those of Obbo in language and appearance, exceedingly mild in their manner, and anxious to be on good terms. The cultivation in this country was superior to anything they had seen, and the people appeared to be in a very prosperous condition.

THE POLITE FATIKOANS.

REMAINING in Shooa five days, to recruit and perfect their plans for the future, they proceeded on their way, and after a march of eight miles came to the village of Fatiko. In a short time the natives assembled around them; they were wonderfully friendly, and insisted upon a personal introduction to both Baker and his wife, as they were the first white people the natives had ever seen. They were thus compelled to hold a levee; not the passive and cold ceremony of the whites, but a most active undertaking, as each native that was introduced performed the salaam of his country, by seizing both of his visitor's hands and raising the arms three times to their full stretch above the head. After about one hundred natives had been thus gratified, Baker gave the order to saddle the oxen immediately, and they escaped a further proof of Fatiko affection that was already preparing, as masses of natives were streaming down the rocks hurrying to be introduced. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the ceremony, they took a great fancy to these poor people; they had prepared a quantity of merissa and a sheep for their lunch, which they begged their guests to remain and enjoy before they started; but the pumping action of half a village was too much; and mounting their oxen, with aching shoulders, they bade adieu to Fatiko.

ARRIVAL IN KAMRASI'S COUNTRY.

AFTER several days' marching through a most lovely country, they approached the Karuma Falls, close to the village of Atada. The heights were crowded with natives, and a canoe was sent across to within parleying distance. Bacheeta, the black woman who acted as interpreter, now explained that "*Speke's brother* had arrived from his country to pay Kamrasi a visit, and had brought him valuable presents." "Why has he brought so many

men with him?" inquired the people from the canoe. "There are so many presents for the king that he has many men to carry them," shouted Bacheeta. "Let us look at him," cried the



KAMRASI'S MEN MANIFEST THEIR DELIGHT.

headman in the boat; and having prepared for the introduction by changing his clothes to a tweed suit, something similar to that worn by Speke, Baker climbed up a high and almost perpendic-

ular rock that formed a natural pinnacle on the face of the cliff, and waving his cap to the crowd on the opposite side, he instructed Bacheeta to shout to the people that an English lady, his wife, had also arrived, and that they wished immediately to be presented to the king and his family, as they had come to thank him for his kind treatment of Speke and Grant, who had arrived safe in their own country. Upon this being explained and repeated several times, the canoe approached the shore. Baker ordered all the people to retire, and to conceal themselves among the plantains, that the natives might not be startled by so imposing a force, while he and Mrs. Baker advanced alone to meet Kamrasi's people, who were men of some importance. Upon landing through the high reeds, they immediately recognized the similarity of Baker's beard and general complexion to that of Speke; and their welcome was at once displayed by the most extravagant dancing and gesticulating with lances and shields, as though intending to attack, rushing at the travelers with the points of their lances thrust close to their faces, and shouting and singing in great excitement.

THE UNYORO NATIVES.

THE difference between the people of Unyoro (Kamrasi's country) and the tribes they had hitherto seen was most striking. On the north side of the river the natives were either stark naked or wore a mere apology for clothing, in the shape of a skin slung across their shoulders; the river appeared to be the limit of utter savagedom, and the people of Unyoro considered the indecency of nakedness precisely in the same light as among Europeans. The men wore robes of dark cloth arranged in various fashions, generally either like the Arab "tope," or the Roman toga.

In spite of the very friendly reception, the explorers were still not permitted to cross the river. Only a few months before a party of Arabs had allied themselves with Rionga, Kamrasi's deadly enemy, and made an attack on the latter's people, slaying three hundred of them. This made the king suspicious of all strangers, and he had given strict orders that none should be ferried across the river. The travelers were therefore compelled

to remain on the opposite bank two days longer, but finally succeeded, through a liberal display of presents and the use of various stratagems, in getting over the stream.

Still their troubles were not ended, and it was some time before Baker was permitted to have an interview with the king. He and his wife were both so prostrated with fever at this time that they had to be carried in litters, and Kamrasi's procrastination worried them greatly. Finally it was announced that the king was ready to receive them, and although more fit for a hospital than an interview, Baker instructed his men to carry him into the presence of the African potentate. He was shortly laid on a mat at the king's feet, whom he found to be a fine-looking man, but with a peculiar expression of countenance, owing to his extremely prominent eyes; he was about six feet high, beautifully clean, and was dressed in a long robe of bark-cloth most gracefully folded. The nails of his fingers and toes were carefully attended, and his complexion was about as dark a brown as that of an Abyssinian. He sat upon a copper stool placed upon a carpet of leopard skins, and was surrounded by about ten of his principal chiefs.

This interview proved to be a pleasant one, and after explaining that the object of his visit to Unyoro was to find the great lake from which the Nile flows, Baker ordered his men to unpack a Persian carpet, which was spread upon the ground before the king. He then gave him a large white Cashmere mantle, a red silk netted sash, a pair of scarlet Turkish shoes, several pairs of socks, a double-barreled gun and ammunition, and a great heap of first-class beads made up into gorgeous necklaces and girdles. Kamrasi took very little notice of the presents, but requested that the gun might be fired off. This was done, to the utter confusion of the crowd, who rushed away in such haste that they tumbled over each other like so many rabbits; this delighted the king, who, although himself startled, now roared with laughter. He told Baker that he must be hungry and thirsty, therefore he hoped he would accept something to eat and drink: accordingly he presented him with seventeen cows, twenty pots of sour plantain cider, and many loads of unripe plantains.

On the following morning the king visited Baker in his hut, and solicited him to join in an expedition against Rionga. This request was declined, as the explorers could not afford to embroil themselves with any of the natives. Baker was extremely anxious to proceed, as he and his wife were both sick and out of medicine; so he importuned Kamrasi for porters and guides. These were readily promised—"to-morrow." But the king's promises resulted in nothing; he was determined to keep the travelers with him, if possible, as long as they had anything to give. He continued to put them off from day to day, constantly begging for everything he saw, being particularly anxious to secure Baker's watch, which was the last one he had, and could not be parted with. Speke had given Kamrasi several watches, also a chronometer and compass, but all these were now "dead," as the king declared, and he wanted at least one "live one."

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FOR THE LAKE.

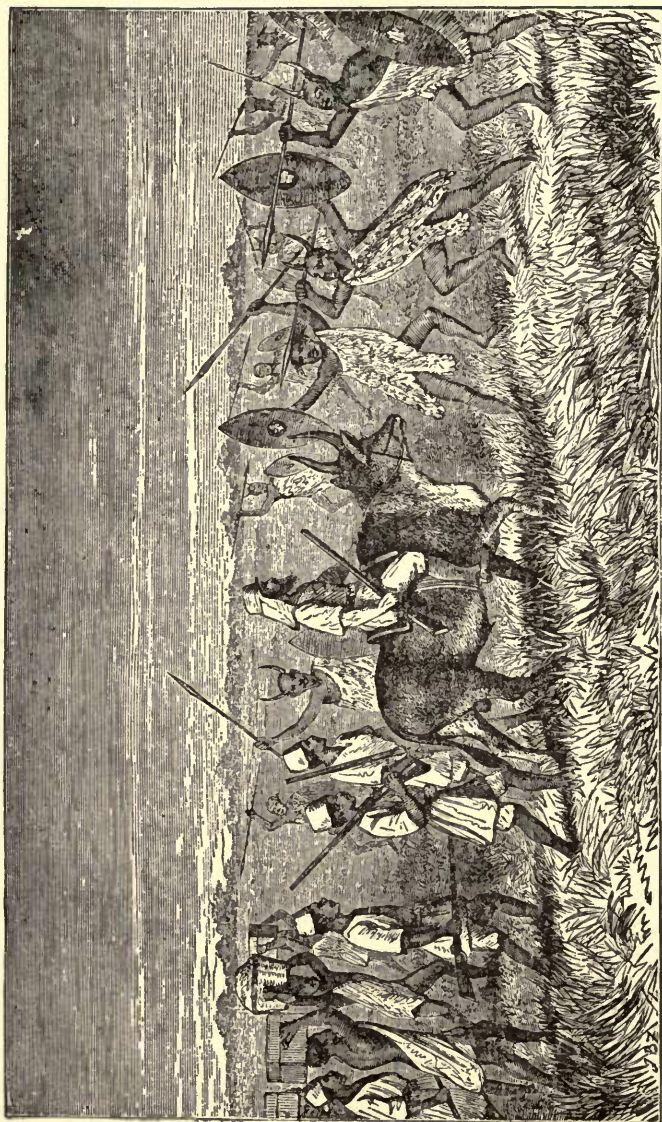
AFTER a provoking and unreasonable delay of three weeks at Unyoro, Kamrasi provided porters and guides and suffered Baker to depart, Ibrahim remaining; but at the first camping-place, about ten miles on the journey, the king overtook the party for the purpose, he explained, of taking a final leave, but in reality to try again for the watch and the other things which his importunities had failed to secure. Baker gave him some handkerchiefs and several opal beads, but again refused to give him the watch, as parting with the only time-piece in the company would cause much inconvenience, while it could be of no service to the king. All his argument with the greedy savage was of no avail, and when he again requested leave to depart, Kamrasi, in the coolest manner, replied, "I will send you to the lake, as I have promised; but *you must leave your wife with me?*" This insult so incensed Baker that, drawing his revolver and placing its muzzle within two feet of the king, he told him that should he

dare to repeat such language he would shoot him on the spot, at the same time explaining that in England such insolence would be certain to provoke bloodshed. Mrs. Baker also gave expression to her indignation in such a way that the king, no doubt, was glad his proposition was not accepted. "Don't be angry!" he exclaimed; "I had no intention of offending you by asking for your wife; I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours; it is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end of it; I will never mention it again." Baker received this very practical apology sternly, and insisted upon starting. The king seemed rather confused at having committed himself, and to make amends he called his people and ordered them to carry the loads. His men ordered a number of women who had assembled out of curiosity to shoulder the luggage and carry it to the next village, where they would be relieved. Baker assisted his wife upon her ox, and with a very cold adieu to Kamrasi, they turned their backs gladly upon that country.

A SATANIC GUARD.

NOTWITHSTANDING his enfeebled condition, Baker rejoiced that he was finally rid of the persistent old beggar, and the cavalcade moved southward along the banks of the Kafoor river with excellent progress. As they approached the next village, at least six hundred men came rushing out with spears and lances to receive them. Baker's men thought they were to be attacked, but his experienced judgment told him different, for women and children were mixed up with the crowd of natives, which is never the case when an attack is intended.

"With a rush like a cloud of locusts," says Baker, "the natives closed around us, dancing, gesticulating and yelling before my ox, feigning to attack us with spears and shields, then engaging in sham fights with each other, and behaving like so many madmen. A very tall chief accompanied them. One of their men was suddenly knocked down and attacked by the crowd with sticks and lances, and lay on the ground covered



"THE DEVIL'S OWN."

with blood: what his offense had been I did not hear. The entire crowd were most grotesquely gotten up, being dressed in either leopard or white monkey skins, with cows' tails strapped on behind, and antelopes' horns fitted upon their heads, while their chins were ornamented with false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails sewed together. Altogether, I never saw a more unearthly set of creatures; they were perfect illustrations of my childish ideas of devils—horns, tails, and all, excepting the hoofs; they were our escorts furnished by Kamrasi to accompany us to the lake."

The following morning Baker found much difficulty in getting the escort together, as they had been foraging throughout the neighborhood; these "devil's own" were a portion of Kamrasi's troops, who considered themselves entitled to plunder *ad libitum* throughout the march; however, after some delay, they collected, and their tall chief, who evidently considered himself an important personage, from the lofty manner in which he strutted about, approached, and begged that a gun might be fired as a curiosity. The escort crowded around, and as the boy Saat was close to Baker, he ordered him to fire his gun. This was Saat's greatest delight, and bang went one barrel unexpectedly close to the tall chief's ear. The effect was charming. The chief thought his time had come, and clasping his head with both hands, he ran howling into the woods: the others were no less excited, and in a very few moments not one of the escort of three hundred was visible—they had all fled from the instrument that vomited thunder and lightning. It required several hours of patient search and coaxing to get them back again, so that the joke was more upon Baker, perhaps, than upon the frightened natives.

AN HOUR OF SOREST TRIAL.

THE expedition moved forward, and on the sixth day out, having made a detour, came again upon the Kafoor river, at a bend where it became necessary to cross it. The stream was in the center of a marsh, and although deep, it was so covered with thickly matted water-grass, and other aquatic plants, that a

natural floating bridge was formed two feet thick, over which it was possible to pass by stepping quickly. Baker started across with his wife following, but when near mid-stream, he looked back and was horrified to see her standing still, sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and purple. Rushing to her side, he found her insensible, and quickly calling two of the men to his assistance, they dragged her to the shore, for if they had attempted to carry her, all would have sunk through the grass bridge into the water beneath.

On reaching the shore, Mrs. Baker was laid under a tree, and her face and hands were bathed, but she continued insensible, as though dead, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and eyes open but fixed. A litter was hastily constructed, upon which she was carried mournfully forward like a corpse. Every few minutes a halt was necessary, as a painful rattling in the throat betokened suffocation, which an elevation of her head could alone relieve. At night the poor woman was laid in a hut and carefully attended by her husband, but she remained insensible. For three days and nights she lay in a comatose state, every fleeting breath anxiously watched by her distracted companion. The third morning came, and Baker thus describes what came with it:

“My lamp had just burnt out, and, cramped with the night’s watching, I rose from my low seat, and seeing that she lay in the same unaltered state, I went to the door of the hut to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air. I was watching the first red streak that heralded the rising sun, when I was startled by the words, ‘Thank God,’ faintly uttered behind me. Suddenly she awoke from her torpor, and with a heart overflowing I went to her bedside. Her eyes were full of madness! She spoke, but the brain was gone!”

Brain fever now set in, and lasted seven days, during all of which time they were compelled to travel, as they could not remain in one place. At last, on the seventh morning, broken down with watching and fatigue, Baker fell asleep. He says: “The sun had risen when I awoke. I had slept, and horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had

not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down ; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep ; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved ! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe."

They now remained in camp two days, to afford Mrs. Baker rest, but she gained very slowly in strength, having neither medicine nor any of the delicacies so necessary to a sick person. It was finally decided to proceed on the journey, and carry her in a litter, which was so arranged as to make her as comfortable as possible.

CARRYING AN OX EIGHT MILES.

THE route now lay through swamps, choked with immense papyrus rushes ; and in passing through a muddy bottom one of the riding oxen that was ill stuck fast, and had to be abandoned. On arriving at the next village, fifty men were hired to return and drag the ox out with ropes, so that its life might be saved, while Baker and his party continued on to a village some eight miles distant, where they camped for the night. Shortly after sunset they suddenly heard a great singing in chorus advancing rapidly from a distance. At first they imagined that the natives intended to compliment them with a dance ; but in a few minutes the boy Saat introduced a headman, who told Baker that the riding ox had died in the swamp where he had stuck fast in the morning, and that the natives had brought his body to camp. "What !" he exclaimed, "brought his body, the entire ox, to me?" "The entire ox as he died is delivered at your door," answered the headman ; "I could not allow any of your property to be lost upon the road. Had the body of the ox not been delivered to you, we might have been suspected of having stolen it." They had carried the ox about eight miles on a litter, which

they had constructed of two immensely long posts with cross-pieces of bamboo, upon which they had laid the body. They would not eat the flesh, and seemed quite disgusted at the idea, as they replied that "it had died."

DISCOVERY OF ALBERT LAKE.

THE guides informed Baker that the place where they were camping was only one day's journey from the great lake, and that night he slept but little. For years he had striven to reach the "sources of the Nile," and after so much hard work, suffering and perseverance the cup was at his lips—before another sun would set his eyes would rest upon the great reservoir of Nature that ever since creation had baffled all discovery. The weary but triumphant explorer can best describe his own feelings on this great occasion. "The sun had not risen," he says, "when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water,—a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment;—here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely

thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. We were about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake ‘the Albert N’yanza.’ The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side, pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain.”

SALT MAKING IN AFRICA.

THEY painfully descended to the lake shore, assisting one another down the steep cliff, both being so weak from sickness and fatigue that they could scarcely walk. On the beach they found a small village, called Vacovia, the inhabitants of which were fishers, as evidenced by the large amount of crude tackle displayed before every hut. The soil was so impregnated with salt as to unfit it for cultivation, and yet salt itself was most difficult to procure, impossible in a pure state. The process employed by the natives to secure this necessary article, was by placing quantities of the saline mud in vessels and allowing it to drain through perforations in the bottom; this drainage was submitted to a cleansing process of imperfect distillation, and then boiled. The product, though salt, is very bitter and unpleasant to the taste. In other sections of Africa the means for manufacturing salt are equally defective. At Latooka, for example, it is made chiefly of goats’ dung, which is burned to ashes, these

are saturated, after which the water is strained and evaporated by boiling. Another, much poorer, quality is made of a peculiar grass, that has a thick, fleshy stem, something like sugar-cane. This is reduced to ashes, which are subjected to a similar process. So precious is English salt in Africa that the natives will eat it by handfuls with the greatest relish, and will barter supplies for it more readily than for beads or other trinkets.

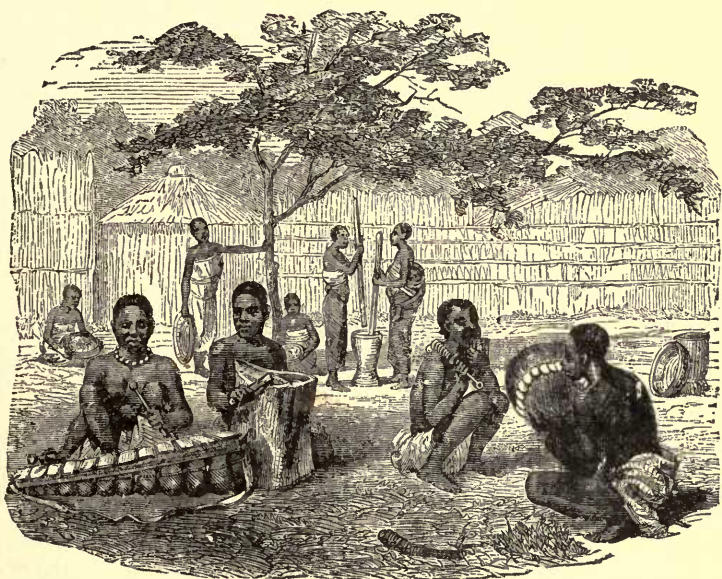
A SAIL ON ALBERT LAKE.

VACOVIA is about one hundred and fifty miles, coast-line, from where the lake has its outlet in the Nile river. The season was very late and Baker was exceedingly anxious to get back to Gondokoro before the last of April, in time for the annual trading boats from Khartoum, which, if he missed, he would be delayed another year in reaching England. Traveling by land had become very monotonous and painful, and besides, all the party was sick of fever, so they now prepared to journey in canoes as far as possible. After a stay of eight days in Vacovia, they started in two canoes, the carrying capacity of each being twenty-five men and necessary luggage. The first day's voyage was delightful, the air being bracing, though the temperature was very warm. Hippopotami and crocodiles were numerous, both in and out of the water, lying along the banks or sporting near the shore. At night a camp was made close by a small village, from which a few fowls and one young kid were purchased. In the morning Baker discovered that all the oarsmen, whom Kamrasi had furnished him, had absconded. His party was now reduced to his own force of thirteen men, but his progress was not materially affected, for in the evening he secured twenty more oarsmen from the next village.

On the next day a bay had to be crossed that was eight miles wide, and while nearly in the centre of it a storm arose, which came so near swamping the boats that the most desperate bailing by all hands barely kept them afloat. They steered toward the beach, and just as the canoes struck the sand a large wave overwhelmed them and left them struggling in the water, while all the provisions were destroyed. Fortunately, a village was near

by, and the party took possession of some huts, dried their clothes, and as far as possible repaired their losses.

They remained here two days, entertained by the natives, who, in addition to supplying them with food, honored them with music, dancing and games. Baker was much interested in their musical instruments, which were curiously and ingeniously made, and produced a harmony that, though wild, was not discordant.



NATIVE BAND AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Directly after leaving this village, Baker killed a large crocodile, measuring sixteen feet in length, which his men soon cut up into chunks ready for the pot; but he could not relish such meat, as it had a combined flavor of bad fish, decayed flesh, and musk.

Large herds of elephants and great numbers of hippopotami were almost continually in sight, but time was too precious to give them any attention. Owing to the severe thunder storms which broke during every afternoon, traveling had to be suspended

at mid-day ; nevertheless, on the thirteenth day from Vacovia they landed at the mouth of the Somerset river where it empties into Albert lake. From this point, with the aid of their glasses, the explorers could plainly see the outlet of the main Nile, some thirty miles to the northwest of them, from whence they could trace its line northward to the Madi country, through which they had passed on their outward journey. Mrs. Baker, though still too weak to walk, and suffering greatly from fever, proposed, with Spartan heroism, that they should follow the lake to the head of the Nile, and then proceed down the stream in canoes, so as to prove beyond a doubt that they had really discovered the principal source of the great river. But the guides declared that it would be impossible to descend the rapids, and that they would be beset by hostile natives who would dispute every mile of their journey, and murder them before they could reach a place of safety. Similar objections were urged against Stanley attempting to descend the Congo, a few years later, but instead of heeding them he relied upon his own judgment and accomplished the feat, as related elsewhere in this volume, and proved himself to be the greatest and most determined explorer that ever visited Africa. Had Baker followed the advice and wishes of his heroic wife, he would have settled the Nile question beyond all dispute, and reached home fully a year sooner than he did. But some allowance must be made for his sick and dispirited condition, and due honor be accorded him for the perseverance and daring he displayed on all occasions. The only regret is that, having come so near the solution of the great problem, he did not fully prove it.

ASCENDING THE SOMERSET RIVER.

HE decided that it was not advisable to attempt a return by way of the Nile, but that their proper course was to ascend the Somerset river to the falls, and then proceed overland to Unyoro, returning from thence by the same route they had come. Accordingly, after resting two days and procuring food from the natives, they proceeded up the river in canoes, reaching the falls at a distance of eighteen miles from the lake. Here the river

plunges, at one leap, over a precipice 120 feet deep into an abyss below, forming one of the grandest waterfalls on the known globe. Baker designated these as the Murchison Falls, in honor of the President of the Royal Geographical Society of England. The river below the falls is one hundred and eighty feet wide, clear and sluggish; in fact, the current is almost imperceptible. The banks, at places, are high and precipitous; but the beach is generally flat and sandy, and crocodiles are so numerous that a hundred or more may be counted without moving from one position. While Baker was sketching the falls, a crocodile came up so near the canoe that he shot it; the noise of the gun frightened the native canoemen so badly that they dropped their paddles and allowed the boat to swing around onto some rushes, when a hippopotamus, surprised in its retreat, rushed under the canoe and almost capsized it. The thought of being dumped out among thousands of voracious crocodiles was anything but agreeable, so a landing was quickly made to await the riding oxen that had been sent overland and were expected the following day.

True to appointment, the oxen came, but their condition was so bad from fly bites that they were scarcely able to walk, so that riding them was out of the question. The overland journey now began by ascending to the high plateau far above the falls. Baker and his wife were again stricken down with fever, so that she had to be carried, while he was barely able to proceed by the aid of a staff. In this miserable condition they continued on to the next village through a drenching rain. On reaching the village, they were placed in a hut so badly dilapidated that the clouds overhead were visible through its leaky roof; nevertheless, this was the best that could be done, and here they lay on an oxhide, spread upon the soggy ground, all night, while torrents of water poured over them continually.

At this place the guide and porters previously furnished by Kamrasi deserted them, the intention apparently being to leave them in this sickly and destitute locality until they should either die or Baker with his force of thirteen men would agree to join the king in his war on Rionga. During their journey to the lake

the latter had been reinforced by a party of Turks under a half-civilized leader named Debono, and Kamrasi found it impossible to withstand this combined force. He had sent repeatedly to Baker, asking his assistance, which the latter refused ; but now it seemed that he was determined to force compliance with his wishes. But rather than die the death of a dog, or be forced to accede to the demands of the brutal Kamrasi, Baker determined, sick and feeble as he and his wife were, to move on and trust to providence.

A day's journey through grass eight feet high brought the party to a burned and deserted village, and here they halted in another torrent of rain, the invalids being now so sick that they could not bear even the motion of a litter. While in this most hopeless and wretched condition, one of Kamrasi's head men appeared and promised food and porters in abundance if Baker and his men would join the king in the war against Rionga and Debono. In the desperation of his situation, Baker asked to be taken to Kamrasi, leading the ambassador to believe that his terms would be accepted. A few hours afterward oxen were produced and slaughtered, while several cows were furnished to supply the party with milk. A feast followed, which came none too early, for the entire party were almost dead from starvation.

The travelers, being somewhat refreshed by the milk, were carried to another village to meet the king. On their arrival they found a hut fitted up with all the comforts possible in that country, and soon thereafter announcement was made that the king was present.

MEETING WITH A SPURIOUS KING.

In a few moments the king entered the hut, and with a coarse laugh said : " Well, here you are at last. So you have been to the M'wootan N'zige ! Well, you don't look much the better for it. Why, I should not have known you ! ha ! ha ! ha ! " Baker was in no condition to enjoy facetious remarks, and upbraided the royal brute for so basely deceiving him and suffering him to almost die of starvation.

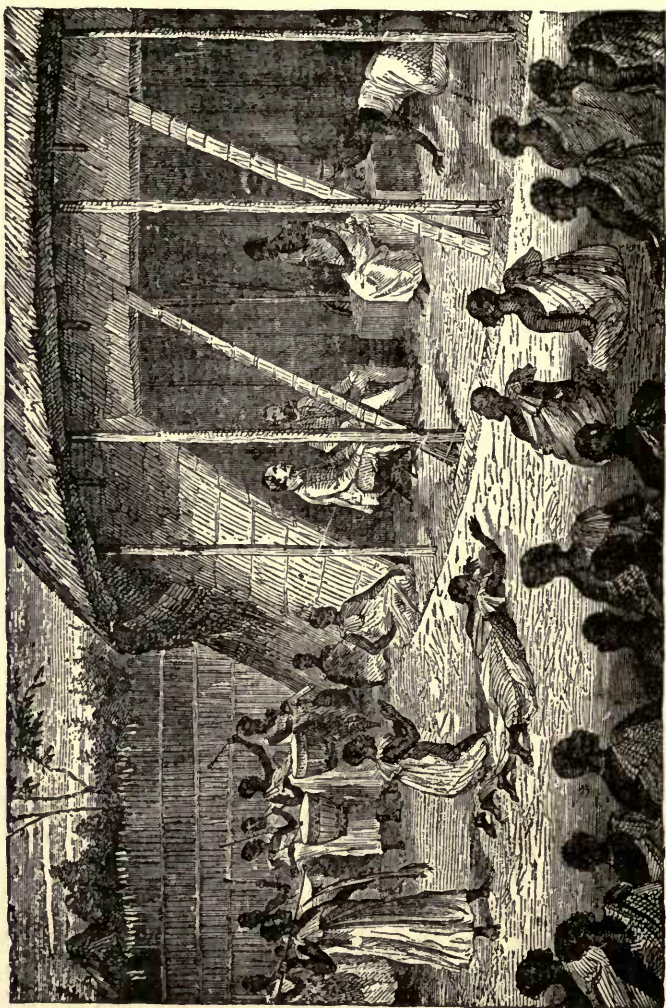
" Never mind," he replied, " it's all over now ; you really are

thin, both of you ; it was your own fault ; why did you not agree to fight Rionga ? You should have been supplied with fat cows and milk and butter, had you behaved well. I will have my men ready to attack Rionga to-morrow ; the Turks have ten men ; you have thirteen ;—thirteen and ten make twenty-three ;—you shall be carried if you can't walk, and we will give Rionga no chance—he must be killed—only kill him, and MY BROTHER will give you half of his kingdom.” He continued, “You shall have supplies to-morrow ; I will go to my *brother*, who is the great M'Kamma Kamrasi, and he will send you all you require. I am a little man, he is a big one ; I have nothing, he has everything, and he longs to see you ; you must go to him directly ; he lives close by.” Baker hardly knew whether the man was drunk or sober—“my brother, the great M'Kamma Kamrasi !” He felt bewildered with astonishment, and asked, “If you are not Kamrasi, pray who are you ?” “Who am I ?” he replied ; “that's very good ; who am I ?—why, I am M'Gambi, the brother of Kamrasi,—I am the younger brother, but *he is the king*.”

This circumstance illustrated the almost incredible deceit of the country. Baker had never actually seen the king up to this time, though he had given so many presents to the man who had personated Kamrasi, believing that by so doing he was securing the king's friendship and aid. He hardly knew how to act, but the pale face of his very sick wife admonished prudence. He therefore requested to be taken to Kamrasi at once ; but this was not according to royal custom, for the king had first to be apprised of the intended visit. A messenger being therefore dispatched soon returned with word from Kamrasi to have the white man brought to his palace on the following day.

Baker's clothes had been worn to rags, and his wan and haggard features made him truly an ill-looking object ; so he determined to present a somewhat improved appearance before the king. This he accomplished by putting off his rags and substituting a full-dress Highland suit, which he had carried with him but never worn. The change thus effected was so great that his own men hardly recognized him. He was carried in the litter a

half hour's journey from his hut and deposited at the palace door, and was soon thereafter in the presence of Kamrasi.



KAMRASI'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

The reception, instead of being cordial, was cold and formal. The old king scowled on his guest, but gave him no greeting, nor did a single word pass between them for five minutes or more.

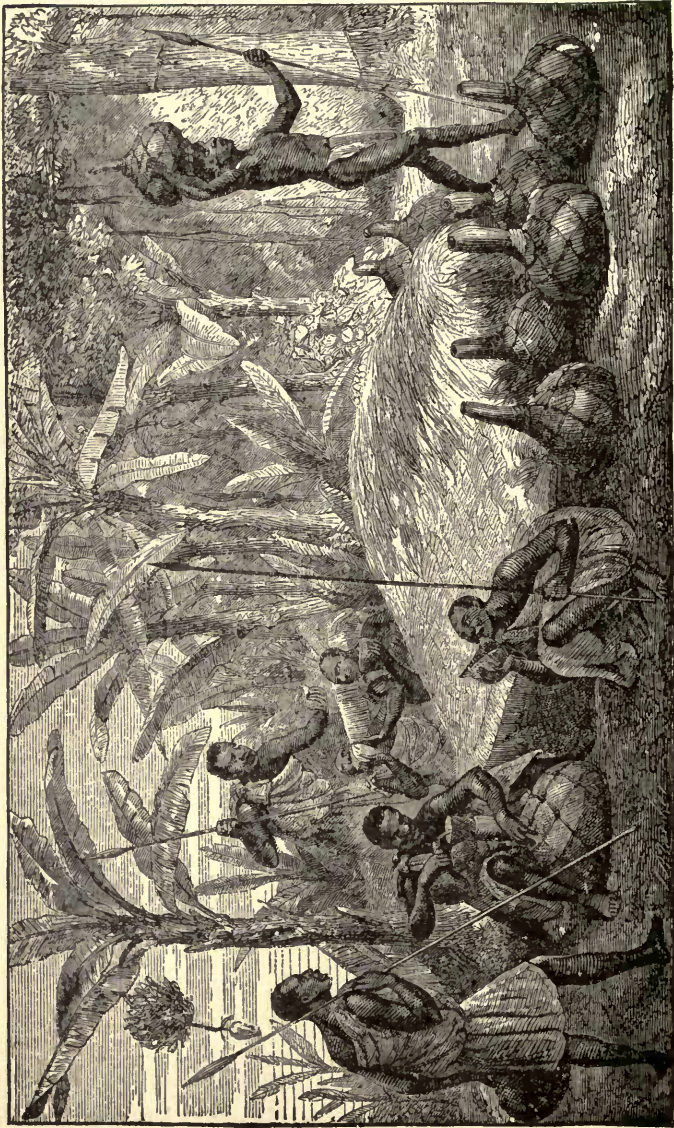
M'Gambi, who had played king, was among the chiefs who surrounded Kamrasi, but he occupied a seat on the ground, thus proving how really unimportant he was.

At length the king asked Baker why he had not visited him before. "Because I had been starved in this country and was unable to walk," was the reply. A conversation ensued, but of little satisfaction. Kamrasi justified the personating of himself by his brother upon the ground that he was not certain but that Baker was an ally of Debono. He then began to beg, as usual, asking for the Highland suit, watch, compass and rifle, all of which Baker refused, telling him that he was certainly not the real Kamrasi, as a great king could not be such an inveterate beggar.

In personal appearance Kamrasi was a remarkably fine-looking man, tall and well proportioned, with a handsome face of dark-brown color, but his expression was peculiarly sinister. He was beautifully clean, and instead of wearing the bark-cloth common among the Unyoro people, he was dressed with an elegant mantle of black and white goat-skins, as soft as chamois. His officers sat on the ground at some distance from his throne. When they approached to address him on any subject, they crawled upon their hands and knees to his feet, and touched the ground with their foreheads.

Kamrasi, though acting very coolly, dismissed Baker with an assurance that his wants would be attended to, and on the same evening sent him two loads of flour, a goat and two jars of plantain cider.

Kisoona was the name of the town where they were now encamped, and since the boats had no doubt already left Gondokoro, Baker gave himself no further concern about continuing his journey. The fever was still so tenacious in its hold upon himself and wife that they were unable to walk, but fortunately they had an abundance of milk, which being allowed to curdle before using, gave such nourishment that both rapidly increased in flesh, though but little in strength. Upon the recommendation of the Turks under Ibrahim, who had remained with Kamrasi



BREWING AND DRINKING POMBE OR PLANTAIN CIDER.

during the journey to the lake, Baker procured a quantity of castor-oil plants, and every morning he had a portion of them boiled in a large pot, and then steamed himself over the vessel. This remedy proved to be so beneficial that in two weeks the fever had left him. The plantain cider was also healthgiving, because it created an appetite, and was an excellent stimulant. The method of cider-making was simple. The fruit was buried in a deep hole and covered with straw and earth; at the expiration of about eight days the green plantains thus interred had become ripe; they were then peeled and pulped within a large wooden trough resembling a canoe; this was filled with water, and the pulp being well mashed and stirred, was left to ferment for two days, after which it was fit to drink. Throughout Unyoro plantains are the staple article of food. The natives invariably eat the unripe fruit, which, when boiled, is a good substitute for potatoes. Cider is made from ripe fruit only.

A TROUBLESOME KING.

ONE day after Baker had recovered sufficiently to be able to walk about, he was visited by the king, who desired his assistance forthwith against Rionga. Baker tried to reason with him against the injustice of his request, reminding him that he was an explorer and a subject of the queen, and had no right to make offensive alliances against one who had done him no injury. But Kamrasi was still urgent, nor could he be pacified with trinkets, though he did not refuse any that were offered, nor neglect to ask for everything he saw. Among other articles which Baker gave him was an ivory comb, which he at once applied to his wool, and then handed it around to his officers, who also went through a vigorous scratching with it. To this present was added a quantity of ammunition and a looking glass, besides several beads. But the comb pleased him most, and he wanted his guest to take back with him to England an elephant's tusk and have it made into combs for his majesty's use. The medicine chest had also to be inspected, and each powder, pill and phial smelt of. He begged for some of the medicine, and Baker gave him several doses of tartar-emetic, with instructions not to use it until he had returned

to the palace. The directions were faithfully followed, but the king took so large a dose of the medicine that it made him very sick, whereat he imagined that his guest had used "magic" against him, and was very unfriendly for several days. From that time Baker's supplies were cut off, and his subsistence was confined to such articles as he could buy from the natives, principally butter and plantains, which provided an exceedingly slim diet. About a week after these events he was suddenly aroused one night by a horrible din of beating drums, blowing horns and screaming natives. Gathering his rifle and cartridge belt, he rushed out to find Kamrasi's camp in a state of consternation, produced by the report that Debono, with a party of one hundred and fifty men, was marching on Kisoona with the intention of laying waste the country and killing Kamrasi. The old king was not long in making his appearance, dressed simply in a kilt of blue baize which Speke had given him. He was shaking with fright and implored aid. Baker commended his dress, and said it was well adapted to fighting. "*Fighting!*" the king exclaimed, with the horror of 'Bob Acres,' "I am not going to fight! I have dressed lightly to be able to run quickly. I mean to run away! Who can fight against guns? Those people have one hundred and fifty guns; you must run with me; we can do nothing against them; you have only thirteen men; Ibrahim has only ten; what can twenty-three do against *a hundred and fifty?* Pack up your things and run; we must be off into the high grass and hide, at once; the enemy is expected every moment!" Baker frankly told Kamrasi that his cowardice ill became a king, and that such a man was not a fit ruler for any people; but this failed to reassure him. To prevent an attack, however, Baker sent eight of his men with Turkish guides to confer with Debono. On the next evening they returned with one of Debono's headmen, who stated that the Turks had no intention of disturbing Baker's party; that indeed the report had reached them that both he and his wife had died several weeks before, from starvation, for which Kamrasi was responsible. Baker told the officer that Debono must at once recross

the Nile and quit Kamrasi's country, as the right of trading therein had been secured to Ibrahim, and if the request was not complied with by the following day he would report the affair to the Turkish authorities and have Debono and his chief hanged. Baker then raised the British flag, and informed the Turks that he claimed the country by right of discovery, and ordered them to withdraw at once, which they did.

The result of the stratagem so pleased Kamrasi that he sent a large supply of flour, goats, cows and cider, accompanying them with his thanks and offering a portion of his kingdom to his white friend.

DEFEAT OF RIONGA.

SHORTLY after the Turks had departed, news was received that Debono had quarreled with Rionga and a great battle had ensued, in which the Turks had gained a complete victory, and destroyed the power of the native chief. Kamrasi could scarcely contain his joy at this piece of good news, while the entire village went into a delirium of celebration, and became royally drunk on the beer which the king had given for all to drink. Kamrasi visited Baker to acquaint him of his good fortune, but while so doing turned the subject suddenly by asking again for the rifle he had so long coveted. Baker was much irritated, and told him that he must never ask again for the gun, for under no circumstances would he part with it.

A BARBAROUS EXECUTION.

JUST at this moment an uproar was heard outside, and loud screams and heavy blows. A man was dragged past the entrance of the court-yard bound hand and foot, and was immediately cudgeled to death by a crowd of natives. This operation continued for some minutes, until his bones had been thoroughly broken by the repeated blows of clubs. The body was dragged to a grove of plantains, and was left there for the vultures, who in a few minutes congregated around it. It appeared that the offense thus summarily punished was the simple act of conversing with some of Rionga's men, who had come with Debono's messengers to see Baker. A conversation with one of the enemy

was considered high treason, and was punished with immediate death. In such cases, where either Kamrasi or his brother determined upon the sudden execution of a criminal, the signal was given by touching the condemned with the point of a lance, whereupon the person who had been so unfortunate as to incur the king's displeasure was beaten to death upon the spot. Sometimes the condemned was touched by a stick instead of a lance-point; this was a signal that he should be killed by the lance, and the sentence was carried out by thrusting him through the body with numerous spears—thus the instrument used to slay the criminal was always contrary to the sign.

KAMRASI IN A COWARDLY RETREAT.

THE victory over Rionga bore fruit which Kamrasi was not destined to partake of, for, while he was contending over the spoils, news came that Mtesa, of Uganda, hearing that Kamrasi had intercepted Baker and held him a prisoner in order to prevent him from visiting the former with presents, was coming to kill the perfidious king and take Baker to Uganda. This report, which was speedily confirmed, threw the cowardly Kamrasi into a panic again, and although Baker counseled a stand and offered to help him repel the invaders, he was bent on beating a retreat to his fastness on the islands of the river; nor would anything stay his purpose. The grass huts were accordingly set on fire and the retreat began. Baker intended to proceed to Atada, Kamrasi having promised to send porters to carry his things, but when morning came the porters failed to report, and he at once saw that the king's promise was merely a ruse to keep him at the village and be first attacked by Mtesa. So incensed was he at such perfidy, that he sent a messenger to Kamrasi, telling him if the porters were not sent at once he would join Mtesa and attack him on the islands. This message frightened the king into a compliance.

The journey toward Atada was by a narrow pathway leading through very high grass. Mrs. Baker had yet to be carried on a litter, and the progress was very slow. After a short march it was discovered that Richarn, Baker's most faithful and service-

able man, was missing, and after a short search in a village near by, the ramrod of his gun was found broken and covered with blood, which indicated that he had been murdered. Two days were spent searching for him, and during this delay the porters which Kamrasi had provided deserted. To make matters still worse, the war drums of Mtesa were heard beating as his army advanced, and it therefore became necessary to abandon the luggage and branch off toward Foweera, where a part of Ibrahim's followers were encamped, as it was desirable to form a junction with them. After many tedious delays and incidents the party reached Foweera, where they were astonished to find Richarn. His disappearance was caused by a fight with some villagers, during which he killed the chief, and in order to escape their vengeance he had taken to the tall grass, lost his way, but finally reached his party again almost famished.

Ibrahim thought proper now to join Kamrasi against the enemy, and so well did he direct his forces that Mtesa was speedily driven out of the country and Kamrasi regained all that he had lost. For this service Ibrahim received an immense quantity of ivory, so that both parties were intensely pleased. In the fight many of Mtesa's men were captured, all of whom were led before the king and butchered in his presence without trial.

While these brutal operations were going on, Baker decided to make an effort to distill whisky from sweet potatoes, believing that the spirit would benefit himself and wife in their weak condition. His still was an original one, made of pots and reeds, but it served all purposes, and a really excellent article of spirits was manufactured. Some of the liquor was given to Kamrasi, who promptly drank enough to make an elephant drunk, and when he had recovered from the comatose state into which it threw him, he vowed that every hill in his kingdom should be planted with potatoes and that his subjects should devote themselves to manufacturing whisky, and one of Ibrahim's Turks was detailed to establish and undertake the direction of "King Kamrasi's Central African Unyoro Potato-Whisky Company, unlimited."

CHAPTER XII.

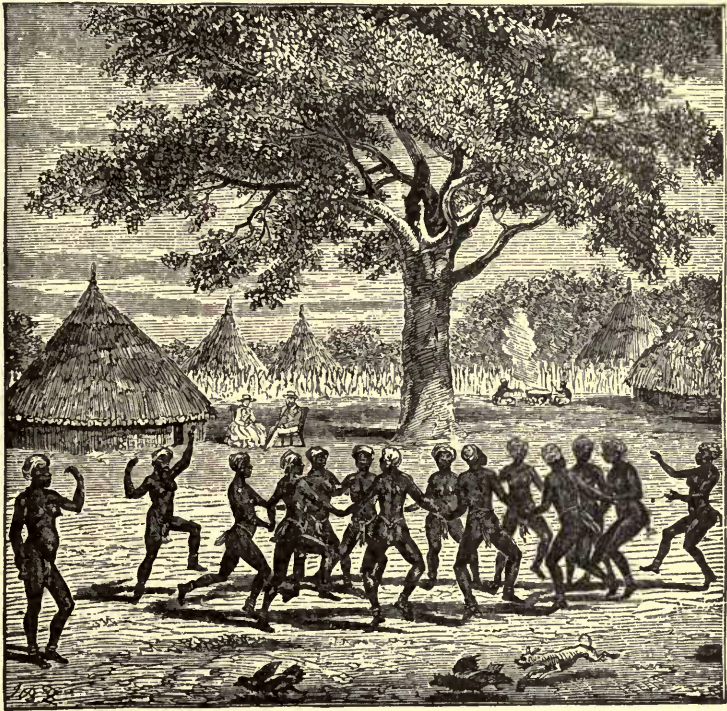
ADIEU TO KAMRASI.

IN the middle of November, at the end of the rainy season, after so many months of suffering, Baker left Unyoro for Shooa, accompanied by Ibrahim, whose collection of ivory was so great that it required the services of 700 porters to carry it. Kamrasi came out to bid them adieu, and—to beg Baker once more for the little rifle, as he said the gun given him by Speke had bursted, which was true, for he had driven a ball into the muzzle and then fired it with disastrous results. But Baker would not yield the coveted weapon. The journey was through a dry country, and the difficulties of traveling were light in comparison to what they had been.

“On the fifth day’s march from the Victoria Nile,” says Baker, “we arrived at Shooa; the change was delightful after the wet and dense vegetation of Unyoro: the country was dry, and the grass low and of fine quality. We took possession of our camp, that had already been prepared for us in a large courtyard well cemented with cow-dung and clay, and fenced with a strong row of palisades. A large tree grew in the centre. Several huts were erected for interpreters and servants, and a tolerably commodious hut, the roof overgrown with pumpkins, was arranged for our mansion. That evening the native women crowded to our camp to welcome my wife home, and to dance in honor of our return; for which exhibition they expected a present of a cow. They danced in a circle, holding each other’s hands, while three stood just outside the circle and directed the movements of the dancers. They were all quite naked except the little cloth in front and the tail-piece behind.”

At Shooa many of Ibrahim’s porters deserted, which left him in a sad plight. To compensate his loss, he sent 300 of his men upon a marauding expedition against a neighboring village that was under the rule of a brave chief named Werdalla. This man

had been on several such expeditions himself, and possessed five stands of fire-arms, therefore, when the Turks attacked him, he hid his men behind rocks and opened fire, killing five of the assailants with as many shots. The Turks retreated, but on the way back captured a beautiful young girl whom they put in chains, intending to make her a slave. On the next day her



THE DANCE IN HONOR OF THE RETURN.

father came into camp to ransom his child, as is customary among these people. As soon as he appeared, his daughter rushed to him, and throwing her arms around his neck in the most affectionate manner, cried, "Father?" as lovingly and earnestly as any civilized child could have done. But the brutal Turks tore him from her arms, tied him to a tree and inhumanly butchered him before her eyes.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

ANOTHER case of almost equal horror and brutality occurred on the following day. A woman and her little boy, not more than two years of age, had been captured in a battle with the natives and brought along as slaves by the Turks. This woman tried five times to escape with her child, but was each time apprehended, and being, at length, regarded as incorrigible, she was given 144 stripes with the coorbach (hippopotamus whip), and then sold separately to another Turkish party of traders. Mrs. Baker's pity was excited and she took the little motherless boy under her care and gave him the name of Abbai, and by kind treatment soon reconciled him to his new condition. There were two little girls also in the camp whose history was exceedingly pathetic. They were three and eight years of age respectively, and had fallen into the possession of Ibrahim under the following circumstances: They were daughters of Owine, one of the great chiefs who were allied with Rionga against Kamrasi. After the defeat of the former, Owine and many of his people quitted the country, and, forming an alliance with the Turk Mohamed, they settled in the neighborhood of his camp at Faloro, where they built a village. For a time they were on the best of terms, but some cattle of the Turks being missing, suspicion fell upon the new settlers. Mohamed's men desired that they might be expelled, but in a moment of drunken frenzy he ordered them to be massacred. His men, eager for murder and plunder, immediately started upon their bloody errand, and surrounding the unsuspecting colony, they fired the huts and killed every man, including chief Owine; capturing the women and children as slaves. Ibrahim had received the mother and two girls as presents from Mohamed. Of these little waifs of adversity Baker very feelingly writes:

"We had now six little dependents, none of whom could ever belong to us, as they were all slaves, but who were well looked after by my wife; fed, amused, and kept clean. The boy Abbai was the greatest favorite, as, having neither father nor mother, he claimed the greatest care; he was well washed every morning

and then to his great delight smeared all over from head to toes with red ochre and grease, with a cock's feather stuck in his woolly pate. He was then a most charming pet savage, and his toilette completed, he invariably sat next to his mistress, drinking a gourd-shell of hot milk, while I smoked my early morning pipe beneath the tree. I made bows and arrows for my boys, and taught them to shoot at a mark, a large pumpkin being carved into a man's head to excite their aim. Thus the days were passed until the evening; at that time a large fire was lighted to create a blaze, drums were collected, and after dinner a grand dance was kept up by the children, until the young Abbai ended regularly by creeping under my wife's chair, and falling sound asleep: from this protected spot he was carried to his mat, wrapped up in a piece of old flannel (the best cloth we had), in which he slept till morning. Poor little Abbai! I often wonder what will be his fate, and whether in his dreams he recalls the few months of happiness that brightened his earliest days of slavery."

ON THE HOMEWARD MARCH.—A SAD SCENE.

THE want of porters still detained Ibrahim, and seeing little hope of procuring men for that service, in February Baker decided to start for Gondokoro with a party of Mohammed's men, who had to go there for new supplies. As the oxen were saddled to start, crowds of people came to say "good bye." There were ties, even in this savage country, which were painful to sever, and which caused sincere regrets to both Baker and his wife when they saw their little flock of slave children crying at the separation. He says, "In this moral desert, where all humanized feelings were withered and parched like the sands of the Soudan, the guilelessness of the children had been welcomed like springs of water, as the only refreshing feature in a land of sin and darkness. 'Where are you going?' cried poor little Abbai in the broken Arabic that we had taught him. 'Take me with you, Sitty!' (lady,) and he followed us down the path as we regretfully left our proteges, with his fists tucked into his eyes, weeping from his heart, although for his own mother he had not

shed a tear. We could not take him with us;—he belonged to Ibrahim; and had I purchased the child to rescue him from his hard lot and to rear him as a civilized being, I might have been charged with slave dealing. With heavy hearts we saw him taken up in the arms of a woman and carried back to camp, to prevent him from following our party, that had now started.”

ATTACKED BY BARI SAVAGES.

THE first day's journey toward Gondokoro was uneventful, but on the next the party was attacked by the implacable Bari people, who hung in great crowds on the flank and kept discharging their arrows. The Turks returned the fire with their guns, but only one casualty resulted. This, however, was only the beginning, for day by day the Baris kept up their annoyance, and at night continually threatened an attack. In fact, they did make one after dark, one night, which resulted in the death of one of their number. They succeeded in shooting several barbed and poisoned arrows into the camp, but fortunately none of them did any injury.

As the cavalcade, at length, came in sight of Gondokoro, there were loud huzzas and great rejoicings, especially expressed by Baker and his wife, for the journey had been so long and painful that home now seemed “just over the hill.” The English flag was raised on a tall bamboo pole, and the march into Gondokoro was made like a victorious army returning from a bloody field. The Turks came out and saluted them with a lively popping of guns, which so frightened Mohamed's riding ox that it ran away and threw him over its head, greatly demoralizing the pompous Turk.

NO BOATS OR LETTERS.

BAKER's first inquiries were for letters from home, and a boat to descend the Nile with. Before leaving Khartoum on his outward journey, he had left money with a merchant there to pay for sending a boat to Gondokoro to await his return; but he was now astonished and chagrined to find that neither boat nor letters were awaiting him. It was supposed that he and his wife were long since dead, as no tidings had been received from them since their departure from Obbo, three years before. Baker writes:

“At this cold and barren reply I felt almost choked. We had looked forward to arriving at Gondokoro as to a home; we had expected that a boat would have been sent on the chance of finding us, but there was literally nothing to receive us, and we were helpless to return. We had worked for years in misery, such as I have but faintly described, to overcome the difficulties of this hitherto unconquerable exploration; we had succeeded—and what was the result? Not even a letter from home to welcome us if alive! As I sat beneath a tree and looked down upon the glorious Nile that flowed a few yards beneath my feet, I pondered upon the value of my toil. I had traced the river to its great Albert source, and as the mighty stream glided before me, the mystery that had ever shrouded its origin was dissolved. I no longer looked upon its waters with a feeling approaching to awe, for I knew its home and had visited its cradle. Had I overrated the importance of the discovery? and had I wasted some of the best years of my life to obtain a shadow? I recalled to recollection the practical question of Commoro, the chief of Latooka—‘Suppose you get to the great lake, what will you do with it? What will be the good of it? If you find that the large river does flow from it, what then?’”

VISITED BY THE PLAGUE.

THE plague had broken out among the natives at Gondokoro, and as they fell victims they were dragged to the edge of the cliff and thrown into the river, and the stench which arose from the festering bodies was absolutely stifling. Baker therefore determined to depart from this frightful place at all hazards.

It chanced that there was an open boat lying at the wharf, that had come up to take a cargo of ivory to Khartoum, but as none was offering, he chartered the vessel for \$200. It was a desperate alternative, because several men had died of the plague on the boat during her trip up, so that a visitation of the dreadful disease promised to terminate the difficulties of the entire journey. But he ordered the boat to be thoroughly scrubbed with boiling water and sand, after which it was fumigated by burning several pounds of tobacco in the cabin.

THE VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

ON the third day out from Gondokoro a herd of antelope was discovered foraging in the vicinity of some ant-hills a hundred yards from the river. As meat had become scarce, Baker ordered the boat stopped, and, with his servant carrying a spare gun, he stalked the game until a fair shot was obtained at a large buck, which fell dead at the first fire. The herd seemed dazed, and did not break away until another one was killed. They then ran toward a covert, and in their flight he fired again, and by accident shot a doe in the neck at a distance of six hundred yards. As the herd gained the covert some native hunters, who were there concealed, charged them with spears, and drove them back again toward Baker, who succeeded in killing two more. This was five antelopes in one day, and they were now well supplied with meat for the trip.

THE PLAGUE APPEARS.

ON the following day one of Baker's men was seized with pains in the back and bleeding of the nose, and similar symptoms speedily developed in six others—the *plague had broken out*. In two days more the vessel became a hospital, and death followed death with fearful rapidity. Poor little Saat, whom Mrs. Baker had adopted at Khartoum, and who had been so faithful throughout the three years' journeyings in Central Africa, fell also before the dreadful disease. Helplessly he lay upon a mat before his loved mistress, who watched with tenderest care and deep anxiety, moistening his parched lips and trying to cool his burning head, while the little fellow only muttered in a delirium from which he could not be roused. But at last she saw that he slept, and hoping that he would awaken refreshed and better, she kept everything quiet, that undisturbed sleep might bring him back to life. Old Karka, the good-natured slave woman, stole softly to the poor boy, stretched his legs into a straight position, and laid his arms close by his side. She then covered his face with a cloth. "Does he still sleep well?" asked Mrs. Baker; but the old slave answered only with her tears, for little Saat was

dead. The faithful child had been taken from Paganism and died in Christianity; he was laid gently away in a grave on the banks of the Nile, with a rude cross for a grave-stone.

ARRIVAL AT KHARTOUM.

AFTER many delays and difficulties, they reached Khartoum on the 5th of May, 1865. Here they found letters from friends in England, but the consolation these brought was marred by the report, already authenticated, that Speke was no longer among the living, having accidentally shot himself while hunting. Besides this deplorable news, there were obstacles to prevent Baker's immediate departure for England. An extraordinary drought of two years had created a famine throughout the land, attended by a disease among the camels and cattle, which had caused a commercial stagnation, as no goods could be transported from Khartoum. The plague, malignant typhus, had run riot in the town, and reduced the black troops from 4,000 to less than 400. Yet in this place, reeking with filth, and death running riot in the streets, they were compelled to wait until there was a rise in the Nile that would enable boats to pass the cataracts between Khartoum and Berber. They were detained here for two months, subjected to intense heat and dust-storms. It seemed as if the plagues of Egypt had broken loose again. Respecting the dust-storms, Baker writes: "On the 26th of June we had the most extraordinary dust-storm that had ever been seen by the inhabitants. I was sitting in the court-yard of my agent's house at about 4.30 P. M.: there was no wind, and the sun was as bright as usual in this cloudless sky, when suddenly a gloom was cast over all—a dull yellow glare pervaded the atmosphere. Knowing that this effect portended a dust-storm, and that the present calm would be followed by a hurricane of wind, I rose to go home, intending to secure the shutters. Hardly had I risen, when I saw approaching, from the S. W., apparently a solid range of immense brown mountains, high in air. So rapid was the passage of this extraordinary phenomenon, that in a few minutes we were in actual pitchy darkness. At first there was no wind, and the peculiar calm gave an oppressive character to the event. We

were in 'a darkness that might be felt.' Suddenly the wind arrived, but not with the violence that I had expected. There were two persons with me, Michael Latfalla, my agent, and Monsieur Lombrosio. So intense was the darkness that we tried to distinguish our hands placed close before our eyes; not even an outline could be seen. This lasted for upwards of twenty minutes; it then rapidly passed away, and the sun shone as before; but we had *felt* the darkness that Moses had inflicted upon the Egyptians."

HOME AGAIN.

ON June 30th they departed from Khartoum, and proceeded by boat to Berber, from which point they traveled overland on camels to Souakim, a considerable town, the houses of which are all built of coral. After two weeks' delay here, passage was secured on an Egyptian steam transport for Suez. The journey was now about ended, for in a few days they reached Cairo, where Baker paid off his attendants, one of whom, Richarn, he saw married to a six-foot Dinga girl, who had accompanied him from Central Africa. Here he received notice that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him the Victoria gold medal, at a time, too, when it was not known whether he was living or dead.

NET RESULTS OF BAKER'S EXPEDITION.

BAKER is entitled to very great credit for the indomitable perseverance with which he overcame all obstacles and forced his way through Africa. He is also entitled to much consideration because his expedition was equipped at his own expense, and therefore he did not have the nation at his back, as did Speke; but did he discover the source of the Nile? By his own record he saw but an exceedingly small portion of the Albert N'yanza. He coasted it for only one hundred miles, and did not even visit the point where the lake takes its outlet into the Nile. Speke is chargeable with the same omission, for when he came in sight of the Victoria N'yanza, instead of coasting it he contented himself with a view of its waters, and did not even follow the stream which he assumed was the Nile. It is now well known that

Central Africa is drained by numerous rivers, many of which are very eccentric in their sudden disappearance. For this reason it was the duty of Baker—if insurmountable obstacles did not preclude, and he does not mention any—to proceed to the river where it flows from the lake, as he claims that he saw it at a distance of thirty miles, and then follow the stream on his return journey, instead of leaving it, as he did. Of course it is impossible to judge correctly of the reasons which he had for taking certain courses on his return journey, but since he does not himself give us these very natural explanations, it must remain a source of wonder why he did not return from the Albert N'yanza by way of the Nile, as his spirited wife implored him to do. He had canoes, and though there were many obstructions in the river, no doubt these light boats might have been drawn over them, as they were in several places below Gondokoro. By adopting such a plan the source of the Nile would have been indisputable. The question which still continues undecided is this: “Did Baker see the Nile, as it takes its source from Albert lake, or was it the embouchure or outlet of some other stream, which gave him so much delight as his vision rested upon it from Magungo's heights?”

ISMAILIA.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XIII.

EFFORTS TO SUPPRESS THE SLAVE TRADE.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER published the results of his explorations in Central Africa in a work entitled "The Albert N'Yanza." The book had a large sale and gave him an importance—which he no doubt well deserved—greater than that of any other African explorer at that time. He had paid particular attention to the slave trade, which was productive of ruin and demoralization among the native tribes, and so faithfully and graphically did he describe the horrors attending the nefarious traffic, that England was aroused and threatened to take such severe measures against those who were engaged in it, that the Khedive of Egypt felt called upon to act, as the slave-hunters were nearly all his subjects. It is unfair, perhaps, to doubt the motives of the Khedive, but certain it is that Khartoum was long known to be a slave station, and that thousands of these poor creatures were sent from there to Cairo and Alexandria with the full knowledge of the Egyptian authorities, who never by word or deed attempted even to mitigate the curse. It was estimated that not less than 50,000 men, women and children were kidnaped from the tribes of Central Africa annually, and brought captive into Khartoum; here they were confined in limited quarters reeking with pestilence and filth, so that nearly one-half of the whole number died, while the other half was being disposed of as slaves.

Baker's descriptions fired the English heart against these revolting cruelties, and the Prince of Wales, on a visit to Egypt,

had a conference with the Khedive, in which the former plainly indicated that the slave trade had to be suppressed, either by the Egyptian government or some other power. This conference stimulated Ismail, the Khedive, to action, and sending for Sir Samuel Baker, he had an interview with him, which resulted in placing him in command of an expedition for the suppression of the nefarious traffic.

To effect this grand reform it would be necessary to annex the Soudan and that country lying within the Nile basin, that it might be under the direct rulership of the Khedive.

The expedition was fitted out with a lavish hand, as Baker was directed to make all his preparations without regard to expense. Under such liberal instructions, he had specially built in England three small steamers and two life-boats for navigating the Nile. These vessels were fitted with engines of the best construction, and were to be carried across the Nubian desert in plates and sections.

In addition to the steamers were steam saw-mills, with a boiler that weighed eight hundred pounds in one piece—all of which would have to be transported by camels for several hundred miles across the Nubian desert, and by boats and camels alternately from Alexandria to Gondokoro, a distance of about *three thousand miles*.

The English party accompanying the expedition consisted of Sir Samuel Baker and his courageous wife; Lieutenant Julian A. Baker, R. N.; Edward Higginbotham, civil engineer; Mr. Wood, secretary; Dr. Joseph Gedge, physician; Mr. Marcopolo, chief store-keeper and interpreter; Mr. McWilliam, chief engineer of steamers; Mr. Jarvis, chief ship-wright; together with Messrs. Whitfield, Samson, Hitchman and Ramsdell. Forty-five thousand dollars were expended in stores, calculated to last the expedition for four years.

Six steamers, varying from forty to eighty horse-power, were ordered to leave Cairo in June, together with fifteen sloops and fifteen diahbeeahs—total, thirty-six vessels—to ascend the cataracts of the Nile to Khartoum, a distance by river of about

one thousand four hundred and fifty miles. These vessels were to convey the whole of the merchandise.

Twenty-five vessels were ordered to be in readiness at Khartoum, together with three steamers. The governor-general (Djiaffer Pasha) was to provide these vessels by a certain date, together with the camels and horses necessary for the land transport.

Thus, when the fleet should arrive at Khartoum from Cairo, the total force of vessels would be nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels, the latter averaging about fifty tons each.

The military arrangements comprised a force of one thousand six hundred and forty-five troops, including a corps of two hundred irregular cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments, supposed to be well selected. The black, or Soudani, regiment included many officers and men who had served for some years in Mexico with the French army under Marshal Bazaine. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be for the most part convicted felons who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan.

The artillery were rifled mountain guns of bronze, the barrel weighing two hundred and thirty pounds, and throwing shells of eight and a quarter pounds. The authorities at Woolwich had kindly supplied the expedition with two hundred Hale's rockets—three pounders—and fifty Snider rifles, together with fifty thousand rounds of Snider ammunition. The military force and supplies were to be massed in Khartoum ready to meet Baker upon his arrival.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLEET.

THIS imposing army and flotilla left Suez on August 29th, 1869, and proceeded on to Souakim, where, after a week's delay, camels were obtained to carry the expedition across the desert, two hundred and seventy-five miles, to Berber. Reaching this place, another fleet of thirty-three vessels of fifty and sixty tons burden was built, which carried the expedition to Gondokoro, one thousand four hundred and fifty miles from Berber.

The trip to Gondokoro was full of incidents. The start was made in the latter part of February, with so many sail-boats that

the Nile was, covered, apparently, for miles, as boat straggled behind boat, strung out until those in front could not be seen by the navigators of those in the rear. A few days after starting, one of the troopers, while lazily dangling his feet over the side of a boat, in the water, was seized by a crocodile and carried off, the poor fellow having no time to make any outcry ; a little blood on the water was the last sign left of him. Three days later great excitement was created on the flag steamer by the attack of a hippopotamus.

ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

BAKER says : " At 1 P. M., as we were steaming easily, I happened to be asleep on the poop-deck, when I was suddenly awakened by a shock, succeeded almost immediately by the cry, ' The ship 's sinking ! ' A hippopotamus had charged the steamer from the bottom, and had smashed several floats off her starboard paddle. A few seconds later he charged our diahbecah, and striking her bottom about ten feet from the bow, he cut two holes through the iron plates with his tusks. There was no time to lose, as the water was rushing in with great force. Fortunately, in this land of marsh and floating grass, there were a few feet of tolerably firm ground rising from the deep water. Running alongside, all hands were soon hard at work discharging cargo with great rapidity, and bailing out with every conceivable utensil, until we obtained assistance from the steamer, whose large hand-pump and numerous buckets at length so far overcame the rush of water that we could discover the leaks."

A few days later, while the boats were passing through a lake, or sudden broadening of the river, Baker saw a hippopotamus emerge from a bank of high grass. Being in need of meat, he took a small boat and went after the behemoth. A few strokes placed him near the spot where the animal entered the water, and a moment after, with a snort, it arose to the surface fifty yards distant. A shot from his rifle was followed by the disappearance of the animal, and frequent soundings failed to discover the body. The boats lay by until morning, as it was now quite late, and just as dawn appeared the great beast was seen floating

within a few feet of the flag boat. All hands turned out and towed it ashore, where they fell to and cut it up. As they were completing this job, a rustling in a pile of driftweed attracted their attention, and upon investigating the cause, they found a



KILLING THE CROCODILE

large crocodile wedged in so that it could not extricate itself. With pikes and poles it was speedily dispatched and cut up for

food, as was the hippopotamus, the two furnishing meat for one day for the entire army.

THE FLEET IS FORCED TO RETREAT.

THE start for Gondokoro had been made at a very inopportune time, for the Nile was already falling and progress must be necessarily slow, as some of the boats drew more than four feet of water. After proceeding one-half the distance, the vegetation so obstructed the river that it was impossible to proceed further, and a retreat had to be made back to the Shillook country, and there wait until the November inundation.

FINE SPORT ALONG THE RIVER.

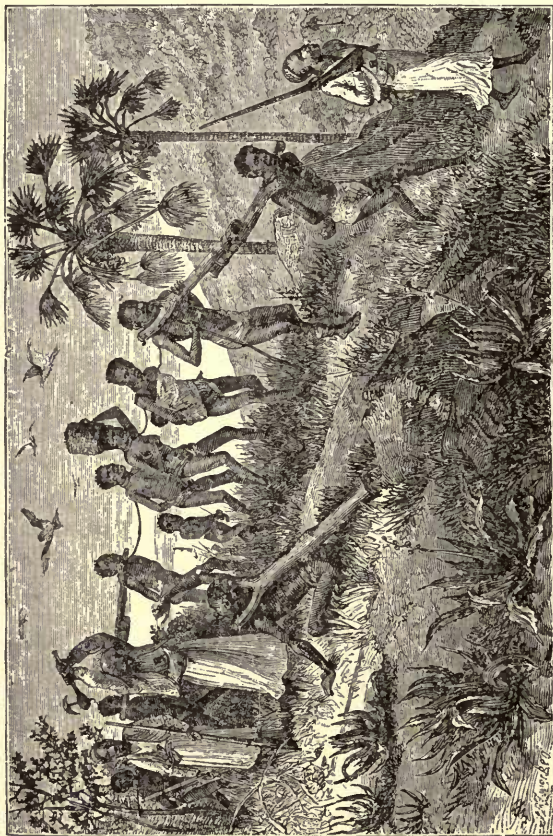
THE water was soon receding so rapidly that the boats had to be pulled by a thousand men across the vegetable obstructions; in fact it became almost dry-land steamboating, for every few miles the cables were run out and a long double line of men would seize them and force the boats across the barriers high and dry, into water again. Mr. and Mrs. Baker whiled away the tedium of the journey by shooting, every day killing hippopotami, crocodiles, antelopes, geese and ducks, so that an abundance of fresh meat was always available. Mrs. Baker was as keen a lover of hunting as her husband, and was almost as good a shot, while her powers of endurance and courage were phenomenal.

LIBERATING SLAVES.

As the expedition approached the Shillook country, Baker was astounded to find that the governor of Fashoda was engaged in the capture of slaves. This discovery was made by accident. Baker saw an old man seated on the bank, who had apparently escaped from some bad master, and who told of his captivity and efforts to escape back to his people. The governor of Fashoda had been pretending, for years, that he was violently opposed to slave hunting and that no slave-traders could cross his country. He was taken by surprise, and in his pens were discovered 184 women and little children, whose village he had a few days before destroyed and taken them into captivity, after killing all but ten

of the men. Baker set the poor people at liberty and reported the governor to the Khedive for punishment.

The boats were put into harbor and a town was begun, which, in honor of Ismail's youngest son, was called Tewfikéeyah. Here



CAPTURED SLAVES ON THE WAY TO FASHODA.

workshops, steam saw-mills and huts soon dotted the formerly barren ground. Boats were constructed to take the place of several that had been badly demoralized, gardens were planted and the hum of industry was heard on every side. Baker watched over his temporary colony with care and pride, but he did not wholly abandon the hunt. One morning, while riding

out in the country with his second in command, Col. Abd-el-Kader, he saw several ostriches feeding on the open plain; they were at a considerable distance, and the country was so open that it was impossible to stalk them. While gazing and longing, another ostrich was seen away off to the left at the edge of a covert. Immediately Baker dismounted and started through the woods, but when he approached within what he supposed was shooting distance of where the bird had been, he saw it running across the country, having taken fright without his knowledge. He walked on and soon saw another running over the plain, and at this he fired with success, the heavy bird falling so hard from its momentum that its feathers flew out in large quantities. A mounted orderly was dispatched to bring men and donkeys. When the bird was cut up the two thighs and legs were a fair load for two donkeys. Its stomach—or craw—was filled with lizards, scorpions, beetles, leaves of trees and quartz-pebbles. It must have recently traveled a great distance, because there were no pebbles within two hundred miles of the place.

FATE OF AN OLD BLIND MAN.

THE natives of the Shillook country were scrupulously honest. They became quite familiar with Baker's men, and carried on a considerable trade with them. If there were any differences between them and the soldiers, Baker always found that the fault lay with his men. These people lived along the opposite banks of the Nile, which was of considerable breadth at Tewfikceyah; they crossed the streams in canoes, or on rafts, made of the extremely light but strong ambatch wood, and which being lighter than cork, could be carried easily on the head. The country was usually rich, and being well supplied with rains, is susceptible of a profitable cultivation, especially adapted for cotton.

Baker relates the following incident: "There was an old blind sheik who frequently visited us from the other side, and this poor fellow came to an untimely end when returning one day with his son from marketing at Tewfikceyah. I was walking on the quay, when I heard a great commotion, and saw a splashing in the river, the surface of which was covered with the ambatch frag-

ments of a native canoe. There were many canoes on the river, several of which immediately went to the assistance of the two men who were struggling in the water. A hippopotamus had wantonly charged the canoe; and seizing it in his mouth, together



TERRIBLE FATE OF THE BLIND SHEIK.

with the poor old blind sheik, who could not avoid the danger, crunched the frail boat to pieces, and so crushed and lacerated the old man that, although he was rescued by his comrades, he died during the night."

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

ON the 10th of May a sail was reported by the sentries. The slave-traders did not know that Baker had established a station, but supposed he had gone back to Khartoum. He was anxious to know if the governor of Fashoda would have the audacity to send any slaves down the Nile after his experience and orders to assist in suppressing the slave trade. He therefore sent a boat out to hail the strange craft, which being brought to was boarded and examined. The captain declared he had nothing on board but corn and ivory, but his protestations and avowals did not allay Baker's suspicions. The boat appeared to be suspiciously full of corn to be homeward bound, while about the closely-boarded forecastle there was a smell indicative of unwashed negroes. Col. Abd-el-Kader drew a steel ramrod from a soldier's rifle, and probed sharply through the corn. A smothered cry from beneath, and a wriggling among the corn, was succeeded by a woolly head, as the strong Abd-el-Kader, having thrust his long arm into the grain, dragged forth by the wrist a negro woman. The corn was at once removed; the planks which boarded up the forecastle and the stern were broken down; and there was a mass of humanity exposed—boys, girls, and women—closely packed like herrings in a barrel, who, under the fear of threats, had remained perfectly silent until thus discovered. The sail attached to the mainyard of the vessel appeared full and heavy in the lower part; this was examined, and, upon unpacking, it yielded a young woman, who had thus been sewn up to avoid discovery.

Baker at once ordered the vessel to be unloaded. He found one hundred and fifty slaves stowed away in a most inconceivably small area. The stench was horrible when they began to move. Many were in irons; these were quickly released by the blacksmiths, to the astonishment of the captives, who did not appear to understand the proceedings.

Baker ordered the vakeel and the reis, or captain, of the vessel to be put in irons. The slaves began to comprehend that their captors were now captives. They began to speak, and many

declared that the greater portion of the men of their villages had been killed by the slave-hunters.

The vessel was sent to Khartoum to be confiscated as a slaver, while the slaves were taken off, ordered to wash, and cloths were then issued to the naked women. The result of this capture is described by Baker as follows: "On the following day I inspected the captives, and explained to them their exact position. They were free people, and if their homes were at a reasonable distance they should be returned. If not, they must make themselves generally useful, in return for which they would be fed and clothed. If any of the women wished to marry, there were many fine young men in the regiments who would make capital husbands. I gave each person a paper of freedom signed by myself. This was contained in a hollow reed, and suspended round their necks. Their names, approximate age, sex, and country were registered in a book corresponding with the numbers on their papers.

"These arrangements occupied the whole morning. In the afternoon I again inspected them. Having asked the officer whether any of the negresses would wish to be married, he replied that all the women wished to marry, and that they had already selected their husbands! This was a wholesale matrimony, that required a church as large as Westminster Abbey, and a whole company of clergy! Fortunately, matters are briefly arranged in Africa. I saw the loving couples standing hand in hand. Some of the girls were pretty, and my black troops had shown good taste in their selection. Unfortunately, however, for the Egyptian regiment, the black ladies had a strong antipathy to brown men, and the suitors were all refused. This was a very awkward affair. The ladies having received their freedom, at once asserted 'woman's rights.' I was obliged to limit the matrimonial engagements; and those who were for a time condemned to single blessedness were placed in charge of certain officers, to perform the cooking for the troops and other domestic work. I divided the boys into classes: some I gave to the English workmen, to be instructed in carpenter's and blacksmith's

work; others were apprenticed to tailors, shoemakers, etc., in the regiment, while the best looking were selected as domestic servants. A nice little girl, of about three years old, without parents, was taken care of by my wife."

THE EXPEDITION MOVES FORWARD.

It was not until December 11th that the Nile had risen sufficiently to permit a passage of the fleet, on which date the expedition again departed for Gondokoro, with a fleet of fifty-nine vessels, including the steamers, and seven small boats. Just as they were about to start, Dr. Gedge took suddenly ill and died, which was a great loss, as he was not only a most excellent physician, but equally well versed in botany and natural history.

Although the White Nile was very high, it was so full of drift and vegetation that a pathway had almost to be cut through it in scores of places. It was by no means easy sailing at any point, for the men generally were averse to the expedition, and showed neither skill nor energy in handling the boats. At one place the entire fleet grounded, and the vessels had to be pulled away, causing a delay of several days. Through inexcusable carelessness two boats were sunk, one of which carried a section of the steel cruiser that was intended to be put into service on Albert lake. Thus a bad river and worse boatmen caused very slow progress.

ATTACKED BY A VICIOUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

HIPPOPOTAMI and crocodiles were encountered in great numbers, affording sport to Baker and meat for the men. Several adventures were met with, but the most interesting is as follows, which we quote in Baker's own language:

"The night was cold, and the moon clear and bright; every one was wrapped up in warm blankets, and I was so sound asleep that I cannot describe more until I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous splashing quite close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse, wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. The main-deck being crowded with people sleeping beneath their thick mosquito

curtains, attached to the stairs of the poop-deck and to the rigging in all directions, rendered it impossible to descend. I at once tore away some of the ties and awakened the sleepy people. My servant, Suleiman, was sleeping next to the cabin door. I called to him for a rifle. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring the rifle, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank the zinc boat with its cargo of flesh. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favorite boat. By this time Suleiman appeared from the cabin with an unloaded gun in his hand, and without ammunition. He was a very good man, but was never overburdened with presence of mind; he was shaking so fearfully with nervousness that his senses had entirely abandoned him. All the people were shouting and endeavoring to scare the hippo, which attacked us without ceasing with a blind fury that I have never witnessed in any animal except a bull-dog.

“By this time I had procured a rifle from the cabin, where they were always kept fixed in a row, loaded, and ready for action, with bags of breech-loading ammunition on the same shelf. The movements of the animal were so rapid, as he charged and plunged alternately beneath the water in a cloud of foam and wave, that it was impossible to aim correctly at the small but fatal spot upon his head. The moon was extremely bright, and presently, as he charged straight at the diahbeeah, I stopped him with a No. 8 Reilly shell. To my surprise he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The diahbeeah rocked about upon the waves raised by the efforts of so large an animal; this movement rendered the aim uncertain. At length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay by the bank, at about twenty-five yards' distance, snorting and blowing. I could not distinguish him, as merely the head was above water, and this was concealed by the deep shadow thrown by the high grass. Thinking that he would die, I went to bed; but before this I took the precaution to arrange a white-paper sight upon the

muzzle of my rifle, without which night-shooting is very uncertain. We had fallen asleep ; but in about half an hour we were awakened by another tremendous splash, and once more this mad beast came charging directly at us as though unhurt. In another instant he was at the diahbeeah ; but I met him with a ball in the top of his head, which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his four legs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked the diahbeeah. In this helpless manner he rolled for about fifty yards down the stream, and we all thought him killed. To our amazement he recovered, and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the river through the high grass by the left bank. There he remained, snorting and blowing ; and as the light of the moon was of no service in the dark shadows of the high grass, we waited for a considerable time, and then went to bed, with the rifle placed in readiness on deck. In a short time I heard louder splashing. I again got up, and perceived him about eighty yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left with the No. 8 Reilly rifle, and distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to recross the shallows. This gave me a good chance at the shoulder, as his body was entirely exposed. This time he staggered forward at the shot and fell dead in the shallow flat of the river."

On the following morning Baker examined the animal and found that it had received three shots in the shoulder, four in the head, one of which had broken the lower jaw ; another had passed through its nose and ranging downward had cut off one of the large tusks.

"I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal," says Baker ; "he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with bulls of his own species. I can only suppose that the attack upon the vessels was induced by the smell of the raw hippopotamus flesh which was hung in long

strips about the rigging, and with which the zinc boot was filled. The dingy had lost a mouthful, as the hippopotamus had bitten out a portion of the side, including the gunwale of hard wood ; he had munched out a piece like the port of a small vessel, which he accomplished with the same ease as though it had been a slice of toast."

CHAPTER XIV.

GONDOKORO AGAIN.

AFTER a tedious voyage of five months and twenty-two days, relieved only by sport among large game, the expedition reached Gondokoro. Four years had elapsed since Baker last saw this place, and in that time a change had occurred of a most surprising nature. Instead of a fairly prosperous headquarters for ivory and slave-traders, it had been desolated by the Loquias, all the good buildings being destroyed and nothing remaining but a few miserable huts occupied by the Baris.

Gondokoro was the place selected by Baker for his headquarters, but it was necessary for him to put up buildings, both for quarters and storehouses. The Baris sullenly objected to his occupation of the town, and absolutely refused to sell a single cow or sheep, thousands of which dotted the surrounding plain. Baker had to take possession of the country in the name of the Khedive, and, to provide food, he put his soldiers to work cultivating a large section of land. After a thorough plowing of the soil, he planted corn, melons and various other products, including a large variety of garden vegetables.

Things would have shaped their course properly but for the continued hostile attitude which the Baris maintained. This tribe of savages are the most unruly of any in Africa ; their occupation is war, for which they begin to prepare almost in their infancy. Their war drum, in the head chief's village, is so large that two men can scarcely carry it. This instrument, shaped like an egg with one end cut off, is placed beneath a shed near the center of the village, and is in charge of the chief ; in the

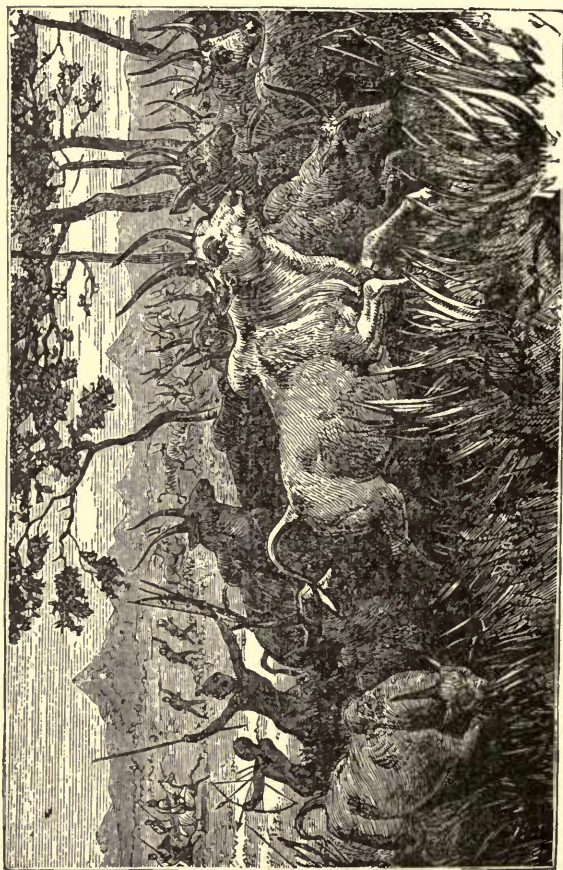
morning he beats the signal that sends the women out to milk the cows ; at another signal they drive them to pasture, etc., so that the drum signalizes nearly all their domestic—communistic—duties. But its most ominous notes, a prolonged, rapid pounding, brings every soldier quickly to his post, with their bows and poisoned arrows, and murderous-looking lances, which they can throw with deadly effect fifty yards.

AN ATTACK BY THE BARIS.

As the country had now been annexed to Egypt, Baker issued such orders as he considered necessary for its proper government, among others being one which prohibited the Baris from grazing their cattle on a certain piece of rich pasturage, which he reserved for the use of the stock belonging to the expedition. The savages paid no attention to this order, evidently thinking, and with apparent justice, that they had as much right to the country as the white man. But Baker was determined not to be outdone, so he directed his men to surround the cattle and drive them into his own kraal. This quickly brought all the chiefs to headquarters, for their cattle constituted their wealth. After a great deal of parleying they agreed, if their cattle were returned to them, that they would abandon the disputed pasturage and not interfere further. Baker consented to this arrangement, and their herds were turned loose ; but they were driven at once to the same piece of ground. This was a challenge that Baker could not endure, and he again had the cattle seized and driven into his kraal.

It was now plain to be seen that serious trouble was brewing. Every day the great drum was beaten, summoning the Bari warriors to a meeting, at which they went through their war exercises of fighting an imaginary enemy. At length, active hostilities were begun by a body of Baris attacking eighteen soldiers while the latter were engaged cutting tamarind trees for building purposes, about three miles from camp. A great many arrows were shot, happily without serious results, as the men were protected by a clump of trees and kept their assailants off by firing their guns.

On the following day, while the cattle were grazing in the beautiful park-like ground about a mile from head-quarters, some Baris, who had stealthily approached the herd by stalking from bush to bush without being observed by the sleepy guards, made



THE BARIS DRIVING OFF THE CATTLE.

a sudden rush, with loud yells, among the cattle, and succeeded in driving off ten cows, with which they swam the river without a shot being fired by the unready soldiers.

Every night after this there was an attack upon the kraal, and during one of these several of the savages were killed and others

taken prisoners. But this did not deter them, for after resting one night, they again assailed the camp with great fury and succeeded in shooting two soldiers and releasing the cattle, which immediately stampeded and scattered over the country.

Baker now determined upon an expedition against the rebels, whose largest village was about twelve miles from Gondokoro. Taking seventy men and one piece of artillery, he made a forced march at night to surprise them in the morning, but as he got in sight of the village, a watchman gave the usual shrill whistle of alarm, and immediately the big drum sounded and the village was ready for the attack. A brisk battle followed, with bows and arrows on one side and Snider rifles on the other. At first Baker's attention was directed toward forcing the stockade, but the beating of drums now heard on every side told him that the whole country was aroused and that his force would soon be surrounded. Desperate efforts were made to force an entrance through the stockade, but the briars and hard wood resisted for a long time; skirmishers were thrown out around the circle eighty yards from the stockade to keep back the legions that were rushing to the rescue, but the soldiers would have been massacred by sheer force of numbers had it not been that the stockade yielded at a fortunate moment, and all of Baker's men rushed in, while the Baris inside with equal alacrity rushed out. Protected as they now were, they could fight the battle their own way, and gained a decided victory. Not only was the victory complete, but Baker recovered the five hundred head of cattle that had been stampeded, these having all been collected within the stockade of the village attacked.

SOLDIERS EATEN BY CROCODILES.

SAVAGES were not the only enemies which they had to contend with, for the crocodiles in the neighborhood were so numerous and ferocious that they were a source of great loss and constant danger. As the natives were so much in the habit of swimming to and fro with their cattle, these wily creatures had been always accustomed to claim a toll in the shape of a cow, calf, or nigger. Two of Abou Saood's sailors were carried off on two consecutive

days. One of Baker's soldiers, while engaged with many others in the water, only hip deep, was seized by a crocodile. The man, being held by the leg below the knee, made a good fight, and thrust his fingers into the creature's eyes; his comrades at the same time assisted, and rescued him from absolute destruction; but the leg-bone was so mashed and splintered in many places that he was obliged to submit to amputation.

One of the sailors had a narrow escape. He and many others were engaged in collecting the leaves of a species of water-convolvulus that make an excellent spinach; this plant is rooted on the muddy bank, but it runs upon the surface of the water, upon which its pink blossoms are very ornamental.

The sailor was stooping from the bank to gather the floating leaves, when he was suddenly seized by the arm at the elbow-joint; his friends immediately caught him round the waist, and their united efforts prevented him from being dragged into the water. The crocodile, having tasted blood, would not quit its hold, but tugged and wrenched the arm completely off at the elbow, and went off with its prize. The unfortunate man, in excruciating agony, was brought to the camp, where it was necessary to amputate another piece slightly above the lacerated joint.

Baker indulged very much in the sport of crocodile shooting, but though he killed many, they generally managed to get into deep water and thus prevent recovery of the body. On one occasion, passing along by some lily-pods, he saw the head of a crocodile protruding from the mass of vegetation and offering a beautiful shot. A bullet was placed just under his left eye, and the ferocious beast turned over on its back apparently stone dead. Men were ordered to secure it with ropes, as the water was shallow, for it is a well known fact that so tenacious of life are these creatures that though shot through the brain they will, after lying still a while, struggle violently, and even when dead spasmodic movements of their limbs will often carry them to deep water. A long rope was brought and two men waded into the shallow water to adjust it around the creature's body, when

it began to struggle and open its dreadful jaws, which so terrified the men that they would have dropped the rope and fled, had not Baker shot it again in the shoulder, which ended its struggles. The rope was now put around the crocodile and a number of men hauled it ashore, where it was measured by Baker and proved to be twelve feet three inches long. The stomach contained about five pounds' weight of pebbles, as though it had fed upon flesh resting upon a gravel-bank, and had swallowed the pebbles that



TOWING THE CROCODILE ASHORE.

had adhered. Mixed with the pebbles was a greenish, slimy matter that appeared woolly. In the midst of these were three undeniable witnesses that convicted the crocodile of willful murder. A necklace and two armlets, such as are worn by the negro girls, were taken from the stomach! The girl had been digested.

Crocodiles are frequently seen upward of eighteen feet in length, and there can be little doubt that they sometimes exceed twenty; but a very small creature of this species may carry away a man while swimming. The crocodile does not attempt to swallow

to swallow at once ; but having carried its victim to a favorite feeding place, generally in some deep hole, it tears it limb from limb with teeth and claws, and devours it at leisure.

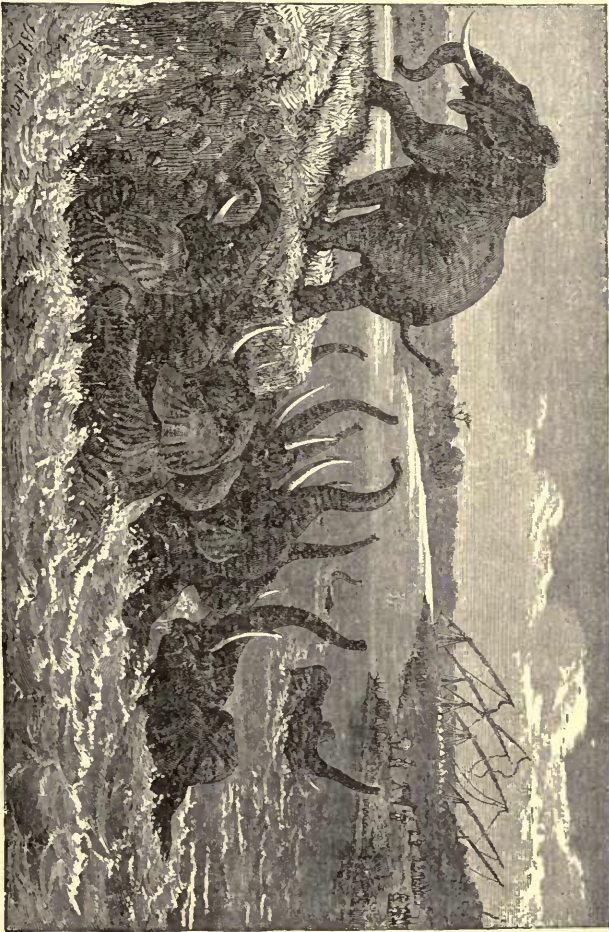
ATTACK ON A HERD OF ELEPHANTS.

IN the middle of November Lieutenant Baker started with some troops to convey corn from a distant village, but he had proceeded only a short distance when he saw a herd of eleven bull elephants approaching from the west. Riding back quickly he informed Sir Samuel Baker, who at the time was enjoying a pipe on the poop-deck of his *diahbecah*. Not being prepared for elephant-shooting, he recommended his lieutenant to return to his troops, who would be wasting their time. A half-hour afterward the elephants approached within four hundred yards of the camp, apparently unconscious of danger. Baker could not withstand the temptation, so ordering his favorite horse saddled, he seized two Holland rifles which carried a half-pound iron, lead-coated explosive shell, and started after them. Several men were ordered to gain the rear of the herd, so as to turn them should they retreat, while others flanked to drive them toward the river. The brutes at first sight took to water, and Baker dismounted to fire when they should gain the opposite bank, on an island, which was less than one hundred yards distant. When they had crossed they found an unexpected difficulty, in the precipitous bank, which they were unable to scale. But they fell to with their tusks, and began tearing down the bank to an incline ; and while thus engaged Baker secured several shots, which had no other effect, however, than to tumble one of them occasionally back into the water half-stunned. After a while so much of the bank was torn away that the elephants began to mount, showing their bodies completely out of water. Effective shooting now began, but when the second animal had been killed the ammunition gave out, and the hunt ended. The elephants were now butchered and the meat divided among the men.

From a distance the Baris watched the process, and so anxious did they finally become to share some of the spoils that several

chiefs came down and sued for peace, declaring their friendship and a desire to live in friendly relations with the Khedive's General, winding up their peaceful protestations with requests for

THE ELEPHANTS CLIMBING THE BANK.



some elephant meat, which of course was given them. So the hunt had not only supplied the men with much-needed food, but it also secured a permanent peace with the surrounding tribes of savages, who, although very warlike, loved elephant meat better

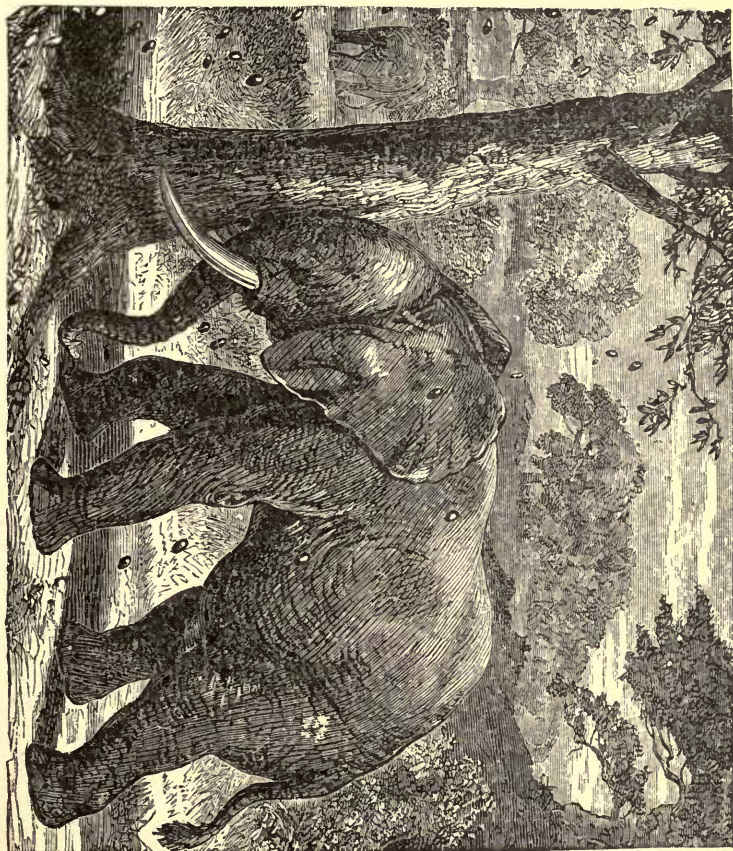
than fighting. This extraordinary craving for flesh would suggest that the Baris were devoid of cattle. On the contrary, there were countless herds throughout the country; but the natives have a great objection to killing them, and merely keep the cows for their milk, and the bullocks to bleed. The cows are also bled periodically, and the blood is boiled and eaten, much in the same manner that black pudding is used throughout Europe. A herd of cattle will thus provide animal food without the necessity of slaughtering.

The great traveler, Bruce, was discredited for having described a fact of which he was an eye-witness. This was the vivisection of a cow driven by natives, who cut a steak out of her hind-quarters. Baker had purchased a bull with a very large hump. This animal was very handsome, and was kept for stock. He observed that the skin of the hump showed a long jagged scar from end to end, and the natives assured him that the bull had frequently been operated upon. It had been the property of one of the slave-hunters' parties, and they had been in the habit of removing the hump as a surgeon would a tumor. This is the most delicate portion of the meat, and it would always be replaced by a similar growth after each operation.

WONDERFUL STRENGTH OF THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS were plenty in the vicinity of Gondokoro, and very bold, as the Bari people never hunt them, trusting entirely to pitfalls. Two large bull elephants actually had the effrontery to invade the camp one night, gaining access through the gate where a sleeping sentinel lay unconscious of all surroundings. An alarm was soon sounded, and the troops called out to meet the brutes; such firing was never before heard except in battle; so excited were the men that they fired hap-hazard, in every direction, with infinitely more danger to themselves than to the elephants, which, after nearly an hour's firing, escaped, very little the worse for their adventure. Baker relates the following incident, illustrative of the great strength of an elephant: "I once had an opportunity of witnessing an elephant's strength exerted in his search for a certain small fruit of which they are very fond.

I was in the Shir country; and one evening, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, I strolled into the forest about half a mile from our vessels, to watch for water-buck in a small glade where I had shot one on the previous evening. We had not long been concealed when I heard a peculiar noise in the thick forest that



THE ELEPHANT SHAKING DOWN FRUIT.

denoted the approach of elephants. We at once retreated to some rising ground about one hundred and fifty paces distant, as our small rifles would have been useless against such heavy game. In a short time several elephants appeared from various portions

of the covert, and one of extraordinary size moved slowly toward us until he halted beneath a tall, spreading heglík. This tree must have been nearly three feet in diameter, and was about thirty feet high from the ground to the first branch; it was therefore impossible for the elephant to gather the coveted fruit. To root up such a tree would have been out of the question, and I should not have thought that the power of any animal could have affected it. The elephant paused for a short time, as though considering; he then butted his forehead suddenly against the trunk. I could not have believed the effect; this large tree, which was equal in appearance to the average size of park timber, quivered in every branch to such a degree, that had a person taken refuge in it, and thought himself secure in the top, he would have found it difficult to hold on."

ON THE MARCH.

BAKER's original intention had been to establish a line of fortified posts, not more than three days' march apart, between Gondokoro and Albert Lake, but his force of twelve hundred men was now reduced to five hundred. Of this number three hundred were left to guard the base of supplies at Gondokoro, so that he was left with only two hundred men to make the advance south; nevertheless, with this small force he started, January 23, 1872, for the Albert Lake. The boats were loaded with necessary supplies, and the voyage up the river commenced. On the fourth day out they reached the first cataract, where a chief named Bedden had promised two thousand carriers to convey the boats—which were made in sections—and luggage to Lobore. But the old scoundrel disregarded his promise, and insolently told Baker that his people had quit being slaves for the Turks and certainly would not enter the service of Christians. Traveling in Africa is always attended with the most provoking obstacles; Baker had learned this from a bitter experience, and was therefore not discouraged, though greatly angered, at Bedden's deceit and treachery. He determined to establish a station here, and leave a strong guard to protect it and the boats, and then push on southward with a picked force of one hundred men.

A WONDERFUL RAIN-MAKER.

THE greatest difficulty was in securing reliable guides, without whom they could not move; but when Baker's arrangements were about completed he had the good fortune to obtain an excellent guide in the person of an old rain-maker. A tall old man of about seventy, or perhaps eighty years, had paid them a visit. From his appearance, and the numerous spells hung about his person, they knew that he was a rain-maker. His face was smeared with wood-ashes, and there was a good deal of the ideal demon in his personal exterior. Baker gave him a blue shirt and a glass of Marsala wine, thus appealing at once to his exterior and interior. It is always advisable to make friends of the rain-makers, as they are regarded by the natives as priests, and are considered with a certain respect. He was therefore given another glass of wine: or, to be correct, he drank it from a tin that had contained preserved provisions. This caused him to blink his eyes and smack his lips, and he grinned a ghastly smile of admiration. His wood-ash-smeared features relaxed into an expression that denoted "more wine." That unfailing key, liquor, had established a confidential flow of conversation. The old fellow explained that he knew the entire country, and he had no objection to accompany the expedition to Lobore for a small consideration in the shape of a cow. He assured the people that if he were with them the natives would be civil throughout the journey. Baker asked him whether he would keep the rain away during the trip, as it would be very unpleasant should the soldiers' kits get wet. He immediately blew his rain-whistle that was suspended to his neck, and looked as though no one could longer doubt his capability. Baker then sent for a German horn from his cabin; this was a polished cow's horn, fitted with brass, which had cost a shilling: and begged the old rain-maker's acceptance of this instrument, which might be perhaps superior to his whistle.

The wine had so far warmed his blood that the ancient sorcerer was just in that state of good-will with all mankind which made him doubly grateful for so interesting a present. He blew the horn again and again. He grinned till the tears ran

down his cheeks, and at once suspended the glittering toy around his neck. "Now," he said, "I am a great sheik; there is no rain-maker so great as I; you will travel with me, and this horn shall keep you dry. Don't trouble yourself about the Baris: they won't molest you; but start as soon as you can."

The old fellow's name was Lokko, and on February 8th, the expedition started, the rain-maker leading the way, and waving a couple of thin, peeled sticks at a refractory black cloud that appeared determined to defy his rain-ruling powers. A few loud blasts upon the new horn, and a good deal of pantomime and gesticulation on the part of old Lokko, at length had the desired effect; the cloud went off about its business; and Lokko, having given his face an extra rub of fresh wood-ashes before starting, looked ugly enough to frighten any rain-devil out of his wits.

A DANGEROUS LUMP OF IRON.

OLD Lokko proved to be an excellent guide, and greatly benefited the expedition by securing the friendship of the people of the various villages they passed through, all of whom seemed to know and respect him. At one of the villages the natives brought a great curiosity, which they had purchased from the Baris of Belinian. This was no less than a shell of eight-and-a-quarter pounds that had been fired at the Baris by the cannon, but the fuse had not ignited. It had been sold to its present owners as a piece of iron. Baker inquired the use of such a lump of metal to them. "Oh!" they replied, "we are going to hammer it into molotes" (hoes). He explained that it was a loaded shell, that would explode and blow the blacksmith and his people to pieces if it were placed in the fire. They went away with their shell, evidently doubting the explanation.

The soldiers were heavily loaded with their accoutrements and necessary luggage, but upon arriving at Lobore five hundred porters were engaged, which gave new spirit to the tired and discouraged men.

IN A NEST OF SLAVE HUNTERS.

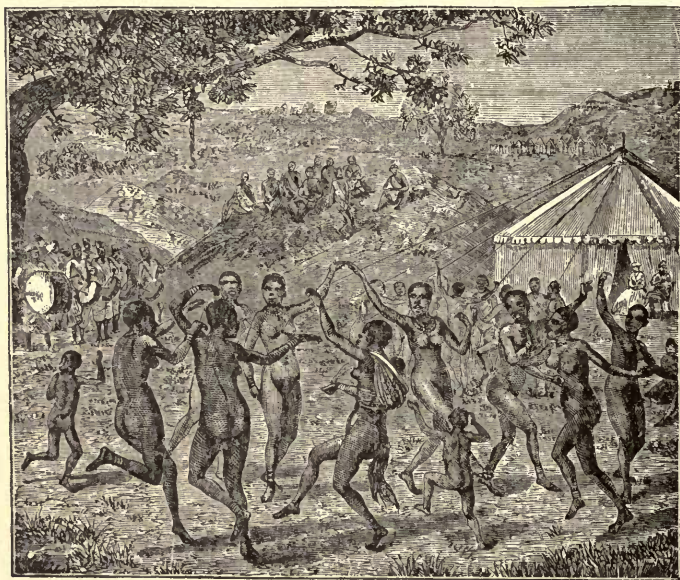
AFTER a day's rest, the expedition moved on again through a lovely country in which buffaloes and antelopes abounded, many

of which Baker shot, so that he kept his men supplied with meat without having to kill any of the cows or sheep which he had with him. Eighty-five miles from Lobore, and one hundred and sixty-five miles from Gondokoro, lay Fatiko, which was Abou Saood's headquarters for the slave trade of Central Africa. This place was reached before any knowledge of Baker's coming had been received by the old slaver, therefore he was wholly unprepared for his visitor. Baker saw active preparations going on for secreting the slaves, but it was too late. Abou Saood came out and greeted him in a most cordial manner, professing great delight at the visit. Baker, of course, knew what this hypocrisy meant, but he received the advances with a similar manifestation of friendship. At the same time, however, he desired to show the slave hunter that he had a fairly well disciplined force, able to enforce such orders as might be necessary for the abolition of the nefarious trade which thrived at Fatiko. To do this, he had his soldiers go through certain military evolutions, scale the hill and give a sham battle. To add effect to the display, the band played several lively airs, which brought thousands of delighted natives to the scene. The band was composed of buglers, aided by cymbals, a bass drum and several small drums. This would not be regarded as a very deliciously symphonious aggregation in a civilized country, but it was irresistible to the Africans. The natives are passionately fond of music; and the safest way to travel in those wild countries would be to play the cornet, if possible, without ceasing, which would insure a safe passage. A London organ-grinder would march through Central Africa followed by an admiring and enthusiastic crowd, who, if his tunes were lively, would form a dancing escort of the most untiring material.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS, ETC.

As the troops returned to their quarters, with the band playing rather lively airs, women were observed racing down from their villages, and gathering from all directions toward the common centre. As they approached nearer, the charms of music were overpowering, and, halting for an instant, they

assumed what they considered the most graceful attitudes, and then danced up to the band. In a short time the buglers could hardly blow their instruments for laughing at the extraordinary effect of their performance. A fantastic crowd surrounded them, and every minute added to their number. The women were entirely naked; thus the effect of a female crowd, bounding madly about as musical enthusiasts, was very extraordinary. Even the babies were brought out to dance: and these infants



MUSIC-CHARMED SAVAGES.

strapped to their mothers' backs, and covered with pumpkin shells, like young tortoises, were jolted about without the slightest consideration for the weakness of their necks by their infatuated mothers. As usual, among all tribes in Central Africa, the old women were even more determined dancers than the young girls. Several old Venuses were making themselves extremely ridiculous, as they sometimes do in civilized countries when attempting the allurements of younger days.

The men did not share in the dance, but squatted upon the rocks in great numbers to admire the music, and to witness the efforts of their wives and daughters. The men of Shooli and Fatiko are among the best proportioned in Africa; without the extreme height of the Shillooks or Dinkas, they are muscular and well knit, and generally their faces are handsome.

ESTABLISHING A GOVERNMENT.

INQUIRY developed the fact that the country had been almost ruined by Abou Saood, who had, generally by various alliances, despoiled the people of their cattle and ivory and made slaves of nearly one-half the population. He had heard of Baker at Gondokoro, and knew the purposes of the expedition, but he had no doubt that by inciting the Baris to resist his advance and fight him constantly, he would be forced to renounce his intentions and return to Gondokoro. But the old rascal had miscalculated. The chiefs quickly tendered their allegiance to Baker, who was thus enabled to establish a strong government under the Khedive and enforce a suspension, at least, of the slave trade.

At Fatiko he met with several messengers from Unyoro and Uganda, from whom he heard that Kamrasi had been dead more than two years, and was succeeded by his son, Kabba Rega, a man of less cupidity and of very much more intelligence, who was anxious to establish legitimate trade between his people and the whites. Other reports were to the effect that Mtesa, king of Uganda, had vastly improved through communication with the traders at Zanzibar. He had become a Mohammedan, and had built a mosque. Even his vizier said his daily prayers like a good Mussulman, and Mtesa no longer murdered his wives. If he cut the throat of either man or beast, it was now done in the name of God, and the king had become quite civilized, according to the report of the Arab envoys. He kept clerks who could correspond by letters in Arabic, and he had a regiment armed with a thousand guns, in addition to the numerous forces at his command.

ENROUTE FOR UNYORO.

ABOU SAOOD's power was completely broken, his slaves released, and his actions reported to the Khedive. All the

neighboring chiefs made bitter complaint against the slave traders, and begged the protection which Baker had now afforded. Feeling secure in the steps taken to establish good government at Fatiko, he placed a small garrison in the village and departed for Unyoro, which lay one hundred and sixty miles to the south. Enough porters were engaged to insure a rapid conveyance of the luggage, if none deserted, which was always a probability. It was in the latter part of March when the expedition left Fatiko, when spring was being ushered in and all the world seemed bursting with gladness. The country was one of extraordinary beauty and large game could be seen in all directions. Antelopes were especially numerous, so that each day was spent by Baker in glorious sport, yielding fresh meat continually for all the men. But as the cavalcade reached the Unyoro country they found a remarkable change; spring had invested the earth with beautiful verdure, and nature seemed glad, but here were the landmarks of war and desolation, burned and deserted villages, fallow fields and poverty. When Kamrasi died, he left a disputed inheritance to his two sons, Kabba Mero and Kabba Rega, who at once began a bitter struggle for the succession. Rionga, Kamrasi's brother and most bitter enemy, was still alive and as active as ever in fighting the Unyoros. Abou Saood had in the meantime espoused the cause of each in turn, as it suited his purposes best, and plundered them all. There had been incessant fighting for more than a year, during which time nearly everything in the country was destroyed, and many of the people were starving while murder and pillage ran riot. But the famished condition of the country was not without benefit to Baker, as it enabled him to enlist a number of the natives as irregular soldiers and to form posts that would open communication with Fatiko.

A VISIT FROM KABBA REGA.

HE halted within a short distance of Kabba Rega's palace, and sent messengers ahead to communicate with the king; but after waiting in vain several days for an invitation to enter his capital, Masindi, Baker broke camp and after a journey of seventeen miles through the forest, came upon the village, which is situated

on high, undulating land, bounded on the west by a range of mountains bordering the Albert N'yanza, which is not more than fifty miles distant. He called on the king directly after his arrival, and found him sitting on a divan within a large and

KABBA REGA COMES IN STATE.



neatly constructed hut. He was well clad in beautifully made bark-cloth, striped with black; his person was also very neat, and his age not more than twenty years. Baker explained to him that his mission was to take possession of the country, which

would thus be annexed to Egypt, and to not only free all the slaves he could find, but also to break up the slave trade and give peace and prosperity to the country. To all these reforms Kabba Rega gave his assent and promised such aid as he could command.

On the next day the king arranged to return the visit, and in order to give the royal savage an impressive reception, the troops, in bright uniforms, were arranged in line on either side of the path by which the king would arrive. The sight of so many soldiers, armed with guns and bayonets, so alarmed his majesty, however, that he remained in his palace and sent excuses. Annoyed by the delay, Baker ordered the trumpets sounded, which so frightened the king and his courtiers that they construed it into an immediate summons.

In a few minutes a great din of horns, drums and whistles announced his approach, and he was observed walking down the road with an extraordinary gait. He was taking enormous strides, as though caricaturing the walk of a giraffe. This was supposed to be an imitation of Mtesa, the king of Uganda, who, in his younger days, attempted to walk like a lion.

Kabba Rega thus stalked along, followed by his great chiefs, Kittakara, Matonse, Rahonka, Quonga, and a number of others. Upon arrival opposite the band, the bugles and drums suddenly commenced with such a clash of cymbals that he seemed rather startled, and entered the tent in the most undignified manner, with an air of extreme shyness, half-concealed by audacity. He was trembling with nervous anxiety, and with some hesitation took his seat upon the divan that had been prepared for him. His principal chiefs sat upon skins and carpets arranged upon the ground.

A crowd of about two thousand people had accompanied him, making a terrific noise with whistles, horns and drums. These were now silenced, and the troops formed a guard around the tent to keep the mob at a respectful distance. Every now and then several men of Kabba Rega's body-guard rushed into the crowd and laid about them with bludgeons five feet long, hitting to the right and left. This always chased the crowd away for a

few minutes, until, by degrees, they resumed their position. Everybody was dressed up for a grand occasion, mostly in new clothes of bark-cloth, and many were in skins of wild animals, with their heads fantastically ornamented with the horns of goats or antelopes. The sorcerers were an important element. These rascals, who are the curse of the country, were, as usual, in a curious masquerade, with fictitious beards, manufactured out of a number of bushy cow-tails.

Kabba Rega was about five feet ten inches in height, and of extremely light complexion. His eyes were very large, but projected in a disagreeable manner. A broad but low forehead and high cheek bones, added to a large mouth, with rather prominent but exceedingly white teeth, complete the description of his face. His hands were beautifully shaped, and his finger-nails were carefully pared and scrupulously clean. The nails of his toes were equally well attended to. He wore sandals of raw buffalo-hide, but neatly formed, and turned up round the edges.

SUSPICIOUS.

THE young king did not appear comfortable, but he was bold enough to ask Baker's assistance in expelling Rionga. Baker tried to turn the conversation, and offered him a handsome Turkish pipe, trimmed with blue silk and gold; but the king said he did not smoke for fear it would make his teeth black. Coffee and sherbet were then handed him, but he declined both, and insisted upon two of his chiefs drinking the whole, and during the operation he watched them attentively, as though in expectation of some evil effect.

The young king renewed his solicitation for assistance to capture or kill Rionga, declaring that no improvement in the country could take place until the rebel was exterminated; but with equal persistence Baker refused to consider the proposition, and in order to change the unpleasant subject again, he ordered in a metal box that was filled with an assortment of presents, including a watch. The new toy was ticking loudly, and it was, of course, handed round and held to the ear of each chief.

Kabba Rega said he knew Baker was a great friend of his

father, Kamrasi, but it must not be forgotten that though his father was dead the son was still living ; therefore all the presents intended for Kamrasi might be handed over to himself.

A large musical box, with drums and bells, was then exhibited. This was one of the best instruments of its kind, and it played a remarkably good selection of airs, which quite charmed the audience. Among the presents given to Kabba Rega was a small musical snuff-box. This was now wound up and exhibited, but the greedy young fellow at once asked, "Why don't you give me the large box?"

Baker gave the royal beggar many presents, and then tried to explain the importance to him of opening up the country to legitimate commerce, but to all his arguments Kabba Rega replied : "You were my father's friend and brother : your wife was the same. You drove back the slave-hunters under Mohamed by hoisting your flag. Since you left us, the slave-hunters have returned and ruined the country. My father is dead, but Rionga is still alive. Now you are my father, and your wife is my mother : will you allow your son's enemy to live?"

It was quite useless to argue with this hardened young barbarian, who had not an idea of mercy in his disposition. As he had murdered his own relatives by the foulest treachery, so he would of course destroy any person who stood in his way.

AN EXHIBITION OF BUFFOONS.

ONCE more it was necessary to change the conversation. A number of buffoons that were kept about the court for the amusement of the young king now came forward. The crowd was driven back, and an open space having been thus cleared, they performed a curious theatrical scene, followed by a general fight with clubs, until one man, having knocked down all the party, remained the victor. The scene terminated with an act of disgusting indecency, which created roars of laughter from the immense crowd, who evidently considered this was the great joke of the piece.

Kabba Rega now took leave, and retired as he had come, with drums, whistles, horns, and flageolets, making a horrid din.

TORTURES INFLICTED BY SLAVE-HUNTERS.

AFTER the departure of the king, Baker engaged several of the chiefs in conversation, that he might learn more of the practices of the slave-hunters, and general difficulties with which the Government had to contend. Several of these assured him that Abou Saood's people had been in the habit of torturing people to extract from them the secret of the spot in which their corn was concealed. Throughout Unyoro there were no granaries exposed, as the country had been ravaged by civil war; thus all corn was buried in deep holes specially arranged for that purpose. When the slave-hunters sought for corn, they were in the habit of catching the villagers and holding them down on the mouth of a large earthen water-jar filled with glowing embers until they were nearly roasted. If this torture did not extract the secret, they generally cut the sufferer's throat to terrify his companions, who would then divulge the position of the hidden stores to avoid a similar fate. It is difficult to conceive the brutality of these brigands, who, thus relieved from the fear of a government, exhibit their unbridled passions by every horrible crime.

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

AMONG other singular things, the chiefs gave Baker a graphic account of the royal funeral that had taken place when Kamrasi was interred.

When a king of Unyoro dies, the body is exposed upon a frame-work of green wood, like a gigantic gridiron, over a slow fire. It is thus gradually dried, until it resembles an over-roasted hare. Thus mummified, it is wrapped in new bark-cloth, and the body lies in state within a large house built specially for its reception. The sons fight for the throne. The civil war may last for years, but during this period of anarchy the late king's body lies still unburied. At length, when victory has decided in favor of one of his sons, the conqueror visits the hut in which his father's body lies in state. He approaches the corpse, and standing by its side sticks the but-end of his spear in the ground, and leaves it thus fixed near the right hand of the dead king. This is symbolical of victory.

The son now ascends the throne, and the funeral of his father must be his first duty. An immense pit or trench is dug, capable of containing several hundred people. This pit is neatly lined with new bark-cloths. Several wives of the late king are seated together at the bottom, to bear upon their knees the body of their departed lord. The night previous to the funeral, the king's own regiment, or body-guard, surround many dwellings or villages, and seize the people indiscriminately as they issue from their doors in the early morning. These captives are brought to the pit's mouth. Their legs and arms are broken with clubs, and they are pushed into the pit on the top of the king's body and his wives. An immense din of drums, horns, flageolets, and whistles, mingled with the yells of a frantic crowd, drown the shrieks of the sufferers, upon whom the earth is shoveled and stamped down by thousands of cruel fanatics, who dance and jump upon the loose mould so as to force it into a compact mass, through which the victims of this horrid sacrifice cannot grope their way, the precaution having been taken to break the bones of their arms and legs. At length the mangled mass is buried and trodden down beneath a tumulus of earth, and all is still.

When the funeral rites of Kamrasi were over, Kabba Rega ascended the throne, and succeeded to all his father's wives, with the exception of his own mother. This is the invariable custom in Unyoro. The throne is composed partly of copper and of wood. It is an exceedingly small and ancient piece of furniture, that has been handed down for many generations, and is considered to be a cojoor, or talisman. There is also an ancient drum, which is regarded with reverence, as something uncanny; and the two articles are always jealously guarded by special soldiers, and are seldom used. Should the throne be lost or stolen, the authority of the king would disappear, together with the talisman, and disorder would reign throughout the country until the precious object should be restored.

CHAPTER XV.

TRAFFIC IN SLAVES.

BAKER at least partially secured the confidence of Kabba Rega, and was resolved to begin his reforms by ordering the immediate release of all slaves held at Fatiko, Fabbo, Faloro, and Farragenia, supposed to number about one thousand women and children. At the same time that Kabba Rega and his people were eager for the restoration of the numerous women and children that had been stolen from Unyoro, they were themselves great slave-dealers.

In Unyoro there was an established value for healthy young girls. Such a person could be bought for one first-class elephant tusk or a new shirt.

In the country of Uganda, where the natives are exceedingly clever as tailors and furriers, needles are in great demand. A handsome girl could be purchased for thirteen English needles! Thus for slave-traders there existed an excellent opening for a profitable business. A girl might be bought for thirteen needles or a new shirt in Uganda, to be exchanged in Unyoro for an elephant's tusk that would bring \$100 or \$150 in England, and the poor slave never leave Central Africa, nor the dealer in ivory be aware that he was encouraging the slave-trade.

Abou Saood's brigands had been far too lawless even for this innocent traffic, and in default of the merchandise necessary for such profitable exchanges, they had found it more convenient to kidnap the young girls, which saved much trouble in bargaining for needles and shirts.

Girls are always purchased, if required as wives. It would be quite impossible to obtain a wife for love from any tribe. "Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them." A large family of girls is a source of wealth to the father, as he sells each daughter for twelve or fifteen cows to her suitor. Every girl is certain to marry; thus a dozen daughters will bring a fortune of at least one hundred and fifty cows to their parents in all

pastoral countries. In Unyoro cattle are scarce, and they belong to the king; therefore the girls are purchased for various commodities—such as brass-coil bracelets, bark-cloths, cotton shirts, ivory, etc.

A LOVING FATHER.

SLAVERY seems to be a natural institution of Africa. It is found almost everywhere in that miserable country. Baker relates that, while detained at Gondokoro, he had a conversation with an intelligent chief of one of the Bari tribes on the subject of the great curse, and the old chief seemed deeply moved as he depicted its horrors and expressed his determination to suppress the traffic in human beings. Many of the chief's women and children had been carried off by a neighboring tribe, and in the most interesting portion of the interview he suddenly proposed, with a burst of enthusiasm, that Baker should join him with his men, and capture all the women and children that belonged to his enemies! He regarded slavery as wrong only when it affected himself.

Baker continued the conversation, and the good old man was evidently touched at the allusion to the forcible separation of children from their parents.

“Have you a son?” he asked.

“My sons are, unfortunately, dead,” replied Baker.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the chief. “I have a son—an only son. He is a nice boy—a very good boy; about so high (showing his length upon the handle of his spear). I should like you to see my boy—he is very thin now: but if he should remain with you he would soon get fat. He’s a really nice boy, and *always hungry*. You’ll be so fond of him; he’ll eat from morning till night, and still he’ll be hungry. You’ll like him amazingly; he’ll give you no trouble if you only give him plenty to eat. He’ll lie down and go to sleep, and he’ll wake up hungry again. He’s a good boy, indeed; and he’s my only son. *I’ll sell him to you for a molote*” (native iron spade).

Baker was disgusted with the result of his sermon on the evils of slavery. This obtuse old barbarian, after listening with much

apparent emotion to the enumeration of the horrors of the system, had deliberately offered him his son—his only son:—in exchange for a spade!—and Baker adds that this young nigger knave of spades was warranted to remain *always hungry!*

A WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

BAKER had tried every argument possible to convince Kabba Rega that nothing would bring peace and prosperity to his country so quickly as commercial intercourse with Arabian merchants, who had many beautiful and excellent things to exchange for ivory. But argument was never very effective with negroes, even in a state of civilization, and much less among savages. Therefore, to convince the king, resort had to be made to something that would excite his admiration. This Baker accomplished by carefully arranging to show, with all possible advantage, all the various articles he had brought with him for the purpose of introducing legitimate barter, such as tin plates, crockery, looking-glasses, knives, Indian scarfs, handkerchiefs, blankets of bright colors, clocks, tin whistles, and an immense assortment of toys, all of which delighted the king amazingly, and he immediately wanted the entire stock. Among other things was a magnetic battery which was explained to him. The king at once ordered all his chiefs to submit to a shock, at the same time telling Baker to give it to them strong, and as the savages writhed under the powerful current he fairly roared with laughter. But nothing could induce him to receive a shock himself.

He now requested permission to see the private apartments of Baker and his wife, and he and four of his chiefs and the interpreter were admitted. The first exclamation upon entering the room was one of surprise, “Wah! Wah!”—and Kabba Rega and his chiefs covered their mouths with one hand, according to their custom when expressing astonishment.

The large looking-glasses were miracles. Kabba Rega discovered a great number of Kabba Regas in the endless reflections of the two opposite mirrors. This was a great wonder and attracted particular attention. It was then discovered that every person was multiplied in a similiar manner. This was of course “cojoor”

(magic). It was difficult to draw them away from the looking-glass, but at length the pictures were examined. The Queen was exhibited and explained, her subjects being described as numerous as the white ants in Unyoro. One of the pictures was a three-quarter face, and they immediately asked why the lady had only one ear. The same question of unity was asked respecting the leg of a man on horseback—why he had only one leg.

Kabba Rega now asked why the women in various portraits all looked at him; wherever he moved their eyes followed him. His chiefs discovered that the faces in the pictures were also looking at them; and the eyes followed them, whether they moved to the right or left! This was "cojoor," which at first made them feel uncomfortable. One of Mrs. Baker's female servants would not remain by herself in this room, for fear of "the eyes that stared at her."

The musical box played various delightful airs, and Kabba Rega remarked that it would be more convenient than an instrument which required the study of learning, as "you might set this going at night to play you to sleep, when you were too drunk to play an instrument yourself, even if you knew how to do it." This was his idea of happiness, to go to sleep drunk, assisted by the strains of self-playing melody.

Mrs. Baker's trinkets were begged for, but it was explained that such things were private property belonging to the Sit (lady). "The Sit! the Sit! the Sit!" the young cub peevishly exclaimed; "everything that is worth having seems to belong to the Sit!"

KABBA REGA'S SATANIC ESCORT.

EVERYWHERE the king went he was escorted by his bodyguards, called "Bonosoora," who looked and acted more like incarnate devils than human beings. They were the same as the "satanic guard" furnished by Kamrasi to Baker on his first trip, to guard him from Unyoro to Lake Albert, described on page 189 of this book. The natives were in the habit of collecting in large crowds around the camp, where they stood in open-mouthed wonder watching all the proceedings. Now and then great ex-

citement would be produced by a rush of the "bonosoora" among the crowd, whom they belabored and chased, generally possessing themselves of the best garments of those who were captured, with which they returned to their quarters as lawful prizes. This daring system of thieving was regarded as great fun

KABBA REGA'S "BONOSOORA."



by all those members of the crowd who had escaped; and the unfortunates who had been reduced to nudity by the loss of their garments were jeered and ridiculed by the mob with true Unyoro want of charity. These bonosoora were an extraordinary collection of scoundrels.

The exact number that formed Kabba Rega's celebrated regiment of blackguards could not be learned, but there were evidently above one thousand men who constantly surrounded him, and gained their living by pillaging others.

Any slave who ran away from his master might find an asylum if he volunteered to enlist in the bonosoora. Every man who had committed some crime, or who could not pay his debts, could find a refuge by devoting himself to the personal care of the young king, and enrolling within the ranks of the royal guards. The general character of these ruffians may be easily imagined. They lounged away their time, and simply relieved the monotony of their existence by robbing passers-by of anything that attracted their cupidity. Hardly a night passed without some person being murdered by these people, who would always kill a man after dark unless he yielded up his property without resistance. The great number of vultures that continually hovered over the country were dreadful proofs of the hidden horrors that lay in the tall grass. On several occasions bodies were found lying in the high grass, neatly picked to the bone, which had only recently died.

TREACHERY AND A GREAT BATTLE.

KABBA REGA was even more whimsical and treacherous in his nature than his capricious father, Kamrasi, had been, contrary to the reports which had been received at Fatiko giving him a generous and just character. The promises made by Baker, to bestow all the rich presents he had brought upon the young king, if he should conduct himself properly, did not aid materially in establishing a friendly or confidential feeling. Kabba Rega continued mistrustful, and at times positively threatening, not unfrequently disobeying Baker's orders, and at other times encouraging the natives to steal from the soldiers. His treacherous acts led Baker to pay more regard to the security of his position, and a fort was built which afforded some protection against the hordes of savages who might, at any time, attack him. At length the supply of food began to fail, although Kabba Rega had faithfully promised to provide liberally for the soldiers. Baker was

compelled to complain to the king of his remissness, whereupon he expressed great regret that the supply of corn was very small just then, but promised that a great quantity should be delivered the next day, together with such other provisions as might be needed. With many assurances of regard he begged Baker to accept five jars of plantain cider for the soldiers, and at the same time again expressed his sorrow that he could not at once send them several loads of corn. Baker had the cider conveyed to the camp, and soon after the soldiers were regaling themselves with the pleasant beverage. In less than half an hour fully one-half of the entire garrison was down, some writhing in agony and others wholly unconscious. Baker at once knew that the soldiers had been poisoned by drinking the cider, and with all possible haste he opened his medicine-chest and commenced dosing the patients with a decoction of mustard, salt and water, and following this with a dessert spoonful of water containing three grains of tartar emetic. While thus employed the sentries were doubled in anticipation of an attack, for it was to be expected that the poisoning would be followed by some other hostile act. However, there was no attack then, and by night the men were all recovered.

Baker sent his most faithful adjutant to Motonse, Kabba Rega's chief minister, to ask for some explanation of the king's act, but the result was most deplorable, for the adjutant was treacherously murdered, as was also a soldier who was sent to accompany him. This was the signal for a general attack. Sharpshooters had been stationed in the grass by Kabba Rega to shoot Baker, but though they fired at him several times before he could reach the fort, none of the shots struck him, though his body servant was killed.

The soldiers quickly formed in line at the bugle call, and sallied out of the fort at double-quick. Fire was applied to the grass, while rockets were shot into the thatch-covered houses of the natives, and soon the entire town was enveloped in flames. Many of the natives had guns, but they were ineffective in their hands, while Baker's trained riflemen mowed down the treacherous

savages by scores. Fighting continued until nearly midnight, when the natives retreated, leaving Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, in smoking ruins.

The treacherous Kabba Rega had made good his escape, but he sent back messengers declaring that the cider had been poisoned by his minister without his knowledge, and begging for the restoration of friendly relations. So persistently did the king declare his innocence that, half-trusting him, Baker sent the large music-box by two men as a present, but the men were foully massacred, and following this base treachery several attempts were made to fire the houses in the camp.

CUTTING THEIR WAY THROUGH.

BAKER saw that if they remained at the fort they must certainly starve, for though they could resist all the negroes in Africa should they attack them in their fortified position, yet provisions could only be obtained by foraging, which would be exceedingly dangerous, if not impossible, by reason of the overpowering numbers of the savages. Therefore, to secure relief, he resolved upon forming an alliance with Rionga, who was eighty miles to the south, and to do this it would be necessary to break camp and march through a line of hostile savages who would contest every mile of the road. It was now the rainy season, and the grass was eight feet high in many places, affording excellent means for ambush, and diminishing very much the superiority of guns over spears. The retreat was begun by firing the fort and buildings, everything being first prepared for as swift marching as possible. Every man had his instructions how to act in case of attack, and was impressed with the necessity of maintaining a solid line, which must, under no circumstances, be suffered to be broken by the enemy. There were one hundred soldiers and about seventy carriers—not a large force, but their armament was splendid, having generally Spencer rifles, revolvers and swords. Their movement was retarded, however, by the fact that they had to drive seventy-five cows before them, for food, and each man had to carry a load of nearly fifty pounds in addition to his arms.

On the first night's march little trouble was experienced, only a few lances being thrown, as the retreat was begun so unexpectedly to the natives that scarcely any of them knew it until the next morning. Then, however, as Baker anticipated, thousands

FIGHT WITH THE NATIVES.



of savages were on his trail, and they soon surrounded him. The grass hid them from view, and lances began flying as if discharged from the ground. The guide was the first to fall, a lance striking in a fleshy portion of his arm and passing through his body protruded on the opposite side. The savage who threw it

rushed toward his victim to recover the weapon, but the wounded man still had strength left to draw a revolver and kill his assailant. The enemy was dispersed by a raking fire, but less than a mile beyond, when descending a hill in close order, an uproar broke out suddenly as if all the demons of hell had resolved upon a fight. Yells, screams, drums, horns, whistles, from many thousands of concealed savages for an instant startled the troops. Says Baker: "A tremendous rush in the grass gave notice of a general attack from an immensely powerful ambushade. The officers did their duty. Every load was upon the ground, and in a moment alternate files were facing to the right and left, kneeling just as the lances began to fly across the path. The bugles rang out 'fire,' and the fight commenced on our side. I saw several lances pass within an inch or two of my wife's head; luckily we were kneeling on one knee. The file-firing was extremely good, and the Sniders rattled without intermission. The grass was so dense that simple buck-shot would be reduced to a very limited range, although excellent at close quarters. The servants quickly handed the elephant breech-loaders, and a double shot to the right and left was followed by the loud explosion of the picate of potash shells against some unseen object, either men or trees. A quick repetition of the picate shells seemed to affect the spirit of the attack. I imagine that the extremely loud explosion of the shells in the midst, and perhaps also in the rear of the enemy, led them to suppose that they were attacked from behind."

It is difficult to say how long the attack continued, but a vast amount of ammunition was expended before the lances ceased to fly through the line, and the drums and horns were at length heard at a greater distance in the rear. The bugle at once sounded the "advance," and the men marched forward, crossing the stream at the bottom, and gained the open, where they found themselves in a kind of swampy field of about ten acres. "Ha!" exclaimed many of the soldiers, "if we could only get them on a clear space like this."

The rear-guard had been hotly pressed, and the natives had

rushed upon the path close to the Sniders, which had punished them severely. Had the soldiers depended upon muzzle-loading muskets, they must have been quickly destroyed; the sharp fire of the Sniders at close quarters must have caused immense loss at the first onset.

The enemy was again dispersed, but it was necessary to sacrifice nearly all the luggage to allow the men freer movement; accordingly everything, except ammunition, was piled together, including even several bottles of cognac, and burned. Again the troops moved forward, but at every hill they were met by an ambush that had to be cleared, so that progress was wretchedly slow. At a stream, which was reached shortly before noon, the troops were attacked by a very strong force in ambuscade. Some of the enemy exposed themselves boldly, and rushed upon the soldiers just in front of the rear-guard. Several were shot by the Sniders; but one fellow, with unusual pluck, speared a soldier, whose musket had missed fire, through the chest. This poor fellow, thus mortally wounded, grappled with his assailant, and tugging the spear from his own wound, he drove it through the native's heart. The rear bugle sounded "halt," while the knapsack and cartouche-belt were detached from the gallant soldier, whose body was left by the side of his enemy.

Again the savages were dispersed, and for half an hour there was no further trouble, but just as the party gained a broad road, that must have been recently prepared, a thousand or more natives fell upon them again. A horse-keeper was wounded by a spear, which passed through his leg behind the knee, and cut the sinew, thus rendering him helpless. He was immediately placed upon a donkey. The unfortunate lad who led the horse a few paces before Baker now uttered a wild shriek, as a spear passed completely through his body. The poor boy crept to his commander on his hands and knees, and asked, "Shall I creep into the grass, Pasha?—where shall I go!" He had not another minute to live. A spear struck another horse-keeper on the hip, and the soft iron point turned up against the bone in a curve like a fish-hook. Lieutenant Mohammed Mustapha was also wounded.

A spear had struck him behind the shoulder-joint, and had passed over the blade-bone and spine before making its exit by the right arm. It was a very bad wound and bled profusely, but the gallant lieutenant marched on after having it dressed and bandaged.



AMBUSHED AT EVERY HILL.

One of the horses, carrying a heavy load, received a large hunting spear just behind the saddle, which had been thrown with such force that it penetrated a double blanket and passed entirely through the poor animal's body: still the horse was able to carry

his load for more than a mile, to a good open camping place, where a halt was ordered.

There is a singular bird in this part of Africa, having a peculiar note that sounds like "Co-co-ma! co-co-ma!" and which the native warriors imitate with their antelope whistles just before making an attack on an enemy. The Bari porters who accompanied Baker said it meant "Look out! look out!" while his Soudan soldiers declared that the bird exclaimed, "Shat-mo-koor!" which is the order "Make ready!" Every time just before an attack this doleful sound of "Co-co-ma! co-co-ma!" was heard in the high grass, to be followed immediately by a discharge of lances.

The entire march was a continual fight, so that it would be tedious to narrate each special attack; but Baker at length reached Foweera, which was in Rionga's country, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded. Here he expected to find shelter and good houses, but instead nothing could be seen but blackened ashes, everything having been destroyed.

MEETING WITH RIONGA.

BAKER built a stockade at Foweera, which was on the bank of the Victoria Nile, and then set about building canoes in which to cross over to the island where Rionga had his headquarters. Fortunately, while these preparations were being made, messengers arrived to ascertain Baker's intentions in coming to the country. By these he sent some presents to Rionga, and explained his reasons for desiring an alliance with him. A reply soon came back, for Rionga was delighted at the prospect of an alliance with so powerful a force, and to show his friendship he sent Baker a considerable quantity of provisions, and begged him to cross over to his island, where he would receive him.

The canoes were now ready, and in them Baker and his party reached the island, where they were most hospitably received and every want provided for. Rionga met him with a frank, manly assurance of his regard, and forthwith proposed to exchange blood in order that their friendship might be irrevocably sealed. This noble chief was dressed in a beautiful cloak

of gold brocade, which Baker had sent him as a present from Foweera, together with a new tarboosh and sky-blue turban, while upon his feet were well-made sandals. He was a handsome man of about fifty, with none of the stiffness of Kamrasi, nor the gawky bearing of Kabba Rega, but he was perfectly at his ease. With the natural politeness of a true gentleman, he thanked Baker for the handsome suit in which he was dressed, assuring him that without it he could not have appeared before him in a becoming manner, as the long-continued war of his brother and nephew against him had reduced him almost to poverty. He was well aware of Baker's repeated refusals to join in the struggle against him, and assured him that he fully appreciated his friendship. Rionga proved himself true and reliable, and has always remained the faithful ally and friend of the whites.

BATTLE WITH ABOU SAOOD.

BAKER had spent only two days with Rionga when messengers arrived from Fatiko with a report that Abou Saood had grown so insolent, under the belief that no one could now make him accountable for his acts, that the garrison was in grave danger, as Abdullah had already been threatened by the cruel Arab. His insolence had extended farther than a mere refusal to submit to the authority of Lieutenant Abdullah, for he had already enslaved nearly one hundred of the natives, and executed several others who had tried to evade the slave-sticks which he had prepared for them. This news moved Baker to immediate action, for he felt the necessity of hurrying with all possible speed to Fatiko to relieve the garrison, knowing that Abou Saood was eager to avenge himself for the loss of power and trade.

Baker left Foweera with forty of his own men and as many more of Rionga's soldiers, and marched with such celerity that he reached Fatiko in two days, before Abou Saood had the least suspicion of his approach. As he came marching over the hill toward the village, Abou Saood was as much surprised as though he had risen from the ground, but he was quick to realize the danger which now threatened, as a punishment for his rebellious and brutal conduct. He acted upon the only means for evading

the punishment circumstances offered, and accordingly attempted to destroy Baker by a sudden and impetuous attack. A big battle was the result, in which, however, Abou Saood was completely routed, and nearly all his officers and half of his fighting force were slain.

THE CANNIBALS.

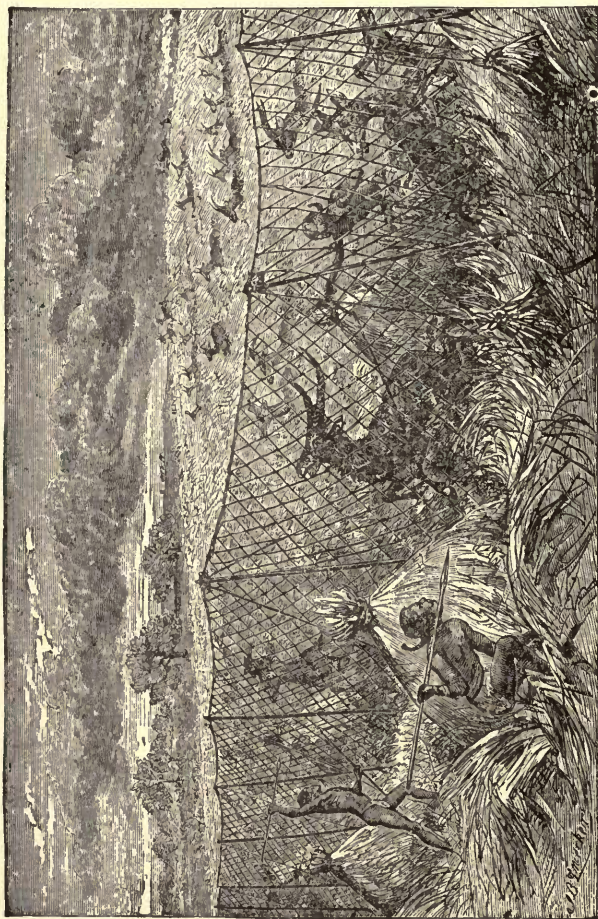
ABOU SAOOD escaped with a few of his men and changed his headquarters to Fabbo, a village nearly twenty-five miles east of Fatiko. Here he collected a large quantity of ivory and then started for the Makkarika country, two hundred and fifty miles distant, to secure carriers that would assist him in removing the ivory and resisting any attack that might be made upon him.

Baker's force, small when he entered the country, had been diminished by deaths in battle and from sickness until not more than two hundred remained, all told, who could be relied upon in a fight. Even this number was divided to garrison Fatiko, while sixty were left at Foweera with Rionga, so that there was constant danger of annihilation should combined attacks be made by the natives upon the scattered forces. He considered well his position and therefore sent a small party back to Gondokoro for a reinforcement of two hundred men, with instructions to bring some milch cows.

When Abou Saood left Fabbo the natives began to enlist under the government standard, and therefore, when news came that a large body of the Arab slave-hunters, including three thousand Makkarika cannibals, had arrived on the Nile from the far west to take the ivory, the people of Fabbo became very much alarmed; this alarm was greatly increased by a second report that the cannibals had reached the Koshi country, which was separated from the Madi, in which Fabbo was situated, only by the Nile river.

Every day people arrived at Fatiko with horrible reports of the cannibals, who were devouring the children in the Koshi district. Spies went across the river and brought every intelligence. It appeared that the three thousand Makkarikas had been engaged by Ali Emmeen under the pretense that they were to go to Fatiko

and fight a chief called "the Pasha," who had enormous flocks and herds, together with thousands of beautiful women and other alluring spoil; but they had not heard that they were to carry three thousand elephants' tusks to the station of Atroosh.



SPEARING GAME IN THE NET.

Baker's spies now told them the truth. "Fight the Pasha!" they exclaimed; "do you not know who he is? and that he could kill you all like fowls? He has no cows for you to carry off, but

he has guns that are magic, and which load from behind instead of at the muzzle!"

This was a terrible disappointment to the deluded Makkarikas, which at once spread dissension among them, when they found that they had been cajoled in order to transport the heavy loads of ivory. A providential visitation suddenly fell upon them. The small-pox broke out, and killed upward of eight hundred blood-thirsty cannibals who had been devouring the country. This visitation of small-pox created a panic that entirely broke up and dispersed the invading force, and defeated their plans.

A GREAT HUNT.

ABOU SAOOD's plans had failed, and there was now comparative peace, while prospects for the future were all flattering. Mtesa had sent a messenger to Baker offering his aid to destroy Kabba Rega, while Rionga had sworn allegiance to the Khedive and had been made the vakeel, or ruler of the Unyoro country, so that Kabba Rega was really now only a wandering outcast, incapable of offering any serious resistance.

Baker had won the good opinion and friendship of many natives during his first journey through Africa, by joining with them in the chase and so effectively killing and sharing with them the large game. It was now the hunting season, and as arrangements were being made for the great annual hunt, he resolved to participate with the natives, which gave them much pleasure, for they appreciated his gun, which was certain to secure for them considerable meat.

The natives, in their annual hunts, use a large net, or a number of nets, which are made fast successively to stakes so as to form a large quarter circle stretching across the country which they have previously selected to beat. They then form a circle themselves, more than a mile in diameter, facing the nets, and fire the grass to windward. In the high grass the net would be invisible until the game, in trying to escape, would rush into it, when they were checked and speared to death by hunters who remained secret, two to each section of netting.

After the grass had been burnt, large quantities of the crimson fruit of the wild ginger showed in many directions, growing half-exposed from the earth. This is a leathery, hard pod,



THE DRIVE OF GAME.

about the size of a goose-egg, filled with a semi-transparent pulp of a subacid flavor, with a delicious perfume between pine-apple and lemon-peel. It is very juicy and refreshing, and is decidedly the best wild fruit of Central Africa.

Everything was ready and the men had already been stationed at regular intervals about two miles to windward, where they waited with their fire-sticks ready for the appointed signal. A shrill whistle disturbed the silence. This signal was repeated at intervals. In a few minutes after the signal a long line of separate thin pillars of smoke ascended into the blue sky, forming a band extending over about two miles of the horizon. The thin pillars rapidly thickened and became dense volumes, until at length they united and formed a long black cloud of smoke that drifted before the wind over the bright yellow surface of the high grass. The fire traveled at a rate of several miles an hour, and very soon, from an ant-hill which he had selected, Baker saw the startled game begin to move about. A rhinoceros was first to appear, but it was too far for a successful shot, and kept along an incline toward the nets; antelopes shot by, and presently a lion and lioness leaped into view, but just as Baker was about to fire the head of a native rose in the direct line of aim. Beautiful lencotis, hartebeests and antelopes were now running on every side, affording excellent shots, which Baker thoroughly improved until he had killed nearly a dozen of these animals without moving from the ant-hill. The natives killed many antelopes, but the rhinoceros ran through the net as though it had been a cobweb, followed by a number of buffaloes.

HOW THE NATIVES CARE FOR THEIR BABIES.

THE results of the hunt were very gratifying, enough meat having been obtained to last the village for several days. The women who participated in the hunt, to carry the game, took their babies with them, slung across their backs by a piece of bark-cloth and protected against rain by inverted gourd-shells; yet with this burden they managed also to carry large loads of meat.

The treatment of children in Central Africa is most inhuman and accounts for the extraordinary mortality among them. According to the population of the village, there are certain houses built upon pedestals, or stone supports, about three feet from the ground. In the clay wall of the circular building is a

round hole about a foot in diameter; this is the only aperture. At sunset, when the children have been fed, they are put to bed in the simplest manner, by being thrust head-foremost through the hole in the wall, assisted, if refractory, by a smack behind, until the night-nursery shall have received the limited number. The aperture is then stopped up with a bundle of grass, if the nights are cool. The children lie together on the clay floor like a litter of young puppies, and breathe the foulest air until morn-



WOMEN, WITH THEIR CHILDREN, ASSISTING IN THE HUNT.

ing, at which time they are released from the suffocating oven, to be suddenly exposed to the chilly day-break. Their naked little bodies shiver round a fire until the sun warms them, but the seeds of diarrhœa and dysentery have already been sown.

ADVENTURE WITH A LIONESS.

ON December 30th, a week after the hunt just described, another hunt was arranged for, which was attended with even greater excitement than the first, though the preparations were

all the same. Baker had taken position on an ant-hill and directly after the grass was fired a beautiful picture was presented, for they had surrounded an unusually large number of animals, which advanced slowly, as the pace of the fire was hardly more than two miles an hour. As Baker was firing with deadly effect upon a herd of antelopes, he saw a yellow tail rise suddenly from a water-hole not far distant, immediately followed by glimpses of an immense lion, which disappeared again in the grass, with its head in the direction of the hunter, as though approaching. Presently a rustling in the dry grass within forty yards of his stand, apprised him that the ferocious beast was coming nearer; he had three guns with him, suited for different kinds of game, and seizing a rifle which was specially suited for lion shooting, in another moment he caught a fair view of the animal and fired. Instead of being the one he had first seen, it proved to be a lioness; she rolled over backward and turned three convulsive somersaults, at the same time roaring furiously; she then recovered and rose as if unharmed; Baker fired again, but must have missed, for she charged at him, roaring all the while; a load of buck-shot, however, sent her back again and she disappeared in the high grass.

The lioness could be heard groaning at a short distance, so carefully picking his way, Baker approached near enough to get another shot, which broke her ankle joint, but again she got away. Several natives now came upon the scene, and locating the wounded beast, offered to throw their spears at her, which would result in bringing her out so that a fair shot could be secured. Baker would not allow this, but fired at her as she lay partially concealed in a bottom. The reply was an immediate charge, and the enraged brute came bounding toward him with savage roars. The natives threw their spears, but missed, and some one would have been badly torn had not a shot from a smooth-bore No. 10 gun caused her to retreat again into the grass. Baker now took his large rifle and followed stealthily until he saw the lioness sitting up on her haunches like a dog. A careful aim put a bullet in the back of her neck, from which

she fell over dead. She measured nine feet six inches from nose to tail extremity, and upon being cut open, they found the half of a lencotis, which had been simply divided by her teeth into



CHARGE OF THE LIONESS.

two-pound lumps. These were greedily seized by the natives and divided between them as a particularly dainty dish.

A PEACEFUL GOVERNMENT.

THESE hunts had a very beneficial influence, for they served to establish confidence in Baker on the part of the natives. The

women were especially friendly and loyal, to such a degree that they visited him in a body and begged that he would not go upon the hunt again lest he should fall a victim to some wild animal, in which event they declared the slave-hunters would return and either kill or carry them again into captivity. They looked upon him as their sole protector, and therefore were ever anxious for his life.

Everything was now peaceful; there were no quarrels, no intoxication, no thieving. The troops were all Mohammedans without an opposing sect; therefore, for lack of opposition, they were lukewarm. The natives believed in nothing. Baker notes the following:

“The curious fact remained, that without the slightest principle of worship, or even a natural religious instinct, these people should be free from many vices that disgrace a civilized community. I endeavored to persuade the most intelligent of the existence of a Deity who could reward or punish; but beyond this I dared not venture, as they would have asked practical questions, which I could not have explained to their material understanding.”

HOW TO CIVILIZE THE AFRICANS.

BAKER arrives at the following conclusions in regard to the best methods of civilizing the savage tribes of Africa: “The Madi and Shooli tribes would be found tractable and capable of religious instruction. It is my opinion that the time has not yet arrived for missionary enterprise in those countries; but at the same time a sensible man might do good service by living among the natives, and proving to their material minds that persons do exist whose happiness consists in doing good to others. The personal qualifications and outfit for a single man who would thus settle among the natives should be various. If he wished to secure their attention and admiration he should excel as a rifle-shot and sportsman. If musical, he should play the Highland bagpipe. He should be clever as a conjuror, and be well provided with conjuring tricks, together with a magic lantern, magnetic battery, dissolving views, photographic apparatus, colored pictorial illustrations, etc., etc. He should be a good surgeon

and general doctor, and be well supplied with drugs, remembering that natives have profound admiration for medical skill.

“A man who in full Highland dress could at any time collect an audience by playing a lively air with the bagpipes, would be regarded with great veneration by the natives, and would be listened to when an archbishop by his side would be totally disregarded. He should set all psalms to lively tunes, and the natives would learn to sing them immediately. Devotional exercises should be chiefly musical. In this manner a man would become a general favorite; and if he had a never-failing supply of beads, copper rods, brass rings for arms, fingers, and ears, gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, red or blue blankets, zinc-mirrors, red cotton shirts, etc., to give to his parishioners, and expected nothing in return, he would be considered a great man, whose opinion would carry considerable weight, provided that he only spoke of subjects which he thoroughly understood. A knowledge of agriculture, with a good stock of seeds of useful vegetables and cereals, iron hoes, carpenters' and blacksmiths' tools, and the power of instructing others in their use, together with a plentiful supply of very small axes, would be an immense recommendation to a lay missionary who should determine to devote some years of his life to the improvement of the natives.”

PREPARING TO RETURN TO ENGLAND.

ON January 15, 1873, envoys arrived from Mtesa, bringing a letter offering an army of his men to Baker, with which to destroy Kabba Rega and place Rionga on the throne, as the Egyptian representative over Unyoro. He also desired Baker to visit him, and expressed much anxiety to promote such commercial intercourse as the Khedive desired to establish. All these matters had been arranged, for Kabba Rega had been deposed and Rionga was in full possession of Unyoro, which facts were communicated to Mtesa, with thanks for his very kind offer of assistance.

Baker had felt no little solicitude for Wat-el-Mek, whom he had sent to Gondokoro for reinforcements, double the time he had allowed for the return having now elapsed. At length, on March 8, on the ninety-second day after their departure, he was

rejoiced to see the advance-guard approaching, and forming his troops quickly, he went out to give them a military welcome. After an inspection of the men. Baker was annoyed very much

DEFEAT OF WAT-EL-MEK'S PARTY.



by the fact that not a single head of cattle had been brought with them ; a quarrel had taken place between Wat-el-Mek and Tayib Agha, the two commanding officers, a Bari village had been burned, and in a battle with the natives twenty-eight of the sol-

diers had been killed, their arms taken, and all the cattle captured. The ill-feeling between the two officers was the cause of all their calamities.

There had been enough recruits brought from Gondokoro, however, to swell the total force to six hundred and twenty men, with which Baker strongly garrisoned Fatiko, Fabbo, and the stockade he had built opposite Rionga's island, at Foweera. Unyoro was now completely in the power of Rionga, and a route was opened from Fatiko to Zanzibar. Everything was in perfect order, so leaving Major Abdullah commandant at Fatiko, he gave him full instructions as to the government of Central Africa, and then departed with a small body-guard for Gondokoro, which place was reached without special incident on April 1st, 1873, the date on which his commission from the Khedive expired.

After turning over his effects to the government officers at Gondokoro, he secured a vessel and started for Khartoum. En route he overtook three vessels having on board seven hundred slaves, among whom the small-pox had broken out and the mortality was frightful. He nailed the slavers and was astonished to learn that the vessels belonged to Abou Saood, who had been to Cairo and so established himself in the confidence of the authorities that he could continue his nefarious traffic without fear of any unpleasant results; nor was this the only discouraging news which Baker heard, for he learned positively that ever since his departure from Gondokoro for Fatiko the slave vessels had been carrying their human cargoes directly on to Alexandria or the Red Sea, meeting with no opposition they could not easily overcome by bribery. He now saw that all his labors for a suppression of the slave trade in Central Africa had been without fruit; that the government, so far from rendering its aid to that end, had nullified its declarations and orders by refusing to punish convicted slavers, and by receiving them as worthy merchants at the Khedive's capital. Sick with disgust, he quitted Egypt and sailed for England.

Colonel Gordon, R. E., now known as "Chinese Gordon," was appointed Baker's successor, and at this writing is invested at Khartoum by El Mhadi, the false prophet.

The annexation of the Soudan has been of much advantage to Egypt, and has resulted in diminishing the slave trade, since ivory traffic is found to be more profitable; but Egypt is not entitled to the credit of this improvement more than America and the European powers, which have demanded a suppression of the slave trade.

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSIONARY SERVICE AND FIRST ADVENTURE.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, a Scotchman, has won a greater reputation for travel and research in Africa than any other man, though his actual discoveries have not been so important as those of our own Stanley. Livingstone was a born philanthropist. The son of uncommonly observant and strict Presbyterians, he was encouraged to read only theological literature, all other reading being prohibited under pain of condign punishment. As might be expected, he disliked religion in his youth, and smuggled books of travel and adventure to such retreats as offered immunity from detection. He mentions it as a fact that the last punishment he ever received from his father was for reading books which he declared were inimical to religion.

Livingstone gained the means to school himself by spinning cotton, and completed a course of medicine by the same energetic application. He was now ready to see the world, and his

desire was first to visit China, which was then closed to all nationalities, existing as a government in a marvellous exclusiveness which could alone incite the building of a wall as a protection against intrusion. About this time, however, the London Missionary Society desired to send a missionary into Southern Africa, and Livingstone's friends recommended him as a most



DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

suitable person. As sectarianism was not a characteristic of the society, which urged the teachings of Christ only, and salvation without creed or discipline, it pleased Livingstone, whose ideas were strictly in accord with these principles. Accordingly he was engaged, and in 1840 embarked for Africa, reaching Cape Town after a voyage of three months. Spending but a short time

there, he started for the interior, where he spent the following sixteen years of his life in explorations and missionary and medical labors, without cost to the inhabitants. During his short stay at Cape Town he became acquainted with a fellow-missionary named Robert Moffat, whose daughter he married, and she subsequently accompanied him on his various expeditions.

Soon after his marriage he started by ox-team for the missionary station at Kuruman, in the Bechuana country, about 600 miles northeast of Cape Town, where, after resting three months, he journeyed to Litubaruba, fifteen miles to the south. He entered upon a study of the native language, and in six months had gathered enough to express himself in the Bechuana tongue. He now went north to visit the Bakaa Mountains, much of which journey he was compelled to make on foot on account of his oxen being sick. Here he tried to found a settlement, but a war between neighboring tribes put an end to his plans. A return to Kuruman became necessary, to secure provisions, which, being obtained, he went into a beautiful valley called Mabotsa (lat. $25^{\circ} 14'$ south, long. $26^{\circ} 30'$) and there founded a missionary station, to which he removed in 1843.

The natives of Mabotsa were called Bakatla, and were a very superstitious but friendly people. About this place lions were very troublesome, as they carried off cattle, both in the night and day-time, so that the Bakatla came to believe that the beasts were witches sent by their enemies to prey upon their flocks, and they made little effort to kill them. It is a well-known fact that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others will leave that part of the country; and in order to take advantage of this peculiarity Livingstone resolved to destroy at least one of the marauders. The order for a hunt was given, which was obeyed by the natives forming in a large circle to drive in whatever they might surround. In this way one of the lions was discovered sitting on a rock within the now closed circle. A native fired at it, but the ball struck the rock, which caused the lion to bite at the spot as a dog will at a stick thrust at him, but in another moment he bounded off and rushed through the circle, the men

giving way instead of spearing him, owing to their fear of witchcraft.

When the circle was reformed and advanced, two more lions were found within it, but these also escaped without injury. The cowardly action of the Bakatla so disgusted Livingstone that he decided to hunt the lions on his own account, though a number of the more courageous natives followed him. They were not long in discovering another lion sitting on a rock not more than thirty yards distant; Livingstone aimed at the body and fired both barrels, at which the natives cried out, "He is shot! he is shot!" and were making toward it while Livingstone stood to reload his gun. When in the act of ramming down the bullet, a shout attracted his attention just as the lion sprang upon him, catching his shoulder and bearing him to the ground. With a horrible growl the lion seized him by the arm, crunching the bone and shaking him like a terrier dog does a rat. Of the immediate effect of the bite Livingstone writes:

"The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

As he turned to relieve the weight of the animal's paw, which rested upon his head, he saw one of the men of his party trying to shoot at a distance of ten yards, but his gun missed fire. At the same instant a dog belonging to one of the natives rushed in and bit the lion on the leg, which attracted his attention away from Livingstone, but he immediately sprang upon a native named Mebalwe, and dreadfully

lacerated his thigh. In an instant another brave fellow rushed to the assistance of his comrade, with a spear, but

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE WITH THE LION.



the lion seized him by the shoulder and would doubtless have killed the poor native except for the fact that the

loss of blood from the wound inflicted by Livingstone's shots had so weakened him that his grip soon relaxed, and he fell dead. All this was the work of a few moments, and was evidently done by the animal in his dying paroxysms of rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of Livingstone's arm. A wound from a lion's tooth resembles a gun-shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterward. Livingstone had on a tartan jacket on this occasion, and it evidently wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for his two companions in this affray both suffered from the peculiar pains, while he escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in the limb. The man whose shoulder was bitten showed his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.

ENTRAPPING LARGE GAME.

THE settlement at Mabotsa soon became a flourishing place, as the natives were anxious to be near Livingstone, whom they regarded as a great chief and doctor able to cure their ills and protect them against their enemies. One of the principal chiefs of the Bakwains was named Sechele, an intelligent fellow, who quickly perceived how superior the white man was to his people, and he therefore sought to imitate Livingstone as nearly as possible. He was easily converted to Christianity, and became a very active disciple whose labors for a time seemed to bear excellent fruit, for he converted a great many of his people and had them attend a school, which Livingstone established, that they might learn to read the Bible. Everything appeared propitious, until a dreadful drought set in; vegetation parched up, the streams ran dry, and even the birds and insects perished. In vain the rain-maker practiced his magic, the clouds would roll up and break in copious showers, sometimes within ten miles of Mabotsa, but never a drop in the scorched fields of the Bakwains. Patience at length ceased, and the people openly declared that the drought was a curse sent upon them for becoming Christians, a belief which was readily received because rain fell in abund-

ance among all the neighboring tribes. Yet they continued to treat Livingstone with the greatest kindness, though constantly

SCENE OF THE GRAND HUNT.



begging him to quit praying, lest his wickedness in so doing should bring other calamities upon the country.

The drought having destroyed all corn and other vegetables upon which the natives were dependent, to obtain food a hunt

was proposed by Livingstone, which suggestion was received with general satisfaction, though some were doubtful if any success could be had with the "drought-maker" among the hunters. Nevertheless, a hunt was organized. Some miles from Mabotsa there was a small creek not yet quite dry, which Livingstone knew must be resorted to by numbers of wild animals, and in this neighborhood he had the natives construct what they call a "hopo." The hopo consists of two brush hedges in the form of an open-ended V, which are high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined, they are made to form a lane about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which is a pit eight feet deep and fifteen feet in breadth and length. Trees are laid carefully about the borders so as to overlap the edge of the pit to prevent entrapped animals from leaping out. The entire pit is carefully covered over with green rushes, to make it appear like a roadway, thoroughly disguising the pitfall.

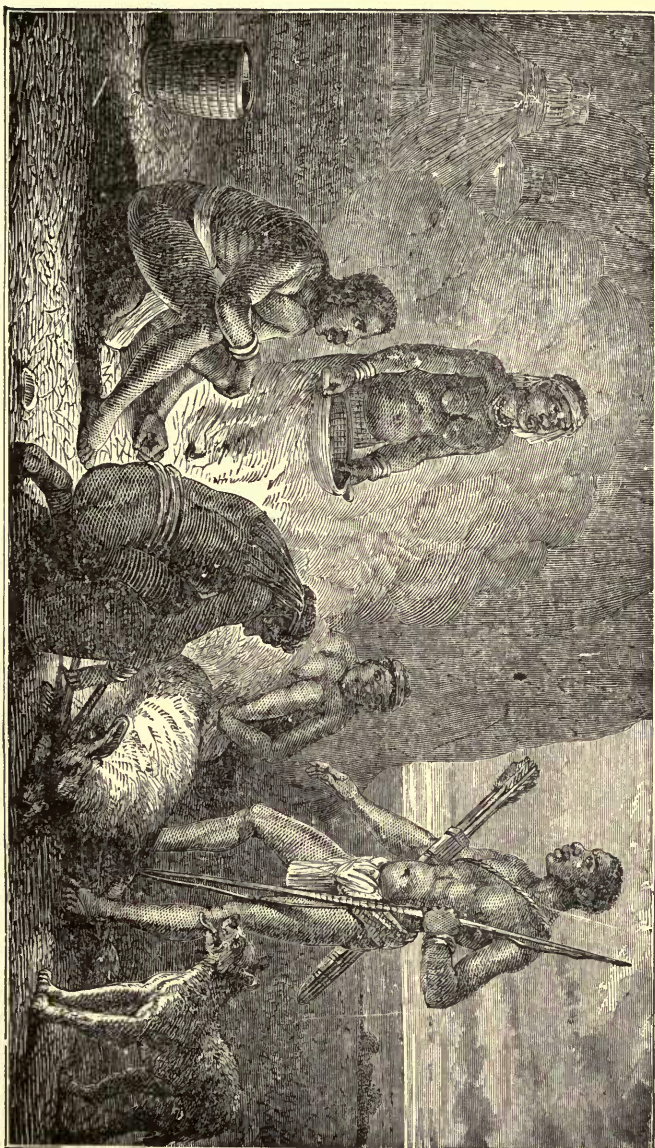
As the hedge-wings are generally a mile or more in length and as broad at the entrance, by beating up the adjacent covert, a large amount of game is driven into the hopo, particularly as two or three hundred hunters make a great circuit and by loud shouts drive in the game from an immense district of country.

In the hunt which Livingstone organized, an unusually large quantity of game was beat up, consisting of rhinoceri, antelopes, hartebeests and lions, so that the pit was not only filled, but hundreds escaped over the bodies of the less fortunate. The natives destroyed those that were entrapped with spears and javelins, while Livingstone added much to the store of meat by shooting several antelopes that would have otherwise escaped. A great feast followed and enough food was secured to last until the rains came to freshen vegetation again.

CROSSING AN AFRICAN DESERT.

AFTER a residence of eight years at Mabotsa, Livingstone had thoroughly established the Christian doctrine and had so far educated many of the Bakwains that they were qualified to continue the schools. Two English sportsmen, named Murray and Oswell, who had penetrated to Lattakoo, hearing of Livingstone

FEASTING AFTER THE HUNT.



at Mabotsa, paid him a visit and requested him to accompany them across the great Kalahari desert to Lake Ngami, which is in lat. $20^{\circ} 30'$; long. 23° .

Kalahari is not, strictly speaking, a desert, but is called so from the fact that it contains no running water, and very little can be procured by digging wells; notwithstanding this, it is covered with grass and a great variety of creeping plants, while game, especially antelope, abounds in numbers like buffaloes on our western plains twenty years ago. A peculiarity of this so-called desert is the vast amount of delicious tubers and refreshing vine fruits which are everywhere found on its surface. One of these is the Leroshua, which is a small plant with linear leaves and a stem not longer than a crow's quill; on digging down a foot or eighteen inches, a tuber is found, generally four to six inches in diameter. The meat, which is enclosed within a thin rind, is most excellent. Another plant, named Mokuri, which grows only in parched districts, is found here. It is an herbacious creeper and deposits under ground a number of tubers, in a circle of a yard or more, some of which are as large as a man's head. The natives, who are Bushmen, strike the ground on the circumference of the circle with stones, until by a peculiar sound they know the tuber is beneath. They then dig a foot or so and find it. Strange enough, this tuber does not contain food, but is filled with deliciously cool water, furnishing an inestimable blessing to the natives when traveling through the country.

PECUIIAR WATERMELONS.

BUT the most surprising plant of the desert is a peculiar sort of watermelon. The elephant, true lord of the forest, revels in this fruit, and so do the different species of rhinoceros, although naturally so diverse in their choice of pasture. The various kinds of antelopes feed on them with equal avidity, and lions, hyenas, jackals, and mice, all seem to know and appreciate the common blessing. These melons are not, however, all of them eatable; some are sweet, and others so bitter that the whole are named by the Boers the "bitter watermelon." The natives select them by striking one melon after another with a hatchet, and applying the

tongue to the gashes. They thus readily distinguish between the bitter and sweet. The bitter are deleterious, but the sweet are quite wholesome. This peculiarity of one species of plants bearing both sweet and bitter fruit occurs also in a red, eatable cucumber, often met with in the country.



WOMEN FILLING UP EGG-SHELLS WITH WATER.

The Bushmen, also known as Bakalahari, choose their residences far from water on account of their dread of visits from strange tribes. They not unfrequently hide their liquid supplies in pits and build fires over them. When water is desired, the women come with twenty or thirty of their vessels in a bag or net on their backs. These water-vessels consist of ostrich eggshells, with a hole in the end of each barely large enough to admit one's finger. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach; then ram down the wet sand firmly round it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg-shell is placed on

the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel, as the woman draws mouthful after mouthful from below. The water is made to pass along the outside, not through the straw. If any one will attempt to squirt water into a bottle placed some distance below his mouth, he will soon perceive the wisdom of the Bushwoman's contrivance for giving the stream direction by means of a straw. The whole stock of water is thus passed through the woman's mouth as a pump, and, when taken home, is carefully buried.

A DREARY MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT.

To turn from such a refreshing scene—the bubbling spring, that wells up like an eternal joy—and picture a hoary waste, whitened by the glare of a scorching sun, one vast sheen of trackless, waterless, arid desert, is not a pleasurable transformation; yet we must now view Livingstone on his march across the Bakalahari desert in quest of new fields, untrodden by the European. It was on the 1st of June, 1849, that he, in company with three English hunters, started upon the march, provided with oxen and horses to convey their baggage, and guides to direct the way. From the beginning the journey was a painful one, for there was a sandy stretch before them over which it was most difficult to draw the wagons. The distance from Mabotsa to Lake Ngami is about three hundred and fifty miles, two points west of north. Water was nowhere obtainable on the route except at Bushman settlements, which were so far apart that the party often went for forty hours without wetting their parched lips. Oxen are naturally slow travelers, but in this burning waste they sometimes made only six miles a day, being so nearly overcome by heat and thirst that any attempt to drive them further would have caused their death. Hartebeests and antelopes were very numerous notwithstanding the want of water, which led Livingstone to examine the alimentary canal of several that he killed, in order that he might discover by what peculiar endowment nature enabled them to subsist without water so long; but he found nothing in them that was not common to other animals.

A REMARKABLE SALT BASIN.

AT Nchokotsa, a little more than half-way from Mabotsa to Ngami, the party came upon a great number of salt basins, covered with an efflorescence of lime. This salt basin, which is twenty miles in circumference, is obscured, however, in approaching from the southeast, by a thick belt of mopane trees; and, at the time the basin burst upon their view, the setting sun was casting a beautiful blue haze over the wide incrustations, making the whole look exactly like a lake. Here not a particle of imagination was necessary to enable them to believe that they were gazing upon a large body of water; the waves seemed to dance along the shore, and the shadows of the trees were vividly reflected beneath the surface in such an admirable manner that the loose cattle and the horses, dogs, and even the Hottentots, ran off toward the deceitful lake. A herd of zebras in the mirage looked so exactly like elephants that preparations were made to pursue them, but a break in the haze dispelled the illusion.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE NGAMI.

ON August 1, 1849, exactly two months after leaving Mabotsa, the party came in sight of Lake Ngami, they being the first white men that had ever gazed upon its placid bosom. The lake is not very large, perhaps fifty miles in circumference, but it is the basin for many rivers, which pour their waters into it during the wet season until it inundates an immense district of country. One of the principal rivers which flow into it from the south is the Zouga, a considerable stream, but remarkable chiefly for its fish and the prodigious amount of game that lines its shores. Elephants and a new species of antelope, called *leche*, were particularly numerous, but the former are inferior in size to those found further south.

The natives of this locality, called Bakurutse, who are generally friendly, live chiefly on fish, which they spear, and also catch in nets that are woven exactly like fish-nets in America; and with these they catch such great quantities that they do not pretend to consume them all.

After some days spent on the banks of the lake, Livingstone resolved upon a visit to Sebituane, chief of the Makololos, three hundred miles north, there to begin again his missionary labors. As Oswell and Murray were elephant hunters, they here separated from Livingstone and continued their sport in the surrounding country, but not without first giving a quantity of new dress goods to Mrs. Livingstone, for herself and three children, who were greatly in need of clothes, their old ones being fairly in tatters.

Six months after his arrival at the Makololo country, Livingstone met Mr. Oswell again, and together they traveled one hundred and thirty miles northeast, to a place called Sesheke, which was near the very centre of the continent. On hunting through this country they fortunately discovered the Zambesi river, one of the most considerable streams in Africa, being from three hundred to six hundred yards broad at extreme low water, and rising twenty feet perpendicularly at its flood.

Livingstone met with difficulties in the Makololo country which he had not anticipated: the people were hospitable, but had recently engaged in the slave-trade, which seemed to render them impervious to Christian teaching. Mrs. Livingstone and her children were also suffering severely from fever, which resisted all the remedies and became so serious that he decided to return to Cape Town with them, and from there send them to England, and then return to Makololo to prosecute his work alone. This he accomplished, and was much encouraged to see his family greatly improved in health when they took passage on the vessel for home.

STRANGE DISEASES AND PECULIARITIES OF ANIMALS.

LIVINGSTONE procured several oxen and two guides to Cape Town, with such necessaries as his journey required, and started on his return to the Makololo country, nearly fifteen hundred miles from the Cape. Being free from anxiety, he describes this trip as a pleasant picnic, for all the people on his route were friendly, hundreds of whom received medical and surgical attention from him; for his fame as a physician seemed to precede

him, so that at every village great crowds came begging his professional services.

Being in no special haste, he spent much of his time hunting and studying the animal life which came under his observation. He was somewhat astonished to learn, in dissecting the large game which he killed, that it was subject to most annoying and fatal diseases, not wholly unlike those from which our domestic animals suffer. He saw several gnu, giraffes, buffaloes, hartebeestes, etc., afflicted with a mangy disorder, from which they died with a frothing at the nostrils. He saw one buffalo blind from ophthalmy, and rhinoceri that were worried by worms which infested the conjunction of the eyes.

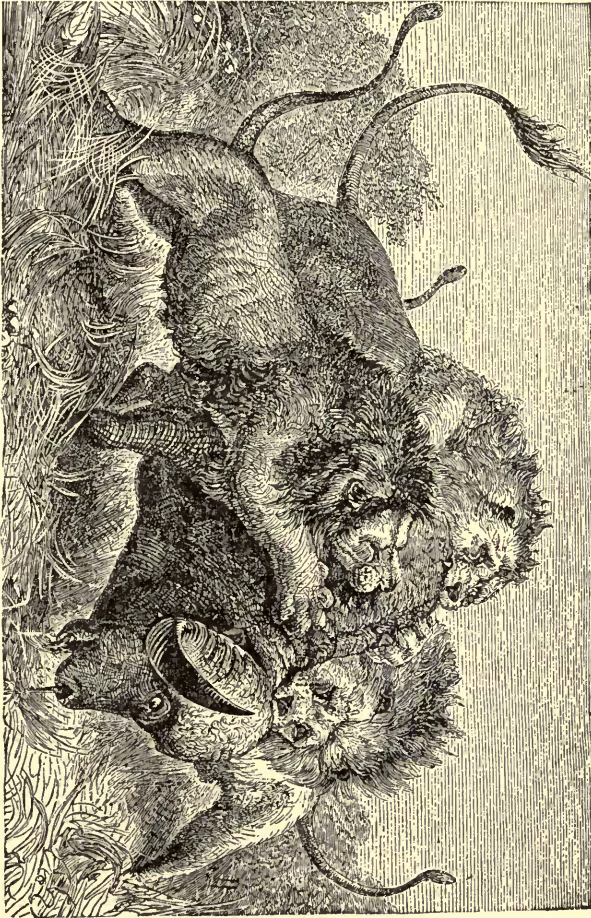
The carnivora, too, become diseased and mangy; lions grow lean and perish miserably by reason of the decay of the teeth. When a lion becomes too old to catch game, he frequently takes to killing goats in the villages; a woman or child happening to go out at night falls a prey, too; and as this is his only source of subsistence now, he continues it. From this circumstance has arisen the idea that the lion, when he has once tasted human flesh, loves it better than any other. A man-eater is invariably an old lion; and when he overcomes his fear of man so far as to come to villages for goats, the people remark, "His teeth are worn, he will soon kill men." They at once acknowledge the necessity of instant action, and turn out to kill him. When living far away from population, or when, as is the case in some parts, he entertains a wholesome dread of the Bushmen, as soon as either disease or old age overtakes him, he begins to catch mice and other small rodents, and even to eat grass; the latter may be eaten as medicine, however, as is observed in dogs.

When encountered in day time, the lion stands a second or two gazing, then turns slowly round, and walks away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight bounds off like a greyhound. By day there is not, as a rule, the least danger of lions which are not molested attacking man, or even on a clear moonlight night, except when breeding; at such times they will brave

almost any danger ; and if a man happens to cross to the windward of them, both lion and lioness will rush at him, in the manner of a bitch with whelps. This does not often happen, and Livingstone knew of only two or three instances of the kind. In one case a man, passing where the wind blew from him to the animals, was bitten before he could climb a tree ; occasionally a man on horseback has been caught by the leg under the same circumstances. So general, however, is the sense of security on moonlight nights, that travelers seldom tie up their oxen, but let them lie loose by the wagons ; while on a dark, rainy night, if a lion is in the neighborhood, he is almost sure to venture to kill an ox. His approach is always stealthy, except when wounded ; and any appearance of a trap is enough to cause him to refrain from making the last spring. This seems characteristic of the feline species.

When a lion is very hungry, and lying in wait, the sight of an animal may make him commence stalking it. In one case a man, while stealthily crawling toward a rhinoceros, happened to glance behind him, and found to his horror a lion *stalking him* ; he only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. At Lopepe a lioness sprang on the after quarter of Mr. Oswell's horse, and when his companions came up to him they found the marks of the claws on the horse, and a scratch on Mr. O's hand. The horse, on feeling the lion on him, sprang away, and the rider, caught by a wait-a-bit thorn, was brought to the ground and rendered insensible. His dogs saved him. Another English gentleman (Captain Codrington) was surprised in the same way, though not hunting the lion at the time, but turning round he shot him dead in the neck. By accident a horse belonging to Codrington ran away, but was stopped by the bridle catching a stump ; there he remained a prisoner two days, and when found the whole space around was marked by the footprints of lions. They had evidently been afraid to attack the haltered horse from fear that it was a trap. Two lions came up by night to within three yards of Livingstone's oxen, which were tied to a wagon, and a sheep tied to a tree, and stood roaring but afraid to make a spring.

Most of the feats of strength which Livingstone saw performed by lions, such as the taking away an ox, etc., were not by carrying, but by dragging the carcass along the ground. They will spring, on some occasions, on to the hind-quarters of a horse,



THREE LIONS ATTACK A BUFFALO.

but no one has ever seen them on the withers of a giraffe. They do not mount on the hind-quarters of an eland even, but try to tear it down with their claws.

Oswell and Vardon, while hunting together once, saw three lions endeavoring to drag down a buffalo which was mortally wounded, but they were unable to do so. This very exciting circumstance is thus described by Mr. Vardon in a letter to Livingstone: "Oswell and I were riding this afternoon along the banks of the Limpopo, when a water-buck started in front of us. I dismounted and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and, after going a short distance, stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from the two ounceer crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo, and gaining on him at every stride, three lions leaped on the unfortunate brute; he bellowed most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight, but he was, of course, soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind legs tearing away with teeth and claws in most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards, and, kneeling down, blazed away at the lions. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead almost on the buffalo; he had merely time to turn toward us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off immediately; and the third raised his head, coolly looked round for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcass as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load, then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but a ball that he received ought to have stopped him, as it went clean through his shoulder-blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it."

In general the lion seizes the animal he is attacking by the flank near the hind-leg, or by the throat below the jaw. It is questionable whether he ever attempts to seize an animal by the withers. The flank is the most common point of attack, and that is the part he begins to feast on first. The natives and lions are

very similar in their tastes in the selection of tid-bits: an eland may be seen disemboweled by a lion so completely that he scarcely seems cut up at all. The bowels and fatty parts form a full meal for even the largest lion. The jackal comes sniffing

A BUFFALO COW KILLING A LION.



about, and sometimes suffers for his temerity by a stroke from the lion's paw laying him dead. When gorged, the lion falls fast asleep, and is then easily dispatched. Hunting a lion with dogs involves very little danger as compared with hunting the Indian

tiger, because the dogs bring him out of cover and make him stand at bay, giving the hunter plenty of time for a good deliberate shot. A man is in much more danger of being run over when walking in the streets of New York, than he is of being devoured by lions in Africa, unless engaged in hunting the animal.

The lion has other checks on inordinate increase besides man. He seldom attacks full-grown animals; but frequently, when a buffalo calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him. It is questionable if a single lion ever attacks a full-grown buffalo. The amount of roaring heard at night, on occasions when a buffalo is killed, seems to indicate there are always more than one lion engaged in the onslaught.

On the plain, south of Sebituane's ford, a herd of buffaloes kept a number of lions from their young by the males turning their heads to the enemy. The young and the cows were in the rear. One toss from a bull would kill the strongest lion that ever breathed. Livingstone says that in one part of India even the tame buffaloes feel their superiority to some wild animals, for they have been seen to chase a tiger up the hills, bellowing as if they enjoyed the sport. Lions never go near any elephants except the calves, which, when young, are sometimes torn by them; every living thing retires before the lordly elephant, yet a full-grown one would be an easier prey than the rhinoceros; the lion rushes off at the mere sight of this latter beast.

SERPENTS.

THE Zouga river, besides attracting large numbers of wild game to its waters, seems also to be the resort of many serpents, not a few of which are of the most venomous kind. Livingstone mentioned having seen one at Kolobeng of a dark brown, nearly black color, that measured eight feet three inches in length; and it continued to distil clear poison for several hours after its head was cut off. This serpent is so copiously supplied with poison that it can strike an ox dead. It is sometimes called the "spitting serpent," and is believed to be able to eject its poison a considerable distance.

Along the reedy and marshy banks of the Zouga are also found several species of vipers, and that most dangerous serpent, the puff adder, which, when angered, distends the skin about its neck to wonderful proportions, and is so vicious that it will readily attack anything, whether man or beast. There is a snake peculiar to this region which the natives call "Noga-putsane," or serpent of a kid, so named because at night it utters a cry exactly like the bleating of that little animal. Cobras are quite numerous and greatly feared by the people, yet it is seldom that any one is bitten by them, as they usually give ample warning by rearing up and swaying their heads back and forth several times before striking. The large python, measuring from fifteen to twenty feet in length, is also found near the Zouga. Their bite is harmless, but they often kill and devour animals of medium size, which they crush and swallow like the boa constrictor; generally, however, their food is small animals, such as field mice, rats, etc. The python is hunted by the natives for its flesh, which they greatly esteem, indeed preferring it to the flesh of nearly all animals.

TEACHING THE NATIVES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the journey was a pleasant one, Livingstone was glad when he arrived at Makololo, for much traveling becomes tedious however great the attractions may be on the route. He found a hearty welcome among the people, and everything propitious for the establishment of a successful missionary school. He invited the chiefs to come first, but they held back in mysterious awe, fearing there was some lurking danger in a thing which could relate incidents that had transpired in remote localities. At length Matibe, father-in-law of the principal chief, Sekeletu, offered himself as a student, but he affected the disposition of a doctor who must first take his own medicine in order to show his patients that it contains no poisonous ingredient. Gradually the school increased, and so soon as one had mastered the rudiments he was sent out to become a teacher of others.

LUDICROUS SCENES AT CHURCH.

ON each Sunday Livingstone held religious service, which was very largely attended, but not always with becoming seriousness or beneficial effects. When all knelt down, many of those who had children, in following the example of the rest, would bend over their little ones; the children, in terror of being crushed to death, would set up a simultaneous yell, which so tickled the whole assembly that there was often a subdued titter, to be turned into a hearty laugh as soon as they heard Amen. Long after Livingstone had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subject, a woman might be observed to look round, and, seeing a neighbor seated on her dress, give her a hunch with the elbow to make her move off; the other would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, "Take the nasty thing away, will you?" Then three or four would begin to hustle the first offenders, and the men to swear at them all, by way of enforcing silence.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

AFTER laying the foundation for a mission at Makololo, having taught several of the tribe to read, Livingstone departed for the northwest, having for his ultimate destination Loanda, which is at the mouth of the river Coanza where it empties into the Atlantic ocean. Sekeletu had taken such an interest in the mission and was so devoted to Livingstone that he resolved to accompany his white friend a considerable portion of the journey, and provided an escort to protect him from harm.

Being fully prepared for a long trip, with provisions, oxen and guides, Livingstone departed from Makololo, taking his route along the Lecaunby river, on which he had several canoes launched that were of great service in transporting the baggage. The country was generally fine, and thickly inhabited, but none of the natives manifested hostility, being disposed rather to friendly curiosity on observing the first white man who had ever visited them. Approaching the Loeti river they came upon a number of hippopotamus hunters who fled with every indication

of terror upon seeing Livingstone, whom they no doubt regarded as some mysterious being.

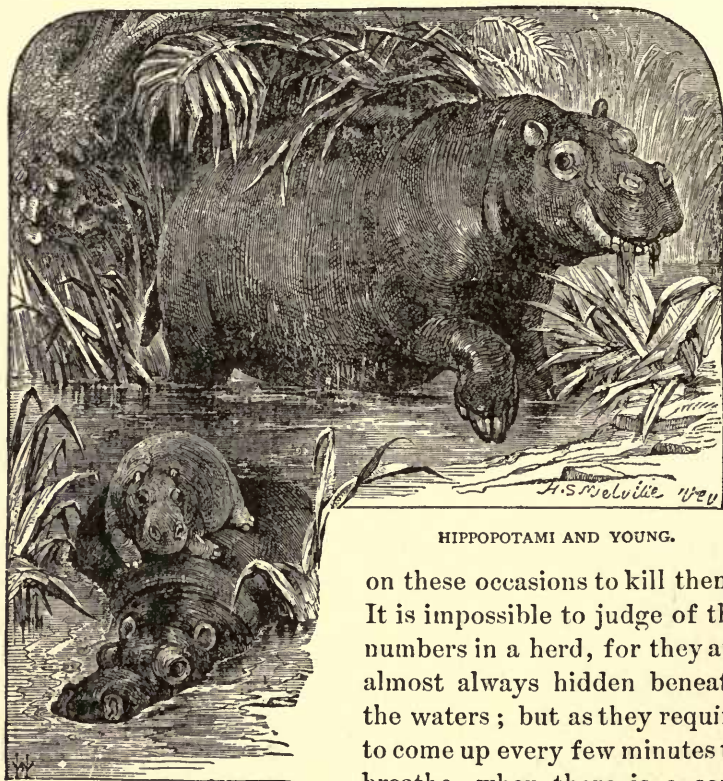
The numbers of large game above Libonta are prodigious, and they proved remarkably tame. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession before the camp-fire one evening, within gunshot; and herds of splendid elands stood by day, without fear, at two hundred yards distance. They were all of the striped variety, and with their forearm markings, large dewlaps, and sleek skins, were a beautiful sight to see. The lions here roar much more than in the country near the lake. One evening they had a good opportunity of hearing the utmost exertions the animal can make in that line. They had made their beds on a large sand-bank, and could be easily seen from all sides. A lion on the opposite shore amused himself for hours by roaring as loudly as he could, putting, as is usual in such cases, his mouth near the ground, to make the sound reverberate. The river was too broad for a ball to reach him, so they let him enjoy himself, certain that he durst not have been guilty of the impertinence in the Bushman country. Wherever the game abounds, these animals exist in proportionate numbers. Here they were very frequently seen, and two of the largest seemed about as tall as common donkeys; but the mane made their bodies appear rather larger.

SINGULAR BIRDS, REPTILES AND ANIMALS.

ROWING along the river, there were always interesting sights of birds, reptiles, and animals. Fish-hawks sailed through the air, or attacked the full-pouched pelican; the alligator-bird, the tinc-tinc-tinc, or iron-beating bird, the great ibis, the rhinoceros-bird, and a thousand other singular species. Numbers of iguanos sat sunning themselves on overhanging branches of trees. They are highly esteemed as an article of food, so the chief boatman sits at the bow of his canoe armed with a javelin to spear those that are not too quickly out of sight.

The rapids in the part of the river between Katima-molelo and Nameta are relieved by several reaches of still, deep water, fifteen or twenty miles long. In these very large herds of hippopotami

are seen, and the deep furrows they make in ascending the banks to graze during the nights, are everywhere apparent. They are guided back to the water by the scent, but a long-continued pouring rain makes it impossible for them to perceive, by that means, in which direction the river lies, and they are found bewildered on the land. The hunters take advantage of their helplessness



HIPPOPOTAMI AND YOUNG.

on these occasions to kill them. It is impossible to judge of the numbers in a herd, for they are almost always hidden beneath the waters; but as they require to come up every few minutes to breathe, when there is a con-

stant succession of heads thrown up then the herd is supposed to be large. They love a still reach of the stream, as in the more rapid parts of the channel they are floated down so quickly that much exertion is necessary to regain the distance lost by frequently swimming up again: such constant exertion disturbs them in their nap. They prefer to remain by day in a drowsy.

yawning state, and, though their eyes are open, they take little notice of things at a distance. The males utter a loud succession of snorting grunts, which may be heard a mile off. Livingstone says that in passing over a wounded one in a canoe a distinct grunting was elicited, though the animal lay entirely under water.

The young, when very little, take their stand on the neck of the dam, and the small head, rising above the larger, comes soonest to the surface. The dam, knowing the more urgent need of her calf, comes more frequently to the surface when it is in her care. But in the rivers of Loanda, where they are much in danger of being shot, even the hippopotamus gains wit by experience; for, while those in the Zambesi put up their heads openly to blow, those referred to keep their noses among water-plants, and breathe so quietly that one would not dream of their existence in the river except by footprints on the banks.

CHAPTER XVII.

DANGERS FROM ALLIGATORS.

PART of Livingstone's company marched along the banks with the oxen, and part went in the canoes, but their pace was regulated by the speed of the men on shore. Their course was rather difficult, on account of the numbers of departing and re-entering branches of the Leeambye, which they had to avoid or wait at till ferried over. The number of alligators is prodigious, and in this river they are more savage than in some others. Many children are carried off annually at Sesheke and other towns; for, notwithstanding the danger, when they go down for water they almost always must play a while. This reptile is said by the natives to strike the victim with its tail, then drag him in and drown him. When lying in the water watching for prey, the body never appears. Many calves are lost also, and it is seldom that a number of cows can swim over at Sesheke without some

loss. Livingstone says he never could avoid shuddering on seeing his men swimming across these branches, after one of them had been caught by the thigh and taken below. He, however, retained, as nearly all of them in the most trying circumstances do, his full presence of mind, and having a small, square, ragged-edged javelin with him, when dragged to the bottom gave the alligator a stab behind the shoulder. The alligator, writhing in pain, left him, and he came out with the deep marks of the reptile's teeth on his thigh.

The great abundance of game which was constantly met with was consoling to the invariably hungry natives, but on account of certain difficulties it had its unpleasant features to Livingstone. He tried in vain to instruct certain men in his company how to shoot, but with all his care they fired so wildly that if they had been his sole reliance all the ammunition must have been expended without any game to show for it; thus the shooting all devolved on Livingstone. His arm had never recovered fully from the lion's bite, which he received near Labotse, as, owing to the lack of proper surgical attention, the broken and crushed bone had not united well. Continual hard manual labor, and several falls from oxen had lengthened the ligament by which the ends of the bones were united, and a false joint was the consequence. On this account he could not himself shoot well, and a great part of his time had to be spent hunting in order to supply his men with meat.

AMONG FEMALE CHIEFS.

PASSING out of the Leeambye river, which in some places further east is called the Zambesi, Livingstone's party came to another river called the Luba. He was now among the Balonda people, a tribe that has a vague idea of spirit life, which we may possibly call religion, but instead of this idea benefiting them, it has a contrary effect, for their superstitions only seem to degrade them the more. They file their teeth to a point and tattoo themselves in various parts, but chiefly on the abdomen: the skin is raised in small elevated cicatrices, each nearly a half an inch long and a quarter of an inch in diameter, so that a number of them

may constitute a star or other device. The dark color of the skin prevents any coloring matter being deposited in these figures, but they love much to have the whole surface of their bodies anointed with a comfortable varnish of oil. Sheakondo was chief of the Barotse tribe, and his wife ruled over the Balonda, a neighboring people, considerably intermixed with the former. Beyond these is another tribe of Balonda, over whom the great female chief, Nyamoana, ruled. She was reputed to have been a woman of much cunning and immense influence, due principally to her powers of necromancy. Nyamoana treated Livingstone in a most hospitable manner, and besides giving him some oxen insisted on furnishing a guide to conduct him to the next village, which was also governed by a woman, named Manenko. She was a finely formed young woman, having no other covering upon her person than a thick daubing of yellow ochre. She was a dealer in charms, and when one of Livingstone's Masiko guides entered a tent of her tribe without first requesting permission, she expressed her belief that it was for the purpose of leaving some wicked charm; she therefore raised a big row and detained the party two days. Like women in general, this chief suddenly changed her mind, and became as friendly as at first. She not only suffered Livingstone to depart in peace, but accompanied him to the next village, named Kabompo, which contained many thousand people, ruled by a chief called Shinte. Here Livingstone was treated to a royal reception, at which Shinte sat on his throne and had his warriors go through their military exercise of leaping and throwing spears.

AN AMUSING SHOW.

OWING to the fact that Livingstone was now suffering from an enervating fever, he was unable for several days to visit Shinte as that chief had repeatedly requested him to do. When he was a little recovered, however, he called upon the chief, and to amuse him exhibited a magic lantern which threw pictures life-size. Shinte at once sent for all his wives and the dignitaries of his small court, and upon their assembling, the show was begun. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his

son Isaac ; it was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad ; the Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshiped. Livingstone explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible, now held, and that among his children our Savior appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe ; but when he moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving toward them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. "Mother ! mother !" all shouted at once, and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol-huts and tobacco-bushes : nor could they be induced to come back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole performance and afterward examined the instrument with interest. An explanation was always added after each time of showing its powers, so that no one should imagine there was aught supernatural in it.

HOW SHINTE PROVED HIS LOVE.

It being now in the rainy season, everything was so wet that it was almost impossible to procure guides, and more especially since Shinte had contracted such a great liking for Livingstone that he was anxious to detain him, believing that so long as the white man remained in the village there would befall himself and people nothing but good luck and pleasure.

One miserably rainy day, while Livingstone was alone in his tent, Shinte stepped in as though anxious no one should observe him ; after examining such curiosities as a looking-glass, books, hair-brushes, comb, watch, etc., he closed the tent opening that no one might witness the extravagance of which he was about to be guilty. He then drew out from his limited clothing a string of beads and the end of a conical shell, which he hung about Livingstone's neck with the remark, "There, now, you have a proof of my friendship." The value of this present in the estimation of Shinte was very great, for such a shell is considered in that region of as much value as the Lord Mayor's badge in England. For two of them a slave might be bought, and five would be

considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth in England \$150.

AFRICAN ETIQUETTE.

AFTER leaving Shinte, Livingstone proceeded northward, and he observed that the guides furnished him at the various villages had much more etiquette than any of the tribes further south. They would not partake of food which they had given to his party, nor would they eat their own food in their presence. When it was cooked they retired into a thicket and ate their porridge; then all stood up and clapped their hands and praised Intemese for it.

The dress of the Balonda men consists of the softened skins of small animals, as the jackal or wild cat, hung before and behind from a girdle round the loins. The dress of the women is of a nondescript character; but they were not immodest. They stand before strangers perfectly unconscious of any indecorum. But, while ignorant of their own deficiency, they could not maintain their gravity at the sight of the nudity of Livingstone's men behind. Much to their annoyance the young girls laughed outright whenever their backs were turned to them.

THE TAILLESS OX.

WHILE passing through a village governed by a chief named Ionga Panza one of the guides deserted, and stealing some articles from the chief, made off. The chief held Livingstone responsible for the loss of his property, as he had brought the thief into the country, and the controversy came near ending in a row; but in order to avoid such a calamity, Livingstone agreed to give Panza an ox in place of the stolen articles. It happened that the ox had lost part of his tail, which led the natives to suspect that it had been purposely cut off and some witchcraft medicine inserted, whereupon they rejected the ox and another had to be substituted. Livingstone now had only four oxen left, and, seizing upon the idea which this incident had suggested, he had his men cut off a part of each of their tails, in which "magical" condition he had no difficulty in retaining them.

ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

THE objective point of the expedition was the Portuguese settlement of St. Paul de Loanda, on the southwestern coast of Africa, and as they drew near the sea, Livingstone observed that his men became very uneasy. On ascending some hills near the town they caught a glimpse of the ocean, which the men regarded with the utmost awe. On describing their feelings afterward, they remarked that "we marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished: there is no more of me!'" They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit.

Livingstone arrived at Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, almost worn out with fatigue and severe dysentery.

Loanda, with a population of twelve thousand souls, contained but a single Englishman, who was a commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade. This man looked upon Livingstone as a brother, and took him at once to his house, giving him his own bed and making him comfortable in every way.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

LIVINGSTONE remained at Loanda nearly four months, much of which time he was bedridden by fever, although under excellent medical care all the while. There was an English man-of-war anchored in Loanda or Bengo bay, the surgeon of which devoted most assiduous attention to the traveler, but he was so emaciated and debilitated and the malaria had such firm hold that his system was almost incapable of rallying, and thus, despite his anxiety to return to the interior and open up a route across the continent by way of the Zambesi river, he was forced to either keep to his bed or act with great prudence during a long convalescence.

During his stay in Loanda, when able to sit up, he wrote several letters which were published in the town paper, elaborating his plan for opening up an interior and transcontinental trade, which so commended itself to the Portuguese residents that they proffered him such aid as he might require to complete his pur-

poses. The merchants gave to each of his men a good horse and an elegant uniform, and also, by a public subscription, presented to Livingstone handsome specimens of all their articles of trade, and two donkeys.

Having at length recovered from the fever, he prepared to re-enter Africa and make a crossing by way of the Zambesi, if that should prove possible, which his slight knowledge of the stream led him to believe could be done.

He says: "I took with me a good stock of cotton cloth, fresh supplies of ammunition and beads, and gave each of my men a musket. As my companions had amassed considerable quantities of goods, they were unable to carry mine, but the bishop furnished me with twenty carriers, and sent forward orders to all the commandants of the districts through which we were to pass to render me every assistance in their power. Being now supplied with a good new tent made by my friends on board the *Philomel*, we left Loanda on the 20th of September, 1854, and passed round by sea to the mouth of the River Bengo."

He ascended the Bengo for a hundred miles and then took to the country, passing over the same route he had come for several hundred miles, as he found any deviation from the regular route impracticable. In order to familiarize himself with the district generally, he made short incursions on transverse water-ways to villages, in many of which he found primitive iron works and sugar refineries, which had been abandoned, no doubt, on account of wars, for there were proofs that they had been profitable when unmolested.

AMONG THE ANGOLAS.

ONE of the most interesting people whose country borders the Bengo river, and also the Atlantic, are the Angola tribe, which at one time possessed a higher culture than at present. Throughout their country may still be seen ruins of convents and forts, as well as of manufacturing industries. They have greatly retrograded, but from what cause is indifferently understood. The chief recreations of the natives of Angola are marriages and funerals. When a young woman is about to be married, she is



WEDDING DANCE OF ANGOLA GIRLS.

placed in a hut alone and anointed with various unguents, and many incantations are employed in order to secure good fortune and faithfulness. Here, as almost everywhere in the south, the height of good fortune is to bear sons. They often leave a husband altogether if they have daughters only. In their dances, when any one may wish to deride another, in the accompanying song a line is introduced, "So-and-so has no children, and never will get any." She feels the insult so keenly that it is not uncommon for her to rush away and commit suicide. After some days the bride elect is taken to another hut, and adorned with all the richest clothing and ornaments that the relatives can either lend or borrow. She is then placed in a public situation, saluted as a lady, and presents made by all her acquaintances are placed around her. After this she is taken to the residence of her husband, where she has a hut for herself, and becomes one of several wives, for polygamy is general. Dancing, feasting, and drinking on such occasions are prolonged for several days. In case of separation, the woman returns to her father's family, and the husband receives back what he gave for her. In nearly all cases a man gives a high price for a wife, and in case of mulattoes, as much as \$300 are often given to the parents of the bride.

In cases of death the body is kept several days, and there is a grand concourse of both sexes, with beating of drums, dances, and debauchery, kept up with feasting, etc., according to the means of the relatives. The great ambition of many of the blacks of Angola is to give their friends an expensive funeral. Often, when one is asked to sell a pig, he replies, "I am keeping it in case of the death of any of my friends." A pig is usually slaughtered and eaten on the last day of the ceremonies, and its head thrown into the nearest stream or river. A native will sometimes appear intoxicated on these occasions, and, if blamed for his intemperance, will reply, "Why! my mother is dead!" as if he thought it a sufficient justification. The expenses of funerals are so heavy that often years elapse before they can defray them.

A CURIOUS INSECT.

IN the Angola country there is found a very singular insect, which inhabits trees of the fig family. Seven or eight of these small bugs cluster around a spot, generally on a small branch of the tree, and there keep up a constant distillation of a clear fluid which, dropping to the ground, forms a little puddle below. If a vessel is placed under them in the evening it will contain three or four pints of fluid in the morning. Naturalists assert that the water thus obtained is really the tree sap which these insects, by a process they do not attempt to explain, draw from the tree, but Livingstone, after making many experiments, denies this, and says the fluid is undoubtedly obtained by a condensation of the atmosphere, but he does not undertake to explain how it is done.

AFRICAN ANTS.

AT Tola Mungongo, about four hundred miles east of Loanda, Livingstone's attention was called to a peculiar red ant that infests that part of the country. He accidentally trod upon one of their nests, and hardly an instant seemed to elapse before a simultaneous attack was made on various parts of his body, up the trousers' legs from below and on his neck and breast above. The bites of these furies were like sparks of fire, and the only means of ridding himself of them was by hurriedly removing his clothing and picking them off one by one. It is astonishing how such small bodies can contain such an amount of ill-nature. They not only bite, but twist themselves round after the mandibles are inserted, to produce laceration and pain, more than would be effected by the simple bite. They are very useful in consuming the dead animal matter of the country, and when they visit human habitations they clean them entirely of the destructive white ants and other vermin. The severity of their attacks is greatly increased by their vast numbers, and rats, mice, lizards, and even the great python, when in a state of surfeit from recent feeding, fall victims to their fierce onslaught. When an ox is slaughtered the natives are compelled to build fires around the carcass to prevent the red ants from devouring it.

FATAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the Cassanga country, which adjoins that of Mungongo, the people are extremely superstitious, and pray to a god whom they call Barimo. They believe that the spirits of the dead, instead of taking up their abode in remote regions, remain always with the tribe and spend their time in vexing the living. A person accused of witchcraft must consent to undergo the ordeal of drinking a tea made from an infusion of a poisonous tree; if the first dose nauseates and causes the stomach to reject it, the accused must drink again, so that death is certain. The same superstitious ideas being prevalent through the whole of the country north of the Zambesi, seems to indicate that the people must originally have been one. In sickness, sacrifices of fowls and goats are made to appease the spirits. It is imagined that they wish to take the living away from earth and all its enjoyments. When one man has killed another a sacrifice is made, as if to lay the spirit of the victim. A sect is reported to exist who kill men in order to take their hearts and offer them to the Barimo. The chieftainship is elective from certain families. Among the Bangalas of the Cassanga valley the chief is chosen from three families in rotation. A chief's brother inherits in preference to his son. The sons of a sister belong to her brother; and he often sells his nephews to pay his debts. By this and other unnatural customs, more than by war, is the slave-market supplied. The prejudices in favor of these practices are very deeply rooted in the native mind. Even at Loanda they retire out of the city in order to perform their heathenish rites without the cognizance of the authorities. Their religion, if such it may be called, is one of dread. Numbers of charms are employed to avert the evils with which they feel themselves to be encompassed.

DREAD OF WHITE MEN.

AMONG nearly all the nations of South Africa the sight of a white person excites terror. In the villages the dogs run away with their tails between their legs, as if they had seen a lion. The women peer from behind the walls till he comes near them,

and then hastily dash into the house. When a little child, unconscious of danger, meets you in the street, he sets up a scream at the apparition, and conveys the impression that he is not far from going into fits. Among the Bechuanas Livingstone was often obliged to reprove the women for making a hobgoblin of the white man, and telling their children that they would send for him to bite them.

AFRICAN DANDIES.

ON a rivulet called Tamba, Livingstone found a people of a light olive color, who were timid and civil. They file their teeth to a point, which makes the smile of the women frightful, as it reminds one of the grin of an alligator. Many of the men are dandies; their shoulders are always wet with the oil dripping from their lubricated hair, and everything about them is ornamented in one way or another. Some thrum a musical instrument the livelong day, and when they wake at night proceed at once to their musical performance. Many of these musicians are too poor to have iron keys to their instruments, but make them of bamboo, and persevere, though no one hears the music but themselves. Others try to appear warlike by never going out of their hut except with a load of bows and arrows, or a gun ornamented with a strip of hide for every animal they have shot; and others never go anywhere without a canary in a cage. Ladies may be seen carefully tending little lap-dogs, which are intended to be eaten. Their villages are generally in forests, and composed of groups of irregularly-planted brown huts, with banana and cotton trees and tobacco growing around. Round baskets are laid on the thatch of the huts for the hens to lay in, and on the arrival of strangers, men, women, and children ply their calling as hucksters with a great deal of noisy haggling; all their transactions are conducted with civil banter and good temper.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A BUFFALO.

LIVINGSTONE tarried a few days with his good friend Shinte, already spoken of, and then began a descent of the Leeba river. This is a beautiful stream, and aside from its tranquil, clear bosom, its banks are adorned with a rich and varied vegetable

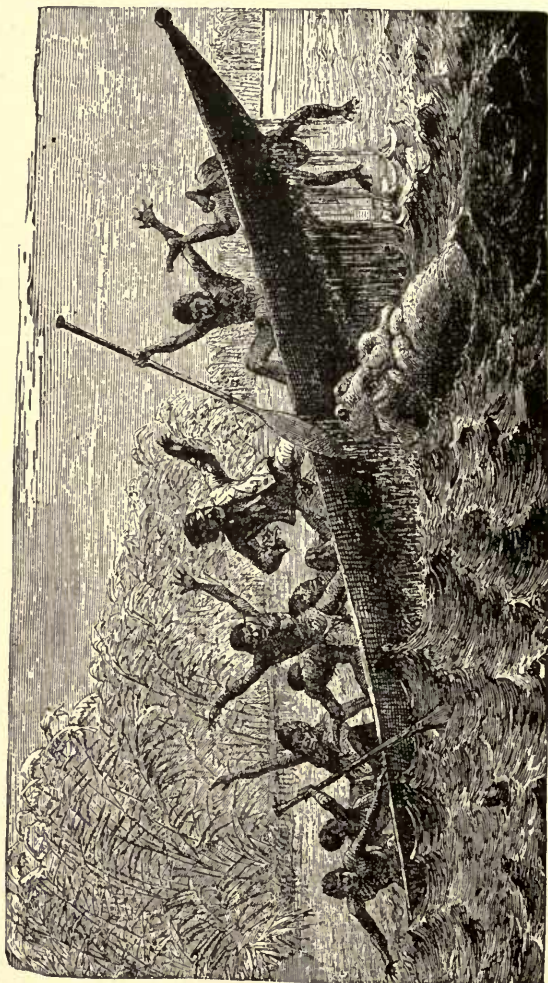
production, while game is found in great abundance. As they arrived at a village on the river banks several of the inhabitants came out and entreated Livingstone to attack a herd of buffaloes that were then feeding in the village garden, and so tame were the animals that he was able to come within six yards of them. His arm was so badly disabled by the lion bite already described, that he could shoot only with the greatest effort and uncertainty, which made him a very inferior shot. Presently he saw a large buffalo running directly toward him, evidently with hostile intentions. He glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. He therefore cocked his rifle, with the intention of giving the buffalo a steady shot in the forehead when he should come within three or four yards. The thought flashed across his mind, "What if your gun misses fire?" He placed it to his shoulder as the brute came on at full speed, and that is tremendous, though generally he is a lumbering-looking animal in his paces. A small bush and bunch of grass fifteen yards off made him swerve a little and expose his shoulder. Livingstone fired, and heard the ball strike, at the same time falling flat on his face. The pain must have made the buffalo renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past and on to the water, where he was found dead.

CAPSIZED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

UPON reaching Libonta, in the Makololo country, and the neighboring villages, Livingstone was received with manifestations of much joy by the simple-hearted natives. There were some awkward scenes at this reception, however; several of the Makololos who had left their wives to accompany him to Loanda, upon returning now found them remarried, and not a few had children to show by their new husbands. But as polygamy is almost universally practiced among all African tribes, their feelings are naturally blunted in regard to such things, and they are but little thought of.

Livingstone left Naliele on the 13th of August, and while proceeding along the shore at midday a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one-half of it quite out of the water,

so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt tilted Mashauana, one of the natives, out into the river; the rest sprang to



ATTACKED BY A MAD HIPPOPOTAMUS.

the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, Livingstone saw the hippopotamus come to the surface a short way off, and look to the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female, whose young one had been speared

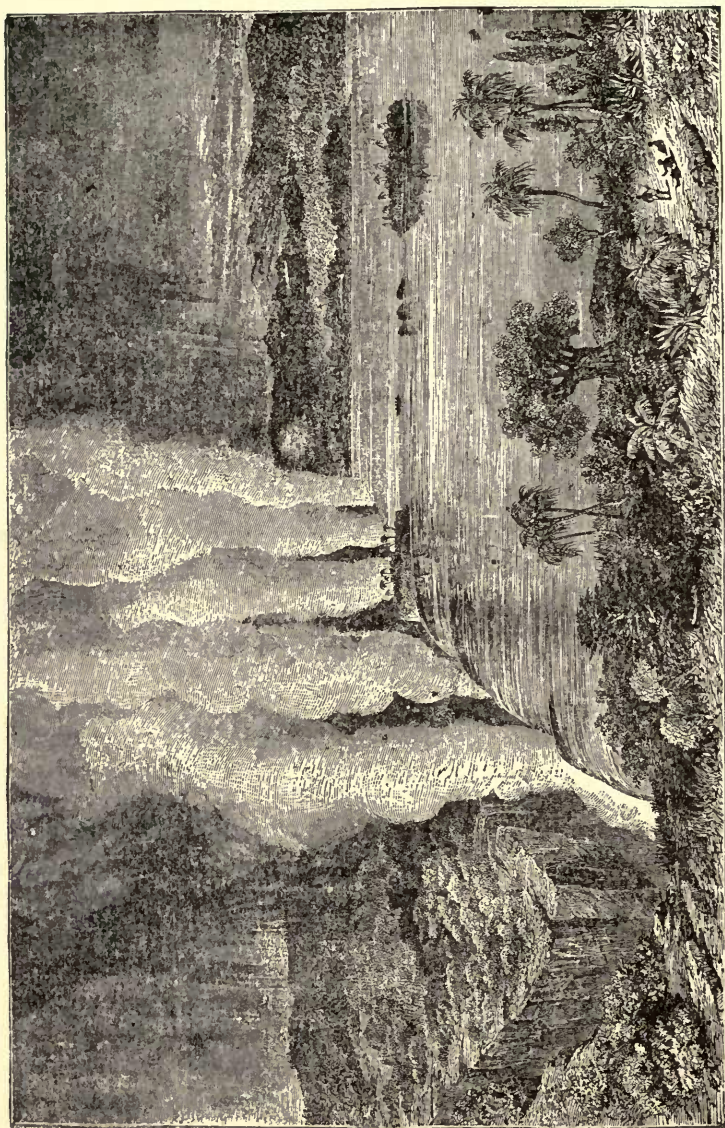
the day before. No damage was done except wetting their persons and goods. The attack was so unusual an occurrence, when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that the men exclaimed, "Is the beast mad?" There were eight in the canoe at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water.

THE WONDERFUL VICTORIA FALLS.

LIVINGSTONE continued down the river, and being in the vicinity of Victoria Falls resolved to visit them. The Leeba river had now given place to the Leeambye, which is further east called the Zambesi, all being one and the same, only called differently by the natives of the northeast, south, central and eastern tribes. Approaching to where the rapids begin he saw an island quite large enough for a considerable town, and upon going ashore he found the grave of a chief, named Sekote, ornamented with seventy large elephant tusks planted round it with the points turned inward. This was an indication of his wealth and greatness.

The falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioatunya, or more anciently Shongwe, were not far off, and on the following day he pushed on with only one native as a guide, and soon came near enough to see five great columns of vapor ascending and moving off like smoke, descending again in torrents of rain upon a thick covert of trees a mile or more distant. Describing this sight and the falls, Livingstone says:

* * * "No one can imagine the beauty of the view from any thing witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that of mountains in the background. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting



VICTORIA FALLS, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER BANK.

rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go when the water is high. But, though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view from which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only 80 feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw the stream of a thousand yards broad leap down a hundred feet, and then become suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills."

These falls are, without doubt, one of the greatest natural curiosities on the earth, and should they ever become accessible to the civilized world they will attract millions of tourists and pleasure-seekers. Victoria Falls may in truth be designated as one of the "World's Wonders."

After indulging in a long view of the falls, measuring the stream, and estimating the character of the surrounding soil for garden purposes, Livingstone planted some peach and apricot seeds, and some coffee grains, on the little island shown in the illustration, and then proceeded on his journey to the east coast.

CURIOUS FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

On the Kolomo river he saw an elephant which had no tusks, a sight quite as rare in Africa as it is to see one with tusks in Ceylon. The elephant was extremely wary and made off with great haste at sight of the men. Buffaloes were plentiful, and shooting into a herd, Livingstone brought one down; the others, not perceiving their enemy, tried to gore their wounded comrade,

and in so doing actually lifted him with their horns and bore him a considerable distance. All wild animals usually gore a wounded companion and expel it from the herd; even zebras bite and kick a diseased one. This instinct is a wise provision of nature to prevent any but the perfect and healthy from propagating their species.

Among the great numbers of buffaloes Livingstone noticed that nearly every animal was attended by a peculiar bird, which served the double purpose of ridding them of insects and sounding an alarm when danger threatened. Rhinoceri were also plentiful, and these, too, were followed by a companion-bird, which seemed attached to the huge beast out of pure affection, for owing to its hard, hairless skin it is not much troubled with insects.

One species of this bird possesses a bill of a peculiar scoop or stone forceps form, as if intended only to tear off insects from the skin; and its claws are as sharp as needles, enabling it to hang on to an animal's ear while performing a useful service within it. This sharpness of the claws allows the bird to cling to the nearly insensible cuticle without irritating the nerves of pain on the true skin, exactly as a burr does to the human hand.

THE MOTHER ELEPHANT AND HER CALF.

ONE evening, on the Zambesi, Livingstone shot an elephant, and on the following day, while his men were cutting it up, great numbers of the villagers came to enjoy the feast. They were on the side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees and cut by numerous rivulets. Livingstone had retired from the noise, to take an observation among some rocks of laminated grit, when he beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley, about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As he looked at them through his glass, he saw a long string of his own men appearing on the other side of them, while one of the men came and told him that these had gone off saying, "Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got." He then went higher up the side of the valley, in order

to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They called out to attract the animal's attention,

"O chief! chief! we have come to kill you.

O chief! chief! many more will die besides you, etc.

The gods have said it," etc., etc.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed toward them. The little one ran forward toward the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one and ran after it, sometimes sideways, as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about a hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks, and continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed of their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears at about twenty yards distance. After the first discharge she appeared with her sides red with blood, and beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. Livingstone sent word to spare the calf. It ran very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop; their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before the messenger could reach them, the calf had taken refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She

turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished at right angles to her course, or sideways, and, as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one except a man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. Bright clothing is always dangerous in these cases. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went farther than 100 yards. She often stood after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed; for at last, making a short charge, she staggered round and sank down dead in a kneeling posture.

ADVENTURES WITH WILD ANIMALS.

CHANGING his course to get back to the Zambesi river, Livingstone reached a great plain covered with broad-leaved bushes, in which he found elephants so numerous that several times he had to shout and fire his gun in order to frighten them out of the path so as to enable his party to get through. At an open space a herd of buffaloes came trotting up to the oxen, and were only driven away after Livingstone had shot one of their number. The elephants are generally good natured, but at one place a female with three young ones of different sizes charged through the centre of the extended line and produced a panic; one of the men was courageous enough, however, to thrust a spear into her side which caused her to retreat without doing any injury.

Along the Zambesi Livingstone found enormous flocks of water-fowl, chiefly geese and ducks, which, having never been hunted were exceedingly tame, and might have been killed with stones. This great game country, which perhaps excels that of any other section of Africa, was near the conjunction of the Kafue with the Zambesi river.

SUPERSTITION RESPECTING ALBINOS.

OCCASIONALLY white or albino children are born in Africa, and they are regarded with dread and superstition. Livingstone relates that during the time he resided at Mabotsa, a woman

came to the station with a fine albino boy. The father had ordered her to throw him away, but she clung to her offspring for many years. He was remarkably intelligent for his age. The pupil of the eye was of a pink color, and the eye itself was unsteady in vision. The hair, or rather wool, was yellow, and the features were those common among the Bechuanas. Some time after Livingstone left the place the mother is said to have become tired of living apart from the father, who refused to have her while she retained the son: so she took him out one day and killed him close to the village.

In some tribes a case of twins renders one of them liable to death; and an ox which, while lying in the pen, beats the ground with its tail, is treated in the same way. It is thought to be calling death to visit the tribe. If a fowl crows before midnight it is guilty of "tlolo," and is killed. Livingstone's men often carried them sitting on their guns, and if one began to crow in a forest the owner would give it a beating, by way of teaching it not to be guilty of crowing at unseasonable hours.

SETTLING DISPUTES.

LIVINGSTONE says that only on one occasion did he ever witness anything like a fist-fight between natives. An old woman, standing by his camp, continued to belabor a good-looking young man for hours with her tongue. Irritated at last, he uttered some words of impatience, when another man sprang at him, exclaiming, "How dare you curse my 'Mama?'" They caught each other, and a sort of pushing, dragging wrestling-match ensued. The old woman who had been the cause of the affray wished Livingstone to interfere, and the combatants themselves hoped as much; but he preferred to remain neutral and allow them to fight it out. It ended by one falling under the other, both, from their scuffling, being in a state of nudity. They picked up their clothing and ran off in different directions, each threatening to bring his gun and settle the dispute in mortal combat. Only one, however, returned, and the old woman continued her scolding till the men, fairly tired of her tongue, ordered her to be gone. Their disputes are usually conducted with great

volubility and noisy swearing, but they generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BATOKA TRIBE.

THE Batokas inhabit a part of the country near the Kafue river. They are friendly, and came out in great numbers to see the white man, bringing with them presents of corn and provisions. The men go entirely naked. They walk about without the smallest sense of shame. They have even lost the tradition of the "fig-leaf." Livingstone asked a fine, large-bodied old man if he did not think it would be better to adopt a little covering. He looked with a pitying leer, and laughed with surprise at being thought at all indecent; he evidently considered himself above such weak superstition. It was regarded as a good joke when Livingstone told them that if they had no other clothing, they might put on a bunch of grass.

Their mode of salutation is quite singular. They throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs as expressions of thankfulness and welcome, uttering the words "Kina bomba." Livingstone says that this method of salutation was to him very disagreeable, and he never could get reconciled to it. He would call out, "Stop, stop; don't do that;" but they, imagining he was dissatisfied, only tumbled about more furiously, and slapped their thighs with greater vigor.

"A chief named Monze came to us one Sunday morning," says Livingstone, "wrapped in a large cloth, and rolled himself about in the dust, screaming 'Kina bomba,' as they all do. The sight of great naked men wallowing on the ground, though intended to do me honor, was always very painful: it made me feel thankful that my lot had been cast in such different circumstances from that of so many of my fellow-men. One of his wives accompanied him: she would have been comely if her teeth had been spared: she had a little battle-axe in her hand, and helped her husband to scream. She was much excited, for she had never seen a white man before."

ADVENTURE WITH THREE BUFFALOES.

One day, in passing through some thick trees and brush, Livingstone and his men were surprised by the sudden appearance

THE FRIGHTENED BUFFALOES.



of three buffaloes, which had scented them, and imagining they were surrounded, dashed through the lines. Livingstone's ox

set off at a gallop, and when he could manage to glance back he saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo, which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. The poor fellow alighted on his face, and though he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced nor was a bone broken. When the beasts appeared he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and before he could use a tree for safety, carried him off. His bruises were dressed, and in about a week he was able to perform his customary duties.

COMPLETING THE JOURNEY.

SHOOTING of elephants, rhinoceri, and hyenas was a daily occurrence, but no special incident took place until they reached Tete, which is on the Zambesi, about three hundred miles from the coast. Here Livingstone was greatly astonished to find a Portuguese fort and settlement, and his reception was of the most cordial character. The commandant provided every dainty that was procurable, and lodged his guest and his entire party in the best possible manner.

After resting a few days a canoe was obtained, and eight of the men accompanied Livingstone to Quilimane, on the seacoast, paddling the canoe down the Zambesi. One of the men, old Sekwebu, had become so attached to his white friend that he begged to accompany him to England, and Livingstone finally consented, at the same time warning him that he might die if he went to so cold a country. "That is nothing," replied Sekwebu; "let me die at your feet."

They sailed on the brig "Frolic," and reached Mauritius on the 12th of August, 1856. Sekwebu was picking up English and becoming a favorite with both men and officers. He seemed a little bewildered, everything on board a man-of-war being so new and strange; but he remarked to Livingstone several times, "Your countrymen are very agreeable," and "What a strange country this is—all water together!" When they reached the Mauritius a steamer came out to tow them into the harbor. The

constant strain on his untutored mind seemed now to reach a climax, for during the night he became insane. He had descended into a boat, and when Livingstone attempted to go down and bring him into the ship, he ran to the stern and said, "No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water." The officers proposed to secure him by putting him in irons; but, being a gentleman in his own country, Livingstone objected, knowing that the insane often retain an impression of ill treatment, and he could not bear to have it said in Sekwebu's country that he had chained one of the principal men as they had seen slaves treated. In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred; he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down hand under hand by the chain cable. They never found the body of poor Sekwebu.

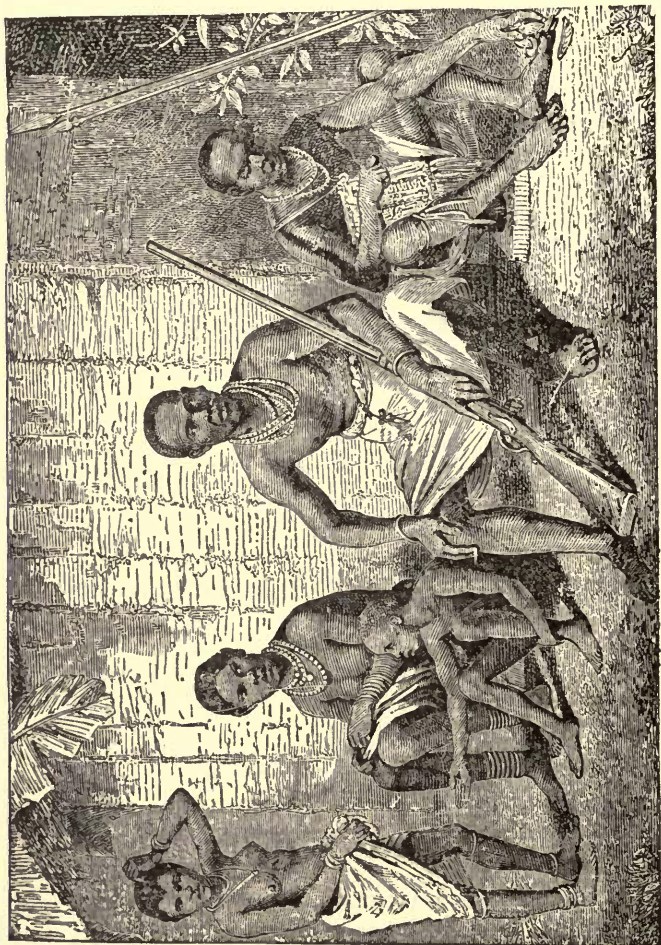
LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOBLE PURPOSES OF A GREAT MAN.

THE sixteen years which Livingstone had spent in Africa served to largely increase the spirit of adventure which first led him to renounce the influences of civilization for the barbarous regions of an unknown country. He was restless in England, and longed to return and continue the labors he had begun in Africa. He

longed to strike a death blow to the accursed slave trade, which at that time existed in nearly all parts of Africa, destroying happy families, debasing and degrading the people, and keeping



NATIVE AFRICAN FAMILY BEFORE THE INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY.

up a constant state of alarm which rendered futile all efforts to civilize or Christianize the natives. He had witnessed happy domestic scenes in Africa, and the good of that people lay close to his great heart.

To give expression to his wishes he wrote several papers to the English Geographical Society, and proposed an expedition to the Zambesi, with the avowed double intention of promoting commercial intercourse with the interior natives and suppressing, as far as possible, the infamous slave-trade, which flourished throughout Africa to the disgrace of the civilized world. He also wished to make the Zambesi a highway by which commerce and Christianity could pass into the interior of the country.

A considerable fund was raised, one gentleman contributing \$5,000, to aid the expedition, which was organized and set sail on the 10th of March, 1858. Livingstone was accompanied by his wife, also his brother Charles, and Dr. Kirk, superintendent of the Kew Gardens, London. They embarked on the steamer *Pearl*, and carried with them a steam launch, in sections. Arriving at the mouth of the Zambesi, the launch was put together, and in this an ascent of the river was begun. Owing to several sand-bars in the lower end of the Zambesi, after penetrating a few miles it was found that a lateral stream, named the Kongone, was more easily navigated, and into this the launch was turned. The banks of this stream, which is a branch of the Zambesi, were lined with a profusion of tropical growth, mangroves, screw-palms, and climbing plants, which imparted a most picturesque and charming view.

LAUGHING RATS.

ONE hundred miles from the Zambesi's mouth Livingstone discovered the river Shire, which was such a considerable stream that he ascended it several hundred miles, until he entered a large lake, to which he gave the name Nyassa. He coasted the lake a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and found it to be a basin into which a great portion of Central Africa is drained. He found the slave-trade flourishing here to a fearful extent, promoted by continual wars, in which all prisoners on either side were reduced to slavery. Criminals were also sold into slavery.

From Lake Nyassa the expedition returned down the Shire to Mazaro, where they camped two days, preparatory to following up the Zambesi. During this stop they were grievously annoyed

by a singular species of rat, whose continual laughing was sorely perplexing and uncanny. They were so numerous that n atight sleep was impossible, on account of their boldness in scampering over the men, and their loud, unceasing "he! he! he!" almost exactly like a human laugh. Any effort to get rid of them was certain to be followed by a most diabolical "he-he-ing," so weird as to be suggestive of the infernal regions.

AMONG ELEPHANTS.

LIVINGSTONE was now in the elephant country again, and every day there was some adventure with these animals. One morning the launch ran into a herd that was bathing in the river, and so frightened were they that a young one was caught. Its screams attracted the dam, which came immediately to the rescue of her calf; but ropes were thrown over the little one so quickly, while the vessel moved off rapidly, that she was left behind. The little fellow was brought on board and soon became quite friendly, but, unfortunately, one of the natives employed on the boat had cut his proboscis during the capture, from which it died after several days.

On the same day a large female elephant was killed, and as it was then growing late a halt was made for the night. The elephant was cut up, a big fire lighted, and a royal feast began. Says Livingstone: "We had the elephant's forefoot cooked for ourselves in native fashion. A large hole was dug in the ground, in which a fire was made: and when the inside was thoroughly heated, the entire foot was placed in it, and covered over with the hot ashes and soil; another fire was made above the whole, and kept burning all night. We had the foot thus cooked for breakfast next morning, and found it delicious. It is a whitish mass, slightly gelatinous, and sweet, like marrow. A long march, to prevent biliousness, is a wise precaution after a meal of elephant's foot. Elephant's trunk and tongue are also good, and, after long simmering, much resemble the hump of a buffalo and the tongue of an ox; but all the other meat is tough and, from its peculiar flavor, only to be eaten by a hungry man. The quantities of meat our men devour is quite astounding. They boil as

much as their pots will hold, and eat till it becomes physically impossible for them to stow away any more. An uproarious dance follows, accompanied with stentorian song ; and as soon as they have shaken their first course down, and washed off the

TRAVELING OVERLAND IN AFRICA.



sweat and dust of the after performance, they go to work to roast more ; a short snatch of sleep succeeds, and they are up and at it again ; an night long it is boil and eat, roast and devour, with a few brief interludes of sleep,

The Portuguese had introduced rum into the country through which they were now traveling, in connection with the slave trade, and its painfully degrading effects were manifested among the people. One chief remarked that the white men were greatly favored by their God, who was so kind as to send them guns and powder from heaven, and to cause rivers of rum to flow through their country all the year round. He said he would like to live on the banks of such a river.

WILD DOGS.

THE expedition proceeded up the river above three hundred miles, to the head of navigation, and from thence by oxen, donkeys, and on foot to a place near Bazizulu, where there is a very dense jungle. Here the attention of Charles Livingstone was attracted by a ferocious yelping like dogs fighting. Proceeding forward to locate the sound, he was astonished to behold a troop of dogs wrangling over the remains of a buffalo, which they had killed and nearly devoured. This was a strange sight, for wild dogs were not previously known. This singular animal has a large head and jaws of great power; the ears are long, the color black and yellow in patches, with a white tuft at the tip of the tail. They hunt their game in packs, and perseveringly follow the animal they first start till they bring him down. The Balala of the Kalahari desert are said to have formerly tamed them and to have employed them to hunt. An intelligent native at Kolobeng remembered when a boy to have seen a pack of the dogs returning from a hunt in charge of their masters, who drove them like a herd of goats, and for safety kept them in a pit.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS ATTACKED BY ALLIGATORS.

THE explorers continued their journey along the banks of the Zambesi until the Zongwe river was reached, up which they went by canoes nearly fifty miles, then crossed the country to Victoria Falls. Being now in the Makololo country, Livingstone's first inquiries were for Sekeletu and the fate of the Mabotsa mission. The report was most discouraging, for Sekeletu was fatally afflicted with leprosy and his power among the tribe wholly lost

by reason of his helpless condition, his people believing him to be bewitched. Mr. Helmore and his wife, who had succeeded Livingstone at the Mabotse mission, had both died of fever, and there was now scarcely a remembrance left of his labors among the Makololo tribe.

There was nothing now to detain him in that country, as the fate of the mission destroyed all hope of any good coming from further Christian labors in that district; so they visited Victoria Falls and then by canoe descended the rapids. We give a bird's-eye view of these wonderful falls on page 562, showing the very singular condensed and winding form of the river after its plunge down the precipice. This is one of the most remarkable curiosities of nature, even surpassing Niagara Falls or the wonders of the Yellowstone region. While going down the stream, which is considered very dangerous, an old native offered his services to pray for their safe passage for a small remuneration, which was, however, declined, and when the canoes safely descended through the chasm of boiling water, there was great surprise manifested by the natives. Upon reaching a flat place under the cliffs where an eddy was formed, a large herd of hippopotami, thirty or more in number, were found sporting; while a number of native boys were amusing themselves by pelting them with stones. The native canoemen were afraid to pass through the herd, declaring that there was a certain old bull who, from anger or viciousness, would attack canoes if run in among them. Livingstone, to frighten the animals, killed one, which floated off but was caught a short distance below. An effort was made to drag it from the water, but at this moment the huge carcass was attacked by a dozen or more alligators, and despite the throwing of stones, shooting and shouting, the ferocious reptiles dragged the hippopotamus away and feasted upon it.

Directly after this incident a fine water-buck was shot while drinking from the river; the animal fell and was instantly seized by a crocodile, but being only wounded it regained its feet, though still held by the reptile, and for some minutes there was a dreadfull contest. The water-buck got away, however, but as

it attempted to swim the stream, another crocodile seized it and dragged it under.

A few nights afterward, while encamped on a small stream, they were aroused by a scream of anguish, and quickly running to the bank of the river, they found that a woman had been caught by a crocodile; they seized a boat and pushed off to the rescue, but just as they were almost within reach of the unfortunate woman she gave a fearful shriek: the horrid reptile had snapped off her leg at the knee. Mangled and fainting she was carried to the village and her limb bandaged, but she soon died.

RETURN TO LAKE NYASSA.

LIVINGSTONE journeyed about one hundred miles west of Victoria Falls, then retraced his steps, varying his route by a few short detours, to Lake Nyassa, which he desired to more fully explore. A considerable boat was constructed and an effort made to cross the lake, but a storm arose and for six hours threatened their boat with destruction and forced them to return. The country lying north of the lake is mountainous, but well suited for agriculture, and occupied by a tribe of Zulus. These people own large herds of cattle and are constantly increasing in numbers by annexing other tribes. Referring to this fact, Livingstone says: "Never before in Africa have we seen anything like the dense population on the shores of Lake Nyassa. In the southern part there was an almost unbroken chain of villages. On the beach of wellnigh every little sandy bay, dark crowds were standing, gazing at the novel sight of a boat under sail; and wherever we landed we were surrounded in a few seconds by hundreds of men, women, and children, who hastened to have a stare at the 'chirombo' (wild animals). To see the 'animals' feed was the greatest attraction; never did the Zoological Society's lions or monkeys draw more sight-seers than we did. Indeed, we equaled the hippopotamus on his first arrival among the civilized on the banks of the Thames.

" 'How far is it to the end of the lake?' we inquired of an intelligent-looking native at the south part. 'The other end of the lake!' he exclaimed, in real or well-feigned astonishment:

'who ever heard of such a thing? Why, if one started when a mere boy to walk to the other end of the lake, he would be an old, gray-headed man before he got there. I never heard of such a thing being attempted.' "

This answer indicates how little the tribes of Central Africa travel. The end of the lake was not more than one hundred miles from the place where this ignorant native resided, and yet neither he nor any of his companions had any idea of the distance, having lived and fished all their lives in one place.

DEATH OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE.

LIVINGSTONE's exploration of the lake extended from September 2 to October 27, 1861, when, having expended or lost most of his goods, it was necessary to go back to the ship. He did not return again to the lake, but established several missions and devoted himself to freeing slaves, being now in a country where slavery appeared to be the principal occupation of the natives. There was incessant war, one tribe preying upon another, capturing and selling, massacreing and burning, until barbarity could go no further. Fever broke out among the party on board the vessel, and became extremely virulent and obstinate. About the middle of April Mrs. Livingstone was prostrated by this disease, and it was accompanied by obstinate vomiting. Nothing is yet known that can allay this distressing symptom, which of course renders medicine of no avail, as it is instantly rejected. She received whatever medical aid could be rendered from Dr. Kirk, but became unconscious, and her eyes were closed in the sleep of death as the sun set on the evening of the Christian Sabbath, the 27th of April, 1862. A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day under the branches of the great baobab-tree, and with sympathizing hearts the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request, the Rev. James Stewart read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolobeng, a thousand miles inland from the

Cape, and as the daughter of Moffatt and a Christian lady exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead.

EXPLORATION OF THE ROVUMA RIVER.

It was Livingstone's intention to launch a steam vessel on Lake Nyassa, and he had one built for this purpose, but when ready the Shire river had fallen so low that the attempt had to be abandoned. Learning from some natives that the Rovuma river had its source in Lake Nyassa, he determined to explore that stream. So preparations were made for a final departure from the Zambesi. Upon reaching the mouth of the Rovuma, they found the stream too shallow to admit anything but small, flat-bottomed crafts, which, fortunately, they had brought with them. In three light-draught sail-boats they began an ascent of the river. There was a fertile valley reaching several miles on each side near the mouth, but as they proceeded inland hills arose, until at several places the river ran zig-zag through a deep cut which was almost like piercing a mountain. There was an utter absence of game and the natives were far from friendly. While passing by an island, several natives appeared armed with bows and muskets and demanded toll; a long parley ensued, in which Livingstone understood that he would have to either pay toll or fight; he paid the toll, thirty pieces of cloth, but had proceeded less than a mile when another party attacked the boats; bullets fairly riddled the sails, but a few well-directed volleys from the boats dispersed the enemy with some loss.

The expedition ascended a distance of one hundred and fifty-six miles, and then found the river so narrow and obstructed by dangerous cataracts, that it was necessary to return, much to their disappointment, as they had not gained any particularly valuable information concerning its source. Crocodiles are scarce in the Rovuma, on account of being hunted so persistently by the natives, who relish their meat as English do roast beef, while

crocodile eggs are considered even more delicious, tasting something like hen's eggs, with a slight flavor of custard.

There is only one other animal whose habitat is near the Rovuma that the natives make any show of hunting, viz: the seuze, which in size equals our domestic cat, but in shape somewhat resembles a pig or peccari. It keeps from sight in dense reeds, where it feeds on succulent young vegetable growths, and perhaps also on snakes and toads. The natives set fire to the reeds during the dry season, and as the seuze rush out to escape a scorching they are speared or shot in great numbers.

TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY,

THEY now descended the Rovuma to their large vessel, and returned to the Zambesi, hoping that by this time the Shire river would be navigable for the steam launch. While proceeding up the Zambesi, several natives were employed as sailors, and thousands offered their services for a few pieces of cloth. Owing to a severe drought in the country between Luputa and Kebrabosa, the people were driven to the woods by hunger, where they were subsisting on such wild fruits as the country afforded. Game was abundant, but the natives are such poor hunters that they cannot depend upon it.

The Shire river having risen so as to promise successful navigation, on January 10, 1863, they departed from Shupanga. They had scarcely got well into the river before they became witnesses of the dreadful atrocities being then perpetrated by a chief named Mariano. He was a Portuguese slave-agent, and had invaded the country, capturing slaves, burning villages, killing and robbing the people. Says Livingstone:

“Dead bodies floated past us daily, and in the mornings the paddles had to be cleared of corpses, caught by the floats during the night. For scores of miles the entire population of the valley was swept away by this scourge, Mariano. The sight and smell of dead bodies was everywhere. Many skeletons lay beside the path, where in their weakness they had fallen and expired. The corpse of a boy floated past the ship; a monstrous crocodile rushed at it with the speed of a greyhound, caught it, and shook

it as a terrier does a rat. Others dashed at the prey, each with his powerful tail churning the water into froth as he furiously tore off a piece. In a few seconds it was all gone. The sight was fearful to behold."

So numerous were the reptiles that Livingstone counted sixty-seven lying on a single bank. One of the men, reaching down to dip up a cup of water, was seized, but fortunately he grasped a tree branch and held fast, while the ferocious reptile tugged desperately to drag him into the water. The crocodile did not release its hold until it had terribly gashed and lacerated the man's hand.

The little steamer was taken by water within thirty-five miles of Lake Nyassa, and there she was taken apart, having been constructed in sections so as to be portable. It was necessary, however, to cut a road through the intervening forests, which required great labor and patience, so many trees having to be felled and stones removed. The object of placing this boat on the lake was to use her as a corvette in breaking up the slave-trade, and carrying ivory, and in opening up a commercial route to the sea by way of the Rovuma river. The vessel was carted half the distance, when Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone became so ill from dysentery that they were compelled to abandon the expedition and return to England; Dr. Livingstone was also attacked and reduced to a mere skeleton. In addition to these troubles, the lack of food was seriously felt, and a number of the carriers deserted. Against all these annoyances Livingstone struggled, but he found, as the road became more difficult, that it would be impossible to convey the boat to the lake, and rather than lose her by the desertion of his carriers, he had the vessel carried back and floated in the Shire.

He could not endure the idea of returning without seeing more of the lake, and he therefore left a dozen of the party in charge of the vessel while, with twice as many more, he went on to the lake and followed its banks until within sight of the head waters, which were very shallow. He noted many small streams on the left bank flowing into the lake, but no considerable river. He remained in the vicinity.

Speaking of the results of his second expedition, Livingstone says: "We opened a cotton-field, which, taking in the Shire and Lake Nyassa, was 400 miles in length. We had gained the confidence of the people wherever we had gone; and a new era had commenced in a region much larger than the cotton-fields of the Southern States of America." His hopes for the future of that country, however, were not fulfilled, and it is yet almost as wild and barbarous as when he visited it, the curse of slave-hunting seeming to rest upon it from generation to generation.

LIVINGSTONE'S THIRD EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEARCH FOR THE NILE'S SOURCE.

Soon after his return from Africa, in 1864, Livingstone was apprised of the results of Speke and Grant's discoveries, and upon reading their journals was impressed with a belief that they had not found the true source of the Nile, which he thought must be in a chain of lakes lying south of Victoria N'yanza. Revolving the matter much in his own mind, he soon concluded to visit Africa for the third time, to test the claims put forth by Speke and Grant and to make other explorations.

It chanced that at this time the government of India desired to present to the Sultan of Zanzibar the steamer *Thule*, which had

belonged to Captain Osborne's Chinese fleet, but was no longer required in that service. Dr. Livingstone was commissioned to make the formal presentation, and just previous to his departure, Sir Bartle Frere gave him a note to the Sultan, warmly commending him to his Excellency and begging the favor that the distinguished traveler might be assisted in making a journey into Central Africa. With these advantages he set sail for Zanzibar in the steamer *Thule*, and after a voyage of twenty-three days from Bombay, landed his vessel January 23, 1866, and reported to the Sultan, who was representing the Arabian government.

Dr. Livingstone was cordially received by the Sultan, and also by Dr. Seward, acting British consul at Zanzibar. The presentation of the steamer was made according to the terms of his commission, before a gathering of English officers from the steamers *Wasp* and *Vigilant*, which were lying off the port, and so pleased was the Sultan that he not only was ready to fulfill the request of Sir Bartle Frere, but his kindness went so far as to offer Livingstone a vessel, crew and provisions, and to give him any protection which the Arabic arms could afford.

A stay of nearly two months was made at Zanzibar, outfitting and perfecting details for the contemplated march, Livingstone being provided with a handsome house in the meantime and his desires carefully attended to. On March 18th he arranged with a Banian who farmed the custom-house revenue, to send a supply of beads, cloth, flour, tea, coffee and sugar to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganika, with a man to remain in charge of the goods on their arrival. Ujiji was made a principal base for supplies, and the first journey was therefore directed toward that place.

The steamer *Penguin* was placed at his disposal, and on March 19th he set sail for the Rovuma river. On the following day the river was reached, where a dhow (a coasting vessel of East Africa) was in waiting to receive the animals which Livingstone took with him for riding and as beasts of burden; these comprised six camels, three buffaloes and a calf, two mules and four donkeys. The men in his company consisted of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and

others, members of interior tribes, making forty in all. Several of these had accompanied Livingstone on his second journey, and were of the greatest service to him.

LANDING THE ANIMALS.

OWING to shallow water and extremely miry banks he found it quite impossible to land his animals at the Rovuma, and had to search for a safer spot, which he at length found at Mikindamy Bay, which lies twenty-five miles north of Rovuma. The animals were so badly bruised by being tossed about in the dhow, that a rest was necessary before starting for the interior. Twenty natives were engaged here to carry some of the burdens, and saddles were made for the camels and donkeys. During this delay a buffalo gored one of the donkeys so badly that it had to be shot, which was a loss much to be deplored, as no other animal is so well suited for carrying purposes in Africa.

It was not until April 6th that the expedition started for the interior along the Rovuma valley.

BURNING A LEOPARD.

ON the 23d they passed a spot where, on the previous night, a leopard had been burned. Upon questioning the natives, Livingstone found that it was the custom to burn the bodies of leopards that are killed, but to preserve the skins. The reason which they gave for not eating the flesh, as nearly all other tribes do, is that the leopard devours men; this shows the opposite of an inclination to cannibalism.

Upon reaching the Makoa country, a queer people were met with, quite unlike those of any tribe toward the south. The men have their faces thickly tattooed in double raised lines of about half an inch in length. After the incisions are made charcoal is rubbed in and the flesh pressed out, so that all the cuts are raised above the level of the surface. The women are generally tall and well-made, with fine limbs and feet, and are profusely tattooed all over; even the hips and buttock are elaborately marked, no shame being felt at the exposure of those parts.

TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH A LEOPARD.

ON May 21st, while they were encamped, a leopard slipped in among the tents and caught a little dog which Livingstone had brought with him. Its yelps and agonizing cries awakened him,



A TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH THE LEOPARD.

and he rushed out of his tent in time to catch a glimpse of the retreating leopard as it made off with the dog. Mentioning the

incident at the next village, which was near, the natives related an adventure which some of them had had with perhaps the same leopard on that day. Having lost many of their goats and calves by wild animals, a spring-gun was set by the natives, near which a small goat was tied, so that any attempt to seize the goat would fire the gun. After waiting several hours, five of the natives went to see the result, but as they approached, one of them, being in advance, was attacked by a large leopard that leaped upon his shoulder and with the utmost ferocity began to tear him with its huge claws. The suddenness of the attack prevented him from using his spear, and he would have been torn to pieces in a moment except for the assistance of his comrades, who, hearing his agonized screams, ran to his assistance, and after a terrible battle, in which several of them were wounded, they succeeded in dispatching the brute with their spears. It was one of the largest of its species, and being pressed with hunger, was doubtless in the act of springing upon the decoy goat when the man appeared, and it at once directed its fury against him. The men who had slain the leopard had suddenly become heroes in the eyes of their countrymen, and the lofty manner in which they strutted about showed how much they appreciated their honors.

STRANGE CUSTOMS.

THE cattle of Africa are, like the Indian buffalo, only partially tamed; they never give their milk without the presence of the calf, or its stuffed skin, the "fulchan." The women adjacent to Mozambique partake a little of the wild animal's nature; for, like most members of the inferior races of animals, they refuse all intercourse with their husbands when enciente, and they continue this for about three years afterward, or until the child is weaned, which usually happens about the third year. Livingstone was told, on most respectable authority, that many fine young native men marry one wife, and live happily with her till this period; nothing will then induce her to continue to cohabit with him; and as the separation is to continue for three years, the man is almost compelled to take up with another wife: this

was mentioned as one of the great evils of society. The same absurdity prevails on the West Coast, and there it is said that the men acquiesce from ideas of purity.

The beasts of burden which had been bitten by the tsetse fly continued to droop and die, while one of the camels was beaten to death by the Sepoys, who proved to be the most worthless and irresponsible people Livingstone had ever met with. Their conduct was so bad, and they were so lazy and worthless, that he was finally obliged to discharge and send them back.

HORRIBLE SCENES.

THEY were now nearing Lake Nyassa, a fact which became evident from the number of slave parties that were met on the route, whose tallow marks showed that they came from the region of the Lake. Livingstone's journal shows the following entry on June 19th: "We passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else if she recovered after resting for a time. I may mention here that we saw others tied up in a similar manner, and one lying in the path shot or stabbed, for she was in a pool of blood. The explanation we got invariably was that the Arab who owned these victims was enraged at losing his money by the slaves becoming unable to march, and vented his spleen by murdering them. A poor little boy with *prolapsus ani* was carried yesterday by his mother many a weary mile, lying over her right shoulder—the only position he could find ease in; an infant at the breast occupied the left arm, and on her head were carried two baskets. The mother's love was seen in binding up the part when we halted, while the coarseness of low civilization was evinced in the laugh with which some black brutes looked at the sufferer."

HABITS OF THE NATIVES.

THE natives about Metaba are more intelligent than those found farther east on the Rovuma, and their appearance is not at all

displeasing. Stone boiling is unknown in their country, but ovens are made in ant-hills. Holes are dug in the ground for baking heads of large game, such as of zebras, the feet of elephants, and humps of the rhinoceros. In the production of fire they use two sticks, which are usually carried with them, one of which has a hole through the center. They wet the blunt end of the upright stick with the tongue and dip it in the sand to cause some particles of silica to adhere before inserting it in the horizontal piece, which they then rub briskly. The wood of a certain wild fig-tree is esteemed as yielding fire readily. In wet weather they usually carry fire in the dried balls of elephants' dung.

The country is generally beautiful, but the curse of slave-trading had blighted it until, at the time Livingstone passed through, famine and starvation were rife; skeletons by the wayside, and slaves in galling yokes dying for want of food. He mentions having met with a number of slaves, all yoked together, that had been abandoned by their captors to die of starvation; some of them were already in an unconscious condition from want of food, and others barely able to raise their heads from the ground. It was a shocking sight, but only one of a thousand such.

CARRIED OFF BY A LION AND A CROCODILE.

LIVINGSTONE reached Lake Nyassa at the confluence of the Misinje on August 8th, having surmounted many obstacles, not the least of which was a distressing scarcity of food. He passed around the south end of the lake and was most hospitably entertained at all the villages. So dense is the population that there is a succession of villages with scarcely any break or line of separation between them. At a village called Mponda he found an Arab party with nearly eight hundred slaves confined in a pen made of dura stalks; nearly all of them were in the taming stick except the boys, who were tied together by a thong passing round their necks.

Livingstone remained two days at Mponda; on the morning of the second day a woman was found in a bush by the village who

had been killed by a lion and more than one-half eaten. It is a common occurrence for women and children to be carried off by lions in this vicinity, the beasts being much encouraged in their attacks by the cowardice of the natives, who never hunt them. Two days later a native drank so much beer that he went to sleep near the edge of the lake and was seized by a crocodile and carried off. A great wail was raised by his wives, of which he possessed twenty, and this was kept up for several days.

AFRICAN IRON FURNACES.

THE people about the lake are much engaged in iron working, though their furnaces and smithies are extremely crude. There is an abundance of iron ore in the district, but it is not rich. Livingstone watched a founder drawing off slag from the bottom of a furnace, which process he describes in the following manner: "He broke through the hardened slag by striking it with an iron instrument inserted in the end of a pole, when the material flowed out of the small hole left for the purpose in the bottom of the furnace. The ore (probably the black oxide) was like sand, and was put in at the top of the furnace, mixed with charcoal. Only one bellows was at work, formed out of a goat-skin, and the blast was very poor. Many of these furnaces, or their remains, are met with on knolls; those at work have a peculiarly tall hut built over them."

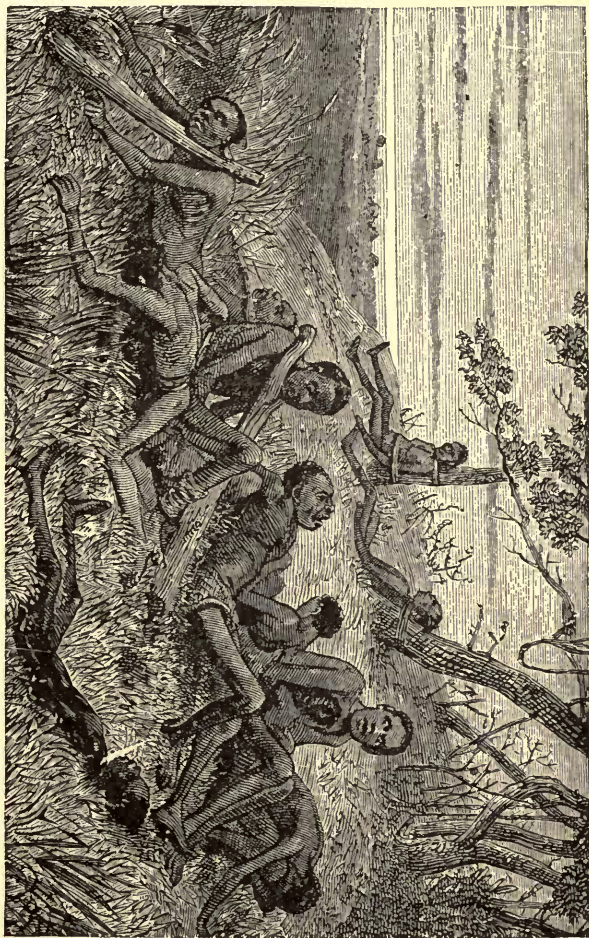
Hoes and spears are the articles chiefly manufactured, the former being generally supplied with two handles, so that it may be worked by two persons at the same time. The people are good-looking and friendly. They do not commonly wear the lip-ring, but submit to what must be keen torture, in ornamenting their arms, which are covered with large, ridge scars, lattice-shaped, extending also to the back and shoulders, which are produced by deep gashing, the wounds being afterwards irritated to prevent quick healing.

INHUMANITY AND SUPERSTITION.

THE people who live about the northern shores of the lake, while friendly and in a measure industrious, are most inhuman

and superstitious. They usually have a store-house in some large hill, where grain is kept but not touched except in case of war; over this store-house they place a cow, which occupies a shed on the summit of the hill; the people believe that this cow will

SLAVES ABANDONED TO DIE.



indicate, by lowing, when an enemy is near, and will bring good influences in case of war. Their inhumanity extends to selling their own people, and even their children. Livingstone, upon

remonstrating with an old chief for selling his subjects to the Portuguese and Arabs for slaves, was astonished at the reply, "Oh, I have too many people, they cause me trouble, and I will be better off without them."

The helpless children of a mother who dies are left to the mercies of nature only, as no one will care for another's child, except, sometimes, a near relative. Livingstone mentions seeing a little child in a village crying and calling its dead mother; those who heard it as they passed by, would say, "She is coming," but no one would give it food or shelter, and death from starvation soon relieved the little sufferer.

THE HONEY-BIRD.

LIVINGSTONE left the banks of Nyassa in November, and took a course northwest, which led through dense forests, where game was plentiful but very difficult to come at. Nyassa is 2,600 feet above sea level, but toward the west the elevation increases to 2,800 feet, and in fifty miles there is a descent into a large valley of surpassing fertility. The people west of the lake were almost continually at war, and in consequence provisions could not be purchased at any price. At one time Livingstone was positively in fear of starving, being reduced to the most desperate straits. Fortunately, he encountered some bee-hunters, who were using the honey-bird as a guide. The bird came quietly with them, and patiently waited on the limb of a tree while the hunters sat for half an hour smoking and chatting with Livingstone's men. This extraordinary bird flies from tree to tree in front of the hunter, chirruping loudly, and will not be content till he arrives at the spot where the bees'-nest is; it then waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken morsels of comb which fall to its share. Livingstone followed the bird a mile or more, and was rewarded with a rich store of honey, enough to appease the hunger of his men for two days, and until they reached a village, where an elephant had recently been killed, and a small quantity of its dried flesh was purchased.

DANGER FROM SERPENTS.

As food was scarce in all the villages, Livingstone could not stop in any of them, but pushed on where everything appeared distressingly gloomy. On January 1, 1867, he had reached the Chambeze river, but now the rains set in, and ten miles a day was all that could be made, as rank grass obscured the paths, and even the guides had to depend on the configuration of the country. Snakes were numerous, and there was an ever-present danger lurking in the grass. One morning Livingstone sat down by a tree, and accidentally glancing down by his side saw a large cobra, and a little further off a puff-adder, both of which, however, were somewhat benumbed by the cold.

FAMINE AND A SERIOUS LOSS.

RAIN and hunger now united to stay further progress, and a less resolute man must have succumbed to these desperate obstacles. On the 20th of January the most serious loss that Livingstone could sustain befel him. Two Waiyan carriers, who had served him faithfully for several weeks, deserted, carrying with them, among other things, the medicine chest; they took also all the dishes, a large powder-box, two guns, a cartridge-pouch, and all the tools; these latter, though of inestimable value in such a country, could be dispensed with, but in the medicine chest lay all the hope and possibility of the expedition, for no constitution can withstand the malarial exhalations of tropical Africa unaided by that fever specific, quinine. Livingstone says: "I felt as if I had received the sentence of death."

MEETING WITH CHIEF CHITAPANGWA.

LIVINGSTONE came upon a small stream called the Lopiri, a branch of the Chambeze, on the last day of January, and following it down some distance he entered a village, over which Chitapangwa, sometimes called Motoka, was ruler. Fish were very plentiful in the Lopiri, and this fact mainly induced Livingstone to make a short stay in the village, where he supposed food must be procurable. Entering the place he was gladdened by the sight of a party of Arabs, who were upon the point of going

to Zanzibar for supplies. He sent by these men for coffee, candles, sugar, quinine, calomel, resin of jalap, and some other things, to be forwarded to Ujiji, but only with a slight hope that the articles would reach him, as the Arabs were unfriendly to Livingstone's purposes.

Chitapangwa, who was a great chief among his people, was not long in seeking an audience with his white guest, whose goods he appeared very anxious to inspect. The first meeting was a very friendly one, during which Chitapangwa gave Livingstone a large cow, and begged him to remain several days in his country. On the following day, however, when the cow was about to be slaughtered, one of the chief's head men objected, saying that a blanket must first be given; as Livingstone had no blanket that he could spare, a long palaver took place, which resulted in the cow being sent back, and Livingstone's party had either to fast or eat dried hippopotamus meat, that was anything but appetizing. At his next audience with the chief, Livingstone declared his intention to go a little way east to buy goats, but at this Chitapangwa appeared angry, and said that he would give the cow first offered, which was finally brought and slaughtered. Chitapangwa was a singular creature, so jolly in his intercourse and full of good promises, but provokingly chary about fulfilling them. He wanted cloths, which were given to the value of two or three cows; but he still demanded a blanket, and was so persistent that he refused Livingstone permission to depart until a well-worn blanket belonging to one of the men was given him. He had an idea that Livingstone's purpose in visiting his country was for individual gain, and upon being assured that there was no selfish object connected with the expedition, he pulled down the underlid of his eye exactly like some of our precocious lads when they ask, "Do you see anything green in my eye?" Livingstone finally obtained the confidence and good-will of the chief, who then declared that he had given the cow in the first place as an evidence of his friendship: that he had instructed his head man to ask for a blanket, but in case this was refused to give the cow anyhow, and beg the white man to send any

pretty thing which he might have. This explanation Livingstone, of course, had to accept, though he knew it to be a falsehood. He remained three weeks, and on taking leave Chitapangwa gave him a brass knife with ivory sheath, and sent some of his men to accompany him and show the way to Lake Tanganika, which was nearly two hundred miles distant.

ARRIVAL AT LAKE TANGANIKA.

THE country was somewhat more open on the route north than that which Livingstone had passed through to reach Chitapangwa's village, but food continued scarce. At Moamba, a village about twenty miles north of Chitapangwa's, and ruled over by that chief's brother, Livingstone was well received and provided with meat and guides, much to his surprise, for it had been represented that here he would meet with hostility. Upon leaving this place food again became scarce, and to add to his troubles he was attacked with fever. Wearied, sick and hungry, he still continued his journey, sustained wholly by his wonderful will power; and on March 31st he came in sight of Lake Tanganika. So mountainous are its shores, that from the point where he first observed the lake he had to descend two thousand feet before reaching the level of the water. It seemed about twenty miles broad, and in the view of thirty miles northward he could see four different rivers pouring their waters into it. After a fortnight's stay on the lake Livingstone writes of it as follows: "Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed up by storms. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright-red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green; down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular. The village (Pambete), at which we first touched the lake, is surrounded by palm-oil-trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil-tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and evening huge crocodiles

may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding grounds ; hippopotami snort by night and at early morning."

THE LAKE PEOPLE.

THE Balungu people, who inhabit the south shores of the lake, are exceedingly affable, and would be superior subjects for the civilizing influences of missionaries, were it not for their cowardice and laziness. The Mazitu tribe attack them very often, and take their women and children captives without meeting any resistance. Their politeness, however, is remarkable ; in marching with them they labor incessantly to promote the comfort of strangers, and bow and salute on every occasion, like the most fastidious Frenchman.

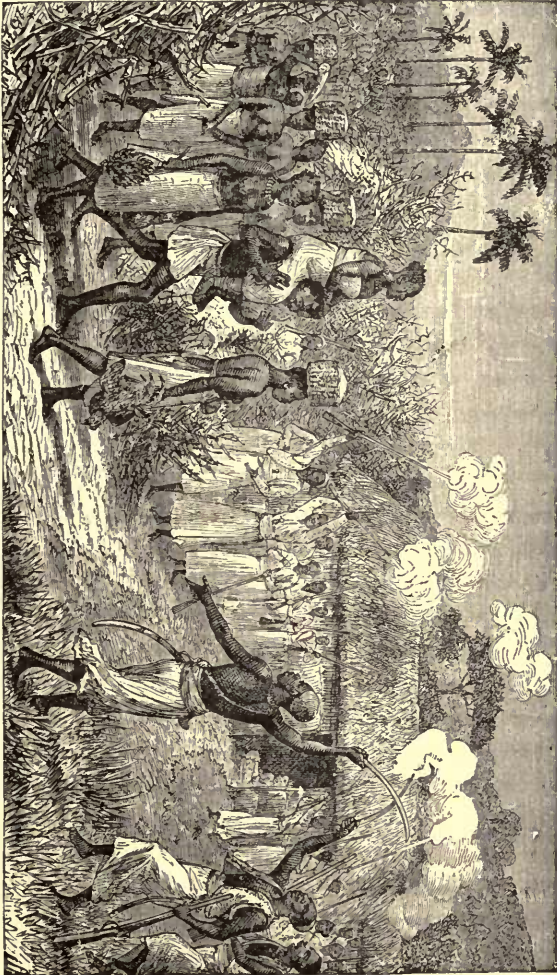
There is nothing interesting in a heathen town. All are busy in preparing food or clothing, mats or baskets, while the women are cleaning or grinding their corn, which involves much hard labor. They first dry this in the sun, then put it into a mortar, and afterward with a flat basket clean off the husks and the dust, and grind it between two stones ; the next thing is to bring wood and water to cook it. The mode of salutation among relatives is to place the hands round each other's chests, kneeling ; they then clasp their hands close to the ground. Some more abject individuals kiss the soil before a chief ; the generality kneel only, with the forearms close to the ground, and the head bowed down to them, saying, "O Ajadla chiusa, Mari a bwino." The Usanga say, "Aje senga." The clapping of hands to superiors, and even equals, is in some villages a perpetually-recurring sound. Aged persons are usually saluted ; how this extreme deference to each other could have arisen cannot be conceived ; it does not seem to be fear of one another that elicits it. Even the chiefs inspire no fear, and those cruel old platitudes about governing savages by fear seem unknown, yet governed they certainly are, and upon the whole very well.

A WEDDING IN AFRICA.

LIVINGSTONE's intention was to pass along the lake coast, but from this purpose he was persuaded by a report that a powerful

chief, named Nsama, was at war with the Arabs under Hamees, and that between these two he would be certain to fall into difficulty. To evade these hostile people he turned southwest,

THE ROYAL WEDDING.



intending to make a circuit back to the lake. The country through which he was now traveling was very fertile, and the food supply of every village was abundant; but this lasted for

a distance of only fifty miles, when it was necessary, in making a detour, to pass through the village of Hara, in the Itawa country, which had recently been burned by Hamees ; here they were so near Nsama that he heard of Livingstone's being in his vicinity, and sent for him to visit him in his new stockade, about five miles from Hara, but to bring no guns. Livingstone complied with the request, and was received becomingly, except that the chief insisted on searching his person to see if any arms were concealed. The Arabs had defeated him in a desperate battle, and though previously Nsama had been regarded as invincible, now his influence was almost destroyed. Yet, for commercial purposes, Hamees desired to make peace with him, and came to Hara to cement the friendship by marrying one of his daughters. The proposal was not readily acceded to, and the people were sorely concerned as to the outcome. In the midst of these doubts, however, a daughter of Nsama came riding pick-a-pack on a man's shoulder into Hara, to be a wife and sacrifice herself for the sake of peace. She was a nice, modest, good-looking young woman, her hair rubbed all over with grease and a red pigment made from the cam-wood, and much used as an ornament. She was accompanied by a dozen young and old female attendants, each carrying a small basket with some provisions—cassava, ground-nuts, etc. The Arabs were all dressed in their finery, and the slaves, in fantastic costumes, flourished swords, fired guns, and yelled vociferously. When she was brought to Hamees' hut she descended from her perch and, with her maids, passed in at the door. She and her attendants had all small, neat features. Livingstone had been sitting beside Hamees, and as he got up and walked away he heard the Arab chief say to himself, "Hamee wadim Tagh !"—"See to what you have brought yourself." This completed the marriage ceremony.

Nsama's people have generally small, well-chiseled features, and many are really handsome, and have nothing of the West Coast Negro about them ; but they file their teeth to sharp points, and greatly disfigure their mouths. The only difference between them and Europeans is the color. Many of the men have very

finely-formed heads, and so have the women ; and the fashion of wearing the hair sets off their foreheads to advantage. The forehead is shaved off to the crown, the space narrowing as it goes up.

THE VILLAGE OF CASEMBE.

DURING his stay at Hara, which was really enforced by protracted rains, Livingstone gained the friendship of Hamees, and when he left the village on the 22d of September, he was accompanied by several Arabs, while Hamees followed a short distance, and then supplied guides to take him to Lake Moero. The journey thence was through a beautiful country, very thickly populated, but the natives were so terror-stricken at the sight of guns, owing to the recent Arab incursions and battles, that they would not stop to barter, but ran off and hid themselves ; thus food was somewhat difficult to obtain ; fortunately, however, a considerable amount was brought along.

Reaching the Kalongi river the natives were more friendly disposed, and as the river teemed with fish there was feast succeeding a famine. Rapid progress was now made, and on November 1st the village of Casembe was entered, to the great delight of the tired travelers. Casembe is a term applied to both village and governor, or, literally, *General*. Just before Livingstone's arrival there had been an interregnum in the rulership, the old Casembe having recently died. As the son or heir does not succeed to the chieftainship, the village was without a ruler for nearly a year before a new Casembe was selected to succeed the dead chief.

The plain extending from the Lunde river to Casembe is level, and studded thickly with red-ant hills, from fifteen to twenty feet high. The chief's residence is inclosed in a wall of reeds, eight or nine feet high and three hundred yards square ; the gateway is ornamented with about sixty human skulls ; a shed stands in the middle of the road fronting the gate, under which is a cannon ornamented with gaudy cloth. A number of noisy fellows tried to stop Livingstone and his party and compel them to pay a tribute for the cannon, but they burst through without

regarding the demand. Mohamid bin Saleh, the Arab leader at this place, met Livingstone and gave him a reception by firing guns, then led his party to a large shed for further ceremonies, such as bowing, firing salutes, rubbing elbows, etc. After this a large hut was given Livingstone for his residence until others could be built. The town is headquarters for the Arab slave-trade, and there is a very large stockade for slaves, which Livingstone found full.

Many of the Casembe people appeared with their ears cropped and hands lopped off. Upon inquiring the cause, Livingstone was told that it was the practice of the Casembe to mutilate his subjects for petty offenses, and sometimes merely to gratify his barbarous inclination.

AFRICAN POMP AND SPLENDOR.

THE third day after his arrival Livingstone was tendered a reception by the Casembe, who was seated in great state in front of his council chamber, while his principal chiefs squatted on the ground around him. A "tom-toming" was kept up by two musicians on native drums, while Casembe's wives danced up to Livingstone with small branches of trees in their hands, with which they swept the ground as they bowed before him. One of the principal officers was instructed to present the white guest with an elephant's tusk, as an evidence of the great esteem with which he was regarded. The affair was one of the most stately that Livingstone had ever witnessed in Africa, and he describes the incident and the people at some length.

"The present Casembe," says Livingstone, "has a heavy, uninteresting countenance, without beard or whiskers, and somewhat of the Chinese type, and his eyes have an outward squint. He smiled but once during the day, and that was pleasant enough, though the cropped ears and lopped hands, with human skulls at the gate, made me indisposed to look on anything with favor. His principal wife came with her attendants, after he had departed, to look at the Englishman (Moengerese). She was a fine, tall, good-featured lady, with two spears in her hand. The principal men who had come around made way for her, and called on

me to salute: I did so; but she, being forty yards off, I involuntary beckoned her to come nearer: this upset the gravity of all her attendants; all burst into a laugh, and ran off.

LIVINGSTONE VISITING THE CAVE DWELLERS ON THE SHORES OF LAKE MOREO.



“Casembe’s smile was elicited by a dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look: he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious

scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him that his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears a moment; many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation carried by six, or more commonly by twelve men, in a sort of palanquin: she has European features, but light-brown complexion. A number of men run before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear the way; she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. She is very attentive to her agriculture; cassava is the chief product, but they also raise sweet-potatoes, maize, sorghum, millet, ground-nuts and cotton. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me."

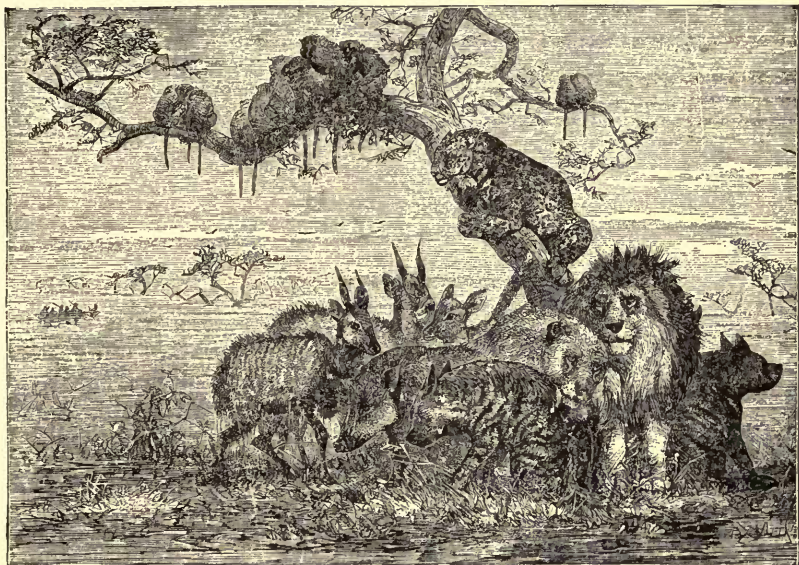
THE TROGLODYTES.

LIVINGSTONE took leave of Casembe on December 22d, and on January 1st, after a severe journey through dreadful bogs, reached Moero Lake, which lies in a basin surrounded by the Rua Mountains. Its shape is almost circular, with a diameter of about fifty miles. Numerous villages line its shores, and large game, such as buffaloes, elephants, zebras, lions and leopards, abound.

In the vicinity of Moero are found that singular race or species known as Troglodytes, which, like the bat, are impossible of classification. They live in underground houses along the Rua Mountain sides for twenty miles or so. In some cases the doorways are level with the adjacent country, while a ladder is used in reaching others. Generally these habitations are caves, a singularly large number of which are found in the Rua Mountains, but not a few are artificial excavations.

Livingstone had left Casembe with the assurance of his guides that they should reach Ujiji within a month, but the rains were so incessant that traveling was nearly impossible for several months, and necessitated a stay in the vicinity of Lake Moero

and Casembe for nearly four months. During this time, however, he was not entirely idle, but went from village to village as far as the floods would permit. At a small place, called Mofwe, he found an Arab digging and fencing up a well, to prevent his slaves from being taken away by crocodiles; this precaution was not thought of until after he had lost three slaves. The country, being almost covered with water, was badly infested by crocodiles; while the wild animals were driven from their accus-



WILD ANIMALS DRIVEN TO HIGH GROUND BY THE FLOODS.

tomed haunts and forced to seek refuge on hills, knolls, and other high places. Their terror seemed to rob them of their fierce propensities and natural instincts, and lions, hyenas, leopards, antelopes, monkeys, and other animals were often seen huddled close together in small dry spots, without any attempt of the strong and ferocious to attack the weak and defenseless. Such scenes were very remarkable and made Livingstone think of the time when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

CHAPTER XX.

PUNISHMENT FOR UNFAITHFULNESS.

It was not until the first of June that the floods had subsided sufficiently to admit of a resumption of the journey, which was now to be directed toward Lake Bangweolo, of which Livingstone had heard much. As he was upon the point of leaving Casembe, he was struck by the sight of a sub-chief's wife, who was uncommonly good-looking, in a slave chain-gang. Inquiry elicited the fact that she had been sold for unfaithfulness; her husband, Kapika, was an old man, while she was both youthful and pretty; her offense, therefore, was but the counterfeit of what we frequently see among civilized people who are similarly mis-mated.

The case of the chieftainess excited great sympathy among the people; many brought her food, and one man offered to redeem her with three slaves. The matter was finally brought before Casembe, but this chief, owing to the fact that he himself was an old man having a pretty young wife, declared that ten slaves could not redeem the faithless woman. He pronounced this judgment with a scowl and looked at his own wife at the same time.

On the sixth day after leaving Casembe a small party of natives was met, carrying a dead lion slung across a pole. The lion had killed a man, and it was being taken to Casembe for judgment; its mouth was carefully strapped and the paws tied tightly across its chest. Some of the lions of this district stand more than five feet high, and are nearly as large as a buffalo.

JOY AMONG SLAVES.

ONE day Livingstone met a gang of slaves being driven along the path, and some of them were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. Livingstone asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of "coming back after death, and haunting and

killing those who had sold them." Some of the words he had to inquire about ; for instance, the meaning of the words " to haunt and kill by spirit power ;" then it was, " Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed.

Kapika's wife was among the slaves, and she was asked if she would return to kill Kapika. Her heart was evidently sore : for a lady to come so low down is to her grievous. She had lost her jaunty air, and with her head shaved, was ugly ; but she never forgot to address her captors with dignity, and they seemed to fear her.

A GRAVE BY THE WAYSIDE.

ON June 25th, Livingstone reached the Luongo River, along which were several villages, but the people were afraid of the " white man," whose purposes and singular color they could not comprehend, so that no stop was made among them. Wild beasts were so numerous and daring in their depredations that the villages were protected by high hedges. Leaving these villages, he came to a grave in the forest ; it was a little rounded mound, as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way ; it was strewn over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it : a little path showed that it had visitors. " This," says Livingstone, " is the sort of grave I should prefer : to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold, damp clay, and without elbow-room : but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary (his wife) lies on Shupanga brae, ' and beeks fornent the sun.' "

A more pathetic allusion to a sad circumstance was never made than is contained in these few lines. He must have a hard heart indeed, who can read them without emotion as he thinks of the wild, lonesome spot where this noble and courageous woman reposes, so far from home and civilization, wrapt in the mysteries of nature, alone with nature's God.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEOLO.

ON July 18th, Livingstone's heart was gladdened by the discovery of Lake Bangweolo, one of the largest bodies of water in Central Africa, and thirty-six hundred feet above sea level. The modesty with which he announces this important discovery is remarkable, after reading Baker and Speke's self-laudations on similar occasions. Livingstone does not even give "thanks for being made the instrument in God's hands for exploring this great lake, and adding so much to the geography of Africa." His modest announcement is as follows: "Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither."

The people living near Bangweolo Lake are called Mboghwa; their features would not be unpleasant if they abstained from the practice of filing their teeth to a point and tattooing their foreheads and chins. Their occupation is chiefly fishing, in which they show much skill; a singular thing is the fact that their fish-hooks are made exactly like those we use in America, excepting that there are no barbs on them. The shores of the lake being shallow, many men may be seen on stilts strapped to their knees on which they wade far out into the water and fish from their precarious perch.

A very large canoe, capable of carrying twenty men, was engaged by Livingstone, and in this he visited several islands in the lake, all of which he found thickly inhabited. The lake is computed to be one hundred and fifty miles long, by eighty broad; its water is clear as crystal and the bottom is of beautiful white sand, so that objects are visible at a great depth.

IN TROUBLE.

LIVINGSTONE had gone directly away from Ujiji in proceeding to Bangweolo, which is nearly one hundred miles south of Casembe, but the importance of his discovery recompensed him for the trouble he had encountered. But when he was about to return to Casembe, the news reached him that hostilities had broken

out between the Arabs and natives, under the following circumstances: The Mazitu tribes had overrun Casembe's territory and so devastated it that the trade in ivory had been almost utterly destroyed. To preserve their own interests, therefore, the Arabs had joined Casembe and defeated the Mazitu with great slaughter. This success gave the Arabs a hope of finally possessing the entire country, but Casembe soon became aware of their ambitions, and forming an alliance with another strong chief, named Chikumbi, the two attacked Kombokombo, an Arab leader, but were repulsed. There was now fighting on all sides, so that Livingstone could not hope to go unmolested through so large a district as lay between him and Casembe.

Shortly after leaving Bangweola Lake he was intercepted by a large body of furious Imbozhwa (Casembe soldiers), who, mistaking his party for plunderers, raised their spears and were upon the point of attacking, when an old man who had seen Livingstone at Casembe, rushed out in front of his people and ordered them to desist. It was only by a piece of extraordinary good fortune that Livingstone was not killed, but on the following day his party was again besieged by another army of natives under the false impression that he was heading a crowd of Mazitu, but for a second time good luck attended him.

On the 23d of September he fell in with some Arab traders and four hundred Wanyamwezi people, who were trying to get out of the country, and together they marched northward. In anticipation of attacks they built fences each night around their camp and kept out a sharp watch for enemies until reaching the Kalongosi river, which is the southern boundary of Casembe's territory.

KILLING PRISONERS.

LIVINGSTONE hardly expected an attack after reaching Casembe's country, but in this he was mistaken; for, on account of the killing of a woman by an Arab, the Imbozhwa turned out in strong force and attacked the combined forces of Livingstone, the Wanyamwezi, and Arabs. A stockade was hastily constructed, but this would have afforded little protection had it not been for the Wanyamwezi, who shot vigorously with their arrows and

occasionally charged the Imbozhwa. The women went up and down the village with sieves, as if winnowing, and singing songs and lullilooing to encourage their husbands and friends who were fighting: each had a branch of the *Ficus Indica* in her hand, which she waved as a charm. About ten of the Imbozhwa were killed, but dead and wounded were at once carried off by their countrymen. They continued the assault from early dawn till 1 P. M., and showed great bravery, but they wounded only two with their arrows. Their care to secure the wounded was admirable; two or three at once seized the fallen man and ran off with him, though pursued by a great crowd of Wanyamwezi with spears, and fired at by the Arabs—Victoria-cross fellows truly many of them were! Those who had a bunch of animals' tails, with medicine, tied to their waists, came sidling and ambling up to near the unfinished stockade, and shot their arrows high up into the air, to fall among the Wanyamwezi, then picked up any arrows on the field, ran back and returned again. They thought that by the ambling gait they avoided the balls, and when these whistled past them they put down their heads, as if to allow them to pass over: they had never encountered guns before. When a man was killed and not carried off, the Wanyamwezi brought his head and put it on a pole on the stockade; six heads were thus placed. A fine young man was caught and brought in by the Wanyemwezi; one stabbed him behind, and another cut his forehead with an axe. Livingstone called in vain to them not to kill him. As a last appeal, he said to the crowd that surrounded him, "Don't kill me, and I shall take you to where the women are." "You lie," said his enemies; "you intend to take us where we may be shot by your friends;" and they killed him.

For two weeks or more the Imbozhwa kept up the siege, and finally forced the Arabs to restore all the prisoners taken; but still they did not leave, and when a small party of Wanyemwezi went out to feel the enemy they were set upon and driven back. At length it was decided to quietly abandon the stockade at night, and under cover of darkness steal away, a stratagem which worked

successfully, and on December 11th Livingstone, in company with the Arabs and their strings of wretched slaves, yoked together in heavy slave-sticks, started for Ujiji. It was with great disgust and humiliation that he marched with such a motley crowd, but self-preservation compelled him to, for had he undertaken to go alone he would certainly have fallen a victim to the furious hordes which swarmed and plundered the country. Fortunately, no more enemies appeared to impede the march, but owing to stoppages on account of escaping slaves, which the Arabs always tried to recapture, though nearly always in vain, the journey was a slow one. Many streams had to be waded, and this, with the worry and lack of rest, brought the fever back again on Livingstone.

On New Year's day the party came to the Lofuko river, which they crossed by wading waist deep; this exposure, in his already enfeebled condition, caused such severe illness that Livingstone was unable to march any further. He was attacked by pneumonia in the right lung, and soon his brain became so affected that he lost count of the days of the week and month. In his delirium he fancied himself lying dead on the road to Ujiji. The Arabs were very kind, however, and carried him for sixteen days, until they arrived at Tanganika Lake. Here arrangements were at once made for transporting him by canoe to Ujiji, on the east side of the lake, more than one hundred miles north of the point where he now lay.

The lake air, and some medicine administered by the Arabs, revived him, and when, on February 27, 1869, he embarked for Ujiji, he was able to sit up and eat a little gruel. High winds on the lake proved a serious obstacle, sometimes days being spent ashore on account of dangerous waves, so that it was not until March 14th that Ujiji was reached.

Great was his disappointment to find that only a small part of the goods which he had ordered sent from Zanzibar had reached Ujiji, the most having been stolen by the Arab who was commissioned to bring them. This was a sad blow, at a time, too, when his bodily infirmities were so great that he had to be assisted to

rise from his bed ; yet so infinite was his patience and so strong his courage, that he mentions the fact only as a passing event, and hopes on.

Ujiji is an Arab settlement, and Livingstone naturally expected, in view of the letter which he carried from the Sultan at Zanzibar, to receive every attention becoming his position, but instead, so vicious had been the rule of the governor at this place, that he would allow no one to carry Livingstone's communications to the coast, lest the injustice, brutality, and corruption of his rule might be made public. Anxious to communicate with civilized people, he wrote forty-two letters while in his enfeebled state, to friends who had not heard from him for years, and entrusted them to an Arab for conveyance to Zanzibar, but not one of these precious missives reached its destination.

While at Ujiji Livingstone conceived the idea that the Tanganika was rather the expansion of a river than a lake, an opinion which he formed by observing that there was a current of about one mile per hour flowing northward. This led him to suppose that it was connected with the Nile, and that indeed the large chain of lakes in Central Africa were all connected, and that the Nile derived its waters from them all. He therefore determined, as soon as he was able, to explore the region around Lake Tanganika, going as far south as Lake Bangweolo, and westward into the Manyuema country, to ascertain if the large river on that side of Lake Tanganika was the Nile or the Congo. He sent again to Zanzibar for men and supplies, with little hope, however, of receiving them.

A JOURNEY INTO THE MANYUEMA COUNTRY.

ALTHOUGH still weak and much reduced in flesh, on the 12th of July he procured a boat and some rowers, also several carriers, and crossing Lake Tanganika landed at Kasinge, in pursuance of his intention to visit the Manyuema country, about two hundred miles northwest of Ujiji. This was an unexplored district, not even the Arab traders having ever visited it, chiefly because the people were reputed to be cannibals. Some Arab traders became so much interested in the proposed trip, that they decided also

to visit the country, since their chief trade in the southwest was now destroyed, at least for a time, by the wars then waging.

A native of Kasinge was engaged by Livingstone to act as guide, and on August 4 the party started on the land journey. There was no incident worthy of record until September 2d, when they reached Katemba, fairly exhausted from continual traveling. Game was plentiful in the vicinity of Katemba, especially buffaloes and elephants. One of the latter was killed, and Livingstone had the heart cooked for himself, and found it a surprisingly savory dish. On the 9th another stop was made to shoot elephants and buffaloes, which were so abundant that they were scarcely ever out of sight from the wayside.

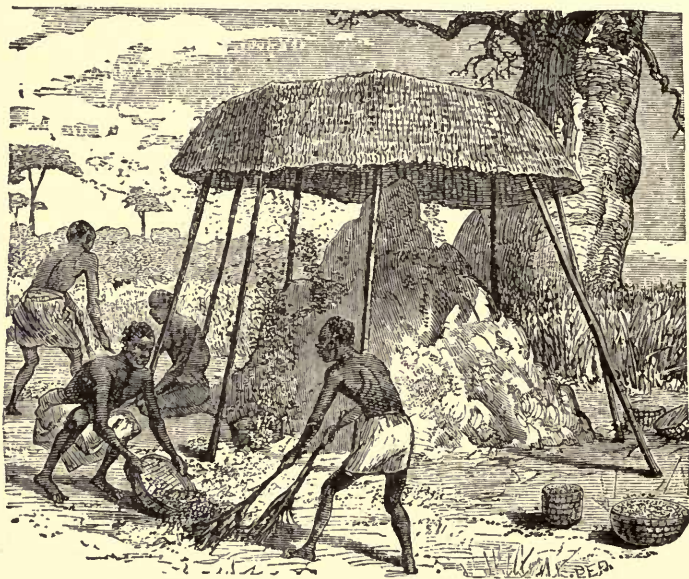
On arriving at Bamberre, Livingstone found a singular country and a curious people. The roadways were all good, and appeared to have been used for hundreds of years, as indicated by worn passages in the rocks, sometimes two or more feet deep. The forests were so dense that nothing but wild animals could penetrate them, so that though game is wonderfully plentiful, it is almost impossible to shoot. The people tattoo themselves with figures of crocodiles, elephants, and other animals. The houses are all kept well filled with firewood on shelves, and each has a bed on a raised platform in an inner room. They were so simple and unused to strangers that on the appearance of the white traveler they thought he had come from another world to kill them. They have little wooden idols and charms, and believe in the efficacy of the beetle to prevent harm. There is a wood in this country which, when burned, emits a horrible fecal odor, and, as Livingstone says, "one would think the camp polluted if the fire were made of it."

SOLDIER-ANTS.

LIVINGSTONE's quarters were very comfortable at Manyuema, and he improved in health and flesh rapidly. The only inconvenience suffered was from the depredations of soldier-ants, which filled his hut and not only destroyed every kind of food within their reach, but at times they would even attack the occupants. But these ants have deadly enemies in what is called the sirufu

ant, which sometimes swarm into the huts and devour every soldier-ant in them ; an incident of this kind occurred in Livingstone's hut, which he describes as follows :

“A whole regiment of soldier-ants in my hut were put into a panic by a detachment of driver-ants, called sirufu. The chungu, or black soldiers, rushed out with their eggs and young, putting them down and running for more. A dozen sirufu pitched on one chungu and killed him. The chungu made new quarters for themselves. When the white ants cast off their colony of winged



METHOD OF CATCHING ANTS FOR FOOD.

emigrants, a canopy is erected like an umbrella over the ant-hill. As soon as ants fly against the roof they tumble down in a shower, and their wings instantly become detached from their bodies. They are then helpless, and are swept up in baskets to be fried, when they make a very palatable food.”

The soldier-ants are deadly enemies of the white species, and if it were not so, the latter would overrun the country, as they increase with great rapidity. When on their way to attack the

abode of the white ants, they march in a column of three or four abreast, like soldiers, and are led by several officers, who are larger than the rest and direct their movements, but never carry loads. As they approach the homes of their victims, the latter may be observed rushing about in the greatest alarm. The black leaders seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting, which seems to inject a portion of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible, but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off.

The natives of nearly all parts of Africa are exceedingly fond of white ants as a dish. On one occasion, while camping on the banks of the Zouga, Livingstone was visited by a chief, and as he was at dinner at the time, he gave him a piece of bread and some preserved apricots. The chief seemed to relish it very much, and Livingstone asked him if he had anything equal to that in his country. "Ah," said he, "did you ever taste white ants?" Livingstone assured him that he had never tried that delicacy. "Well, if you had," replied the chief, licking his mouth with pleasant memories, "you never could have desired anything better."

AMONG THE TREE DWELLERS.

AFTER more than a month's stay among the Manyuema, chiefly at Bambarre, Livingstone concluded to explore the Lualaba river, which is a stream of considerable size, flowing through the Manyuema country and discharging its waters into Lake Kamalondo, to the south. On the journey he met with no little opposition from the natives; some of these people mistrusted his intentions and endeavored to turn him back, but great caution prevented a collision. The women, all of whom are stark naked, appeared more hostile, or, rather captious, than the men, but a few beads or other trinkets usually placated them.

Ivory was exceedingly plentiful, and little or no value was placed upon it by the natives. The Arab traders brought with them several slaves, with the expectation of trading them to the Manyumas for ivory, but the latter would have none but female

slaves, which they desired for wives, and refused to receive a man slave even as a present. This was a sore disappointment to the Arabs, who scarcely knew what to do with their slaves, unless they liberated them. They finally concluded to go further north and try traffic with other natives.

Livingstone met with no better success than the Arabs, for with all his persuasion and proffers of presents he could not hire a canoe, and was forced to abandon his intended exploration of the Lualaba.

The forests which lined the road were exceedingly dense, and Livingstone noticed that wherever any clearing had been attempted gigantic grass usurped the place in a very short time; this grass, however, is burned frequently. Large trees do not readily succumb to the fire, but put out new wood below the burnt places. Upon these Livingstone found large numbers of parrots building their nests, while above the natives construct straw huts and live secure from the attacks of wild animals. The men make a stair up one hundred and fifty feet by tying climbing plants (called binayoba) around, at about four feet distance, as steps. Near the confluence of the Luamo men build huts on this same species of tree for safety against the arrows of their enemies.

A SINGING FROG AND FISH THAT GIVE MILK.

BEING defeated in his purpose of exploring the river, Livingstone returned to Bambarre, and there joined the Arabs in a journey to the North. The route lay through a marshy district, and so many streams had to be crossed that fever again attacked him, which, aided by a severe spell of dysentery, so exhausted his strength that he could scarcely support himself. They came to a village among fine gardens of maize, bananas, ground-nuts and cassava, but the villagers said, "Go on to next village," which meant, "We don't want you here." The main body of the Arabs was about three miles in advance; but Livingstone was so weak he sat down in the next hamlet, and asked for a hut to rest in. A woman with leprous hands gave him hers, a nice clean one, and a very heavy rain came on: of her own accord she prepared dumplings of green maize, pounded and boiled, which are

sweet, for she said that she saw he was hungry. Seeing that he did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed him: "Eat; you are weak only from hunger; this will strengthen you." He put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart.

February 3d Livingstone made the following memoranda: "Caught in a drenching rain, which made me fain to sit, exhausted as I was, under an umbrella for an hour trying to keep the trunk dry. As I sat in the rain, a little tree-frog, about half an inch long, leaped on to a grassy leaf, and began a tune as loud as that of many birds, and very sweet; it was surprising to hear so much music out of so small a musician."

After a rest of eight days, during which time he used water only that had been boiled, and lived principally upon a species of potatoes called nyumbo, much famed among the natives as a restorative, Livingstone found his health very much improved. The village in which he was resting was on the banks of a confluent of the Lualaba, which abounded with fish; among the several species is one called mamba, which has breasts with milk, and which utters a peculiar cry. Its flesh is very white and savory. While here an elephant was killed which had three tusks, all of good size; the third tusk grew out from the base of the trunk, midway between the other two.

On June 26th Livingstone resolved to start again for the Lualaba river by a northwest route, although he had been deserted by all but three of his followers, Chuma, Susi and Gardner. His purpose was accelerated by the fact that the Arabs had made war on the Manyema people, ostensibly on account of a string of beads which had been stolen, but really because they could not trade their men slaves for ivory; forty of the natives had been killed and several villages burned. Knowing that general hostilities would follow, Livingstone decided that Arabs were bad companions, and that he would be safer alone than with them. But for once he made a mistake. After traveling several days, wading rivers breast and neck deep, through awful beds of mud, over fallen trees and through dense brush, he discoverd

that the Lualaba did not lay where he expected to find it, but he had gone far to the north, directly away from the object of his search. His feet were dreadfully lacerated, and instead of healing, as heretofore, the sores became irritable eating ulcers, so painful that it was only by the utmost determination that he could limp back to Bambarre.

THE MANYUEMA CANNIBALS.

LIVINGSTONE had heard much concerning the cannibal propensities of the Manyema people, but principally from the tribes around Lake Nyassa, so that he was disposed to believe the reports were little else than traditions, similar to those which asserted that white men live in the sea, that there is a tribe in North Africa whose people have tails like cows, and another race that have four eyes, two in front and two behind, while another race have but a single eye. Actual contact of several months with the Manyema, however, convinced him that the reports he had received of them were in no wise exaggerated. He says: "On August 17th, Monayembe, the chief, came, bringing two goats; one he gave to Mohamed, the other to Moenekuss' son, acknowledging that he had killed his elder brother; he had killed eleven persons over at Linamo in our absence, in addition to those killed in villages on our southeast, when we were away. It transpired that Kandahara, brother of old Moenekuss, whose village is near this, killed three women and a child, and that a trading man came over from Kassangangaye and was murdered too, for no reason but to eat his body. When they tell of each other's deeds they disclose a horrid state of blood-thirsty callousness. The people over a hill north-northeast of this killed a person out hoeing; if a man is alone in a field, he is almost sure of being slain. Some said that people in the vicinity, or hyenas, stole the buried dead; but Posho's wife died and, in Wanyamwesi fashion, was thrown out of camp unburied. Mohamed threatened an attack if Manyema did not cease exhuming the dead. It was effectual; neither men nor hyenas touched her, though exposed now for seven days.

"The head of Moenekuss is said to be preserved in a pot in

his house, and all public matters are gravely communicated to it, as if his spirit dwelt therein; his body was eaten; the flesh was removed from the head and eaten too; his father's head is said to be kept also. The foregoing refers to Bambarre alone. In other districts graves show that sepulture is customary, but here no grave appears: some admit the existence of the practice here, others deny it. In the Metamba country, adjacent to the Lualaba, a quarrel with a wife often ends in the husband killing her and eating her heart, mixed up in a huge mess of goat's flesh; this has the charm character. Fingers are taken as charms in other parts, but in Bambarre alone is the depraved taste the motive for cannibalism."

A GORILLA, OR SOKO, HUNT.

FOR a period of eighty days Livingstone was laid up at Bambarre by the ulcerations in his feet. The only thing which afforded the slightest relief was malachite, rubbed down with water on a stone and applied with a feather. While he was suffering with this worst of all afflictions thirty slaves died in Bambarre of the same complaint, which shows with what fatality it attacks the natives.

During his prolonged enforced stay at Bambarre some natives went on a gorilla hunt, that animal being quite numerous throughout the Manyema country. It is probable, however, that the gorilla of which Livingstone writes, and which he usually calls a soko, is a species of chimpanzee, and not the true gorilla, which is much larger than the animal referred to in the following description which he gives of the hunt and the animal:

"Four gorillas, or sokos, were killed yesterday: an extensive grass-burning forced them out of their usual haunt, and coming on the plain, they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus, the soko is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a 'dear,' but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals are graceful, especially the antelope, and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion. The natives are

also well made, lithe, and comely to behold, but the soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the devil. He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology of a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the back-ground of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyumas devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them: he seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and, as he lifts that, drops the child: the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the arm-pit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko: it seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, 'Soko has caught me:' the soko bit off the ends of his fingers and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarre.

"The soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen; hence, when shot it is always in the back; when surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back, too; otherwise he is not a very formidable beast; he is nothing, as compared in power of damaging his assailant, to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in the forest within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds: this is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a

soko and seized ; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall.

FIGHT WITH SOKOS.



“The soko kills the leopard occasionally, by seizing both paws and biting them so as to disable them ; he then goes up a tree, groans over his wounds, and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies : at other times both soko and leopard die. The lion

kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. The soko eats no flesh; small bananas are his dainties, but not maize. His food consists of wild fruits, which abound. The soko brings forth at times twins. A very large soko was seen by Mohamed's hunters sitting picking his nails: they tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyuema think that their buried dead rise as sokos, and one was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns, but not spears; he never catches women.

"Sokos collect together, and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells, which are well imitated by the natives' embryotic music. If a man has no spear the soko goes away satisfied; but if wounded, he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin: he draws out a spear (but never uses it), and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to staunch the blood: he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them: a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. They beat hollow trees as drums with hands, and then scream as music to it: when men hear them they go to the sokos, but sokos never go to men with hostility. Manyuema say, 'Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him.'

"They live in communities of about ten, each having his own female: an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space; he then gives it to the mother."

A MARVELOUSLY IGNORANT PEOPLE.

LIVINGSTONE was detained at Bambarre a considerable time, even after his ulcerated feet had healed, for, since all but three of his men had deserted, he was forced to send back to Ujiji for more, expecting now the arrival of those sent for to Zanzibar, as before explained; but he was doomed to sorest disappointment.

Nothing could engage his attention during this long delay except the habits of the Manyuema, whose characteristics, however, were striking enough. His journal at Bambarre is therefore rambling and disconnected, giving information on a variety of matters, just as they chanced to come under his observation, as the following will show :

“December 16, 1870.—Oh, for Dugumbe or Syde to come ! (the messengers sent to Zanzibar for men and medicine) but this delay may be all for the best. The parrots all seize their food and hold it with the left hand ; the lion, too, is left-handed ; he strikes with the left ; so are all animals left-handed, save man.

“I noticed a very pretty woman come past quite jauntily about a month ago, on marriage with Monasiamba. Ten goats were given ; her friends came and asked another goat, which being refused, she was enticed away, became sick of rheumatic fever two days afterward, and died yesterday. Not a syllable of regret for the beautiful young creature does one hear ; but for the goats—‘Oh, our ten goats !’—they cannot grieve too much—‘Our ten goats—oh ! oh !’

“Basanga wail over those who die in bed, but not over those who die in battle : the cattle are a salve for all sores.

“A man died near this : Monasiamba went to his wife, and after washing he may appear among men. If no widow can be obtained he must sit naked behind his house till some one happens to die ; all the clothes he wore are thrown away. The man who killed a woman without cause goes free ; he offered his grandmother to be killed in his stead, but after a great deal of talk nothing was done with him. ‘Heresi,’ a ball of hair rolled in the stomach of a lion, is a grand charm to the animal and to Arabs. Mohamed has one.

“Lions’ fat is regarded as a sure preventive of tsetse or bungo. This was noted before, but I add now that it is smeared on the ox’s tail, and preserves hundreds of the Wanyamwesi cattle in safety while going to the coast : it is also used to keep pigs and hippopotami away from gardens ; the smell is probably the efficacious part of the ‘herisi,’ as they call it.

“The neggeri, an African animal. attacks the tenderest parts of man and beast, cuts them off, and retires contented ; buffaloes are often castrated by him. Men who know it squat down, and kill him with knife or gun. The zibu, or mbuine, flies at the tendon Achilles ; it is most likely the ratel.”

CHAPTER XXI.

DEPARTURE FROM BAMBARRE.

ON February 4 Livingstone was much encouraged by a report that ten of his men from the coast were come near to Bambarre, and would arrive that day. In his great exultation he writes : “I am extremely thankful to hear it, for it assures me that my packet of letters was not destroyed. They know at home by this time what has detained me, and the end to which I strain !”

On the next day, however, his hopes were dissipated, when his men arrived with the information that only one of his letters reached Zanzibar. After referring to his disappointment he writes : “James was killed by an arrow to-day ; the assassins hid in the forest till my men, going to buy food, came up. They found indisputable proof that his body had been eaten by the Manyema who lay in ambush.”

DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE.

ON the 16th of February Livingstone started from Bambarre again on a third attempt to explore the Lualaba river. The people whose villages he passed through generally received him kindly, as his reputation for justice, as distinguished from the depredations of the Arabs, had preceded him. Before getting out of the Manyema country he adds another paragraph to his journal, concerning the comely features of the people, in the following language :

“The Manyema are far more beautiful than either the bond or free of Zanzibar ; I overheard the remark often, ‘If we had Manyema wives, what beautiful children we should beget.’

The men are usually handsome, and many of the women are very pretty ; hands, feet, limbs, and forms perfect in shape, and the color light-brown, but the orifices of the nose are widened by snuff-takers, who ram it up as far as they can with the finger and thumb : the teeth are not filed, except a small space between the two upper front teeth. The men here deny that cannibalism is common : they eat only those killed in war, and, it seems, in revenge ; for, said Mokandira, ‘ the meat is not nice ; it makes one



MANYUEMA WARRIORS.

dream of the dead man.’ Some west of Lualaba eat even those bought for the purpose of a feast ; but I am not quite positive on this point : all agree in saying that human flesh is saltish, and needs but little condiment. And yet they are a fine-looking race. I would back a company of Manyuema men to be far superior in shape of head, and generally in physical form too, against the whole Anthropological Society. Many of the women are very light-colored, and very pretty ; they dress in a kilt of many folds of gaudy lambas.”

ON THE BANKS OF THE LUALABA.

ON the 30th of March, after a pleasant journey of about fifty miles, Livingstone reached the Lualaba river at a village called Nyangwe. He found the stream to be much larger than he expected, at its narrowest parts being at least half-a-mile broad and so deep that at no season of the year is it fordable; the banks are steep and deep, though the current is hardly more than two miles an hour, running toward the north. Several soundings showed a depth from nine feet near shore to twenty feet in the center of the stream. Villages lined the river bank, and so numerous are the people that one morning Livingstone counted seven hundred market women file past him. Yet, notwithstanding the great number of people, he was unable to get any canoes; to gain the confidence of the natives, he built a hut and concluded to remain awhile among them, or until they concluded to assist him.

The market scenes in the villages along the river are interesting and not altogether unlike those which may be witnessed in Billingsgate fish-market, except in the articles offered for sale. Here were queer vessels, snails, fruits, cowrie-shells, and nameless things without number. One man had ten human under-jaw-bones hung by a string over his shoulder; on inquiry, he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victims. When Livingstone expressed disgust he and others laughed. Two nice girls were trying to sell their venture, which was roasted white ants, called "gumbe."

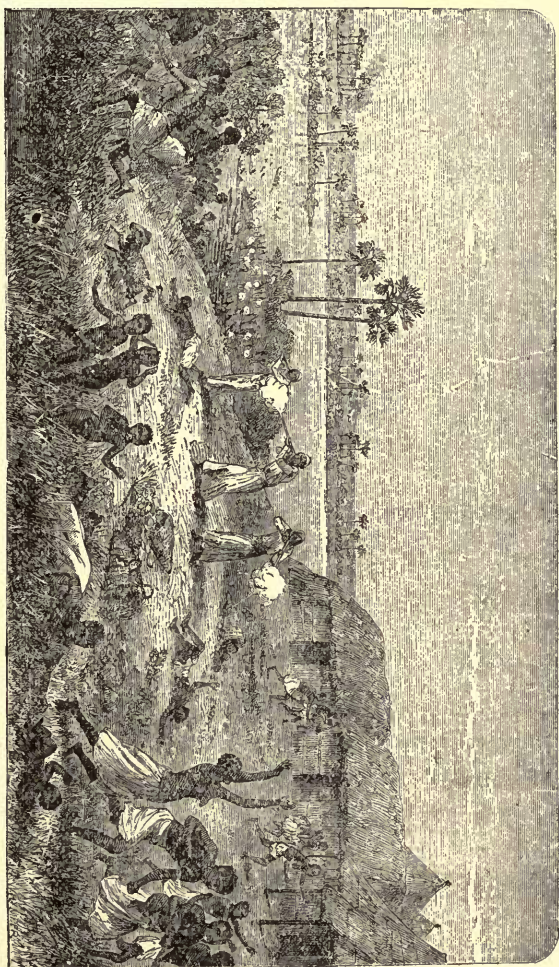
A DREADFUL MASSACRE.

A VERY popular market had been established at the village of Nyangwe, where Livingstone and a party of Arabs were stopping, to which hundreds of people came daily with their simple wares, from both sides of the river. No fear of the dreadful sequel seemed to haunt the natives, but the Arabs had determined to turn this little earthly paradise into a hell of murder. It was almost an invariable custom with them to add murder to their other horrid crimes, and as the traffic in slaves among the natives

of the Lualaba had not been profitable, they seemed more blood-thirsty than usual.

One morning Livingstone was startled by the sound of guns in

ARABS MURDERING THE NATIVES.



the market, and running out of his hut, he saw that the massacre had commenced. Arabs were firing indiscriminately upon the people, hundreds of whom had come to the market that day.

The murdering was continued nearly all day ; seventeen villages were burnt, and many hundreds of the natives killed. Livingstone saved scores who rushed to him for protection, the Arabs not daring to murder them in his presence. He exerted himself to the utmost to stop the bloodshed, and also ministered to the wounded, and showed a friendship which the natives had never known before. An old man, called Kabono, came to him and asked for his wife, who had taken shelter, like many others, under Livingstone's protection. Kabono expected him to keep her as a slave, according to the custom of the Arabs, and even the natives, unless he could buy her back ; he was, therefore, not prepared for the good luck which awaited him. Turning to the old woman, Livingstone asked her if Kabono was her husband ; she went to the old man, and putting her arms lovingly around him, replied, " Yes." Livingstone gave them, in addition to his blessings, five strings of beads with which to buy food, as all their stores had been destroyed with their home. She bowed down and put her forehead to the ground as an expression of her thanks, Kabono did the same ; tears stood in their eyes as they went away.

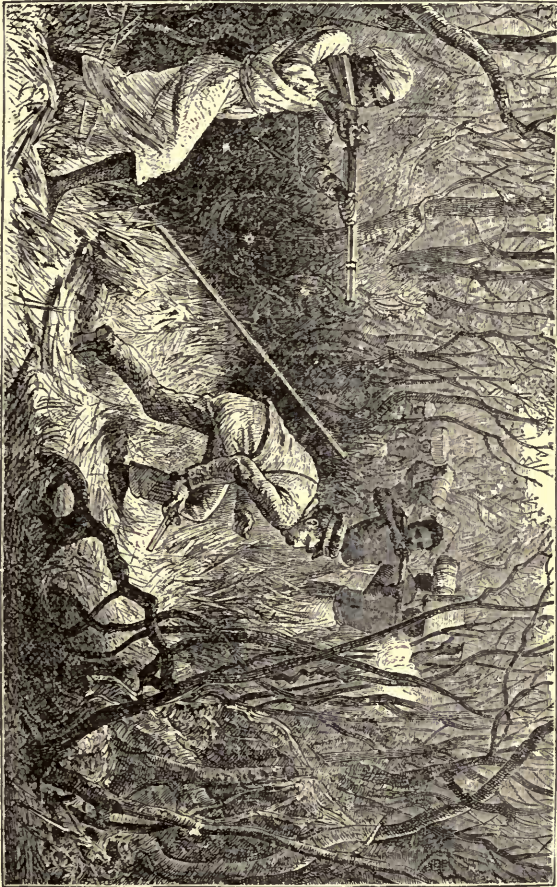
FORCED TO RETURN TO UJJI.

ALL the canoes available were taken by the Arabs, so that, however friendly the natives might be with Livingstone, he could not get a single boat ; but this was not his worst misfortune, for the hostilities now inaugurated so frightened the men (who were Banian slaves) sent to him from Zanzibar, that they ran off and made their way as fast as possible to the coast. Here was a terrible dilemma to face ; nothing but a return to Ujiji, nearly six hundred miles distant, was possible, and accordingly, on July 20th, he again turned his back on the Lualaba without having made a last exploration of its source or outlet.

A few Arabs and friendly Manyemas accompanied him back to Bambarre, but the country was so excited that traveling was extremely dangerous. They were frequently waylaid and attacked by scouting parties of Manyemas, but happily without serious results. Twice in one day Livingstone miraculously escaped

death, spears thrown by lurking foes in the thick jungle barely grazing him. On such occasions he and his men quickly prepared themselves to resist attack, but the natives would not rush upon their firearms. This was one of the very few occasions during

LIVINGSTONE WAYLAID IN THE JUNGLE.



Livingstone's entire African experience that he was compelled to resort to his weapons for defense, and now only because of the brutality of the Arabs, who had murdered and infuriated the natives.

CANNIBALS CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

WHILE traveling a short distance from Mamohela they came upon some Manyuemas who had shortly before killed a man, and, after cutting him up, were boiling his body with bananas preparatory to a feast. Livingstone says it is not the want of food that has led the Manyuema to cannibalism, for the country is full of everything, apparently, both vegetable and animal, that human appetite could crave. Says he :

“Goats, sheep, fowls, dogs, pigs, abound in the villages, while the forest affords elephants, zebras, buffaloes, antelopes, and in the streams there are many varieties of fish. The nitrogenous ingredients are abundant, and they have dainties in palm-toddy and tobacco or bange. The soil is so fruitful that mere scraping off the weeds is as good as plowing ; so that the reason for cannibalism does not lie in starvation or in want of animal matter, as was said to be the case with the New Zealanders. The only feasible reason I can discover is a depraved appetite, giving an extraordinary craving for meat which we call ‘high.’ They are said to bury a dead body for a couple of days in the soil in a forest, and in that time, owing to the climate, it becomes putrid enough for the strongest stomachs.”

MEETING WITH STANLEY.

ON the 23d of October Livingstone reached Ujiji, reduced almost to a skeleton and distressed by a score of anxieties, only to find that the third lot of goods sent him from Zanzibar had been stolen, including three thousand yards of calico and several hundred pounds of beads. This last blow crushed the spirits of the brave old man, for he was now reduced almost to beggary. But there was still sunshine behind the clouds, relief and joy were near at hand. He must tell in his own language the happiness which sprung up when hope was dying, the delightful turn of fortune's wheel which infused the old-time courage and high resolve into his heart again. He writes :

“But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi [his faithful

servant] came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking-pots, tents, etc., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wit's end like me.'

"It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the traveling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than \$20,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe, made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France—the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic—the election of General Grant—the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend—the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting \$5,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned; and instead of the spare, tasteless two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be—but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment, in the teeth of very serious obstacles. His help-mates turned out depraved blackguards, who, by their excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere, had ruined their constitutions and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave. They had used up their strength by wickedness, and were of next to no service, but rather down-drafts and unbearable drags to progress."

Dr. Livingstone on a previous occasion wrote from the interior of Africa to the effect that Lake Tanganika poured its waters into the Albert N'yanza lake of Baker. At the time, perhaps, he hardly realized the interest that such an announcement was

likely to occasion. He was now shown the importance of ascertaining by actual observation whether the junction really existed, and for this purpose he started with Mr. Stanley to explore the region of the supposed connecting link in the north, so as to verify the statements of the Arabs.

They procured a canoe at Ujiji and coasted along the shores of the lake until they reached the mouth of the Rusizi river, up which they paddled for some distance, and found that it flowed into the lake instead of out of it, as Livingstone had previously supposed, thus proving that Lake Tanganika had no connection with Lake Albert, and therefore settling the question of the Nile's sources in favor of Speke and Sir Samuel Baker. Livingstone still believed, however, that the Nile had its sources in certain fountains or lakes south and west of Lake Tanganika, and that the large river flowing to the northwest in the Manyuema country was the Nile. It will be seen, however, in subsequent pages of this volume, that Stanley proved this river to be the Congo, which, in honor of his distinguished friend, he renamed the Livingstone.

Stanley endeavored to persuade Livingstone to go with him to England, and recuperate his health before completing his explorations of the Nile sources, but the Doctor thought it best that he should finish his work, and then return to remain permanently. So they returned to Ujiji, and from thence proceeded in canoes to the southern part of the lake, from whence they traveled overland north-eastwardly to Unyanyembe. Here Stanley took a sad farewell of his friend and proceeded by rapid marches to Zanzibar, where he organized a new force of men and sent them with supplies back to Livingstone, who remained at Unyanyembe until their arrival.

WAITING ALONE.

DURING the interval between Stanley's departure and the arrival of men and supplies from Zanzibar, Dr. Livingstone employed his time in visiting various chiefs and tribes who inhabit the country near Unyanyembe, and in making preparations for his final explorations. He notes in his journal during

this period some singular ideas entertained by the natives in regard to the hereafter. One portion of primitive belief—the continued existence of departed spirits—seems to have no connection whatever with dreams, or, as we should say, with “ghost-seeing;” for great agony is felt in prospect of bodily mutilation or burning of the body after death, as that is believed to render return to one’s native land impossible. They feel as if it would shut them off from all intercourse with relatives after death. They would lose the power of doing good to those once loved, and evil to those who deserved their revenge.

A DEADLY SERPENT KILLED BY A CAT.

ONE morning a serpent of dark olive color was found dead at Livingstone’s door, killed by his pet cat. Puss approaches very cautiously, and strikes her claws into the head with a blow delivered as quick as lightning; then holds the head down with both paws, heedless of the wriggling mass of coils behind it; she then bites the neck and leaves it, looking with interest to the disfigured head, as if she knew that therein had lain the hidden power of mischief.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN AFRICA.

IN many parts one is struck by the fact of the children having so few games. Life is a serious business, and amusement is derived from imitating the vocations of the parents—hut-building, making little gardens, bows and arrows, shields and spears. Elsewhere boys are very ingenious little fellows, and have several games; they also shoot birds with bows, and teach captured linnets to sing. They are expert in making guns and traps for small birds, and in making and using bird-lime. They make play-guns of reed, which go off with a trigger and spring, with a cloud of ashes for smoke. Sometimes they make double-barreled guns of clay, and have cotton-fluff as smoke. The boys shoot locusts with small toy-guns very cleverly.

HIS LAST EXPLORATION.

ON the 23d of August the Doctor started on his last exploration, pursuing a course south of west until he arrived on the

shores of Lake Tanganika, where turning south he followed the lake to its southern extremity and around to its southwestern line, from whence he struck off almost due south in the direction of Lake Bangweolo. Soon after turning southward the country became low and marshy, and they were compelled to wade through water almost constantly. The party suffered greatly from fever, and the Doctor's old complaint, dysentery, returned in an aggravated form, reducing his strength so that the men had



CROSSING THE WATER.

to carry him most of the time. The entry in his journal of January 24th graphically describes the difficulties they had to encounter on this terrible march: "Went on east and northeast to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went one hour and three-quarter's journey to a large stream, through drizzling rain, at least three hundred yards of deep water, among sedges and sponges of one hundred yards. One part was neck-deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in

elephants' foot-prints one hour and a half, then came in one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist-deep; bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad, deep, sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least one thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn; and when he sank into a elephant's deep foot-print, he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist-deep. Others went on, and bent down the grass, to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout, Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wade Sale; and each time I was lifted off bodily, and put on another pair of stout, willing shoulders, and fifty yards put them out of breath: no wonder! It was sore on the women-folk of our party. It took us full an hour and a half for all to cross over, and several came over turn to help me and their friends. The water was cold, and so was the wind, but no leeches plagued us. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. After 4 P.M. it came on a pouring, cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions, as there have been changes of population. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

The hemorrhagic discharge from which Livingstone suffered so much was intensified by the dreadful exposure he was forced to encounter. That he evidently saw great danger in the constant recurrence of the disorder, is shown in frequent solemn reflections recorded in a pocket-book which he carried; one of these, written February 14th, reads as follows:

“If the good Lord gives me favor, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel. This trip has made my hair all gray.”

His last birthday, March 19th, found him on the Chambeze river, en route for Bangweolo lake. The river was at its flood from long-continued heavy rains, and canoes were very difficult to obtain, so that sore vexations plagued him into forgetfulness of the day. All the world was dreary to him in that dense solitude of savage nature over which the very heavens wept in pity.

He waited beside the Chambeze until March 16th before he could obtain canoes to ferry his party across. When he did undertake the passage one of the canoes was sunk, containing a large number of cartridges, several guns, and a saddle, all of which were lost. After crossing other larger canoes were secured, in which the party traveled in the flooded district, as the paths were fully six feet under water. This mode of travel, however, was excessively fatiguing, for at short intervals the canoes would have to be dragged over dense sedges or spots of land, so that everyone was constantly wet and worried with the exhausting labor. All this told seriously on Livingstone.

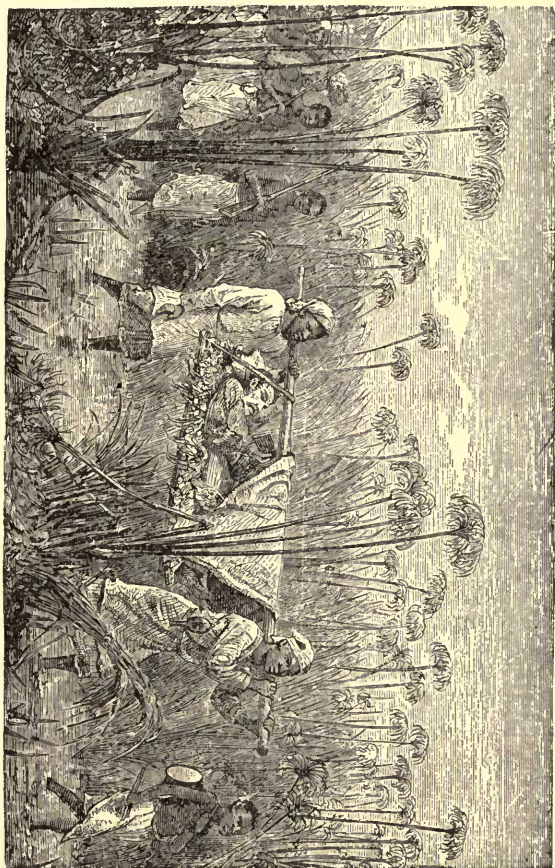
THE END COMES.

WITH unexampled fortitude he continued the journey, notwithstanding a rapidly growing weakness which could have but one result. After leaving the canoes the roads were full of water, and every step in advance seemed like entering more deeply into the slough of hopelessness. He continued to grow weaker, and at his request his servants made a litter in which to carry him, consisting of two side-pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This frame work was covered with grass and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveler was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so

as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under while the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man.

April 27th he seems to have been almost dying, though able to make a short entry in his journal, describing his condition and the location of his party.

THE LAST DAY'S MARCH.



This was the last entry he ever made. When they reached a village Livingstone was carried into a hut, but the next morning he was too weak to bear such assistance as would be required to take him out to the litter, so one side of the hut was knocked out and the kitanda was brought to him, and upon it he was laid with all possible care.

As they carried him he had frequently to request them to stop, as he could not long endure the motion. Weaker and weaker thus he grew, and it was much feared he would not live to reach the next village, called Chitambo, after its chief. The servants tried every way to cheer him, and their great carefulness, no doubt, prolonged his life the few hours needed to reach the village. Here a comfortable bed was made for him, beside which the necessary medicines were placed. During the night of April 30th he passed peacefully away, while on his knees engaged in prayer. The particulars of this most melancholy incident are related by his faithful servants, as follows: About 11 p.m. Livingstone called his servant Susi, whose hut was close by, and asked, "Is this the Luapula?" Susi told him they were in Chitambo's village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said "Sikungapi kuenda Luapula?" (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

"Na zani zikutatu, Bwana," (I think it is three days, master,) replied Susi.

A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, "Oh, dear, dear!" and then dozed off again.

About an hour later Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, "Bwana wants you, Susi." On reaching the bed the doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close he asked him to bring his medicine-chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, "All right; you can go now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanuasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept? Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time: the men drew nearer.

A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead.

His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up and laid him full length on the bed; then, carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May.

Livingstone had not merely turned himself; he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head: when they approached him he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forward of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveler's perfect rest had come.

HONOR TO THE NOBLE DEAD.

CALLING the whole party together, Susi and Chuma placed the state of affairs before them, and asked what should be done. They received a reply from those whom Mr. Stanley had engaged for Dr. Livingstone, which was hearty and unanimous. "You," said they, "are old men in traveling and in hardships; you must

act as our chiefs, and we will promise to obey whatever you order us to do." From this moment we may look on Susi and Chuma as the captains of the caravan. To their knowledge of the country, of the tribes through which they were to pass, but, above all, to the sense of discipline and cohesion which was maintained throughout, their safe return to Zanzibar at the head of their men, must, under God's good guidance, be mainly attributed.

It was thought very necessary to keep Chief Chitambo in ignorance of Livingstone's death, lest he might levy a great fine for the injury done his district by an Englishman dying within it, as nearly every other African chief would have done. But despite their secrecy, Chitambo soon heard the sad news, when, instead of demanding a fine, he at once prepared to give the remains the respectful funeral honors which are due to the greatest chiefs in Africa. In accordance with his promise, at the proper time, Chitambo, leading his people and accompanied by his wives, came to the hut wherein the remains lay. He was clad in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, while the wrapping of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell as low as his ankles. All carried bows, arrows and spears, but no guns were seen. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing lamentation, which so indelibly impresses itself on the memories of people who have heard it in the East, while the band of servants fired volley after volley in the air, according to the strict rule of Portuguese and Arabs on such occasions.

It was determined to carry the body to Zanzibar, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties of embalming. It was placed in a hut which was surrounded by a very strong stockade, open at the top, but so high that no wild animal could break in. There was only some salt and brandy with which to complete the embalming, but these two articles one of the servants, who had had some experience at Zanzibar, thought he could use with success.

It was not until May 4 that the process of embalming was begun. This long delay did not serve to render the task more difficult, because the body was little more than flesh and bones.

ENROUTE FOR ZANZIBAR.

No journal was kept by Susi or Chuma, so that dates are no longer obtainable, but it was sometime about the middle of May that the party started with the body for Zanzibar. As they traveled northward many of them began to succumb to fever, the malaria having been absorbed into their systems during the marches with Livingstone. Two of the women died, and after journeying a hundred miles the entire party became so ill that a stop of a month was necessary.

Upon reaching the Luapula river, which they found to be four miles wide at the village of Chisalamalama, one of the donkeys was seized by a lion after breaking down an enclosure in which it was confined. The donkey was killed and dragged into the jungle. At the village of Chawende they had a hard battle with the natives, in which several of the latter were killed and two of the funeral party wounded, but they did not abandon their precious burden.

Untold difficulties continually beset the party. Even when proceeding beyond Unyanyembe the natives, hearing the news of Livingstone's death, and the intention of conveying the body to Zanzibar, determined to prevent its passage through the country. They would no doubt have desecrated the remains had not Susi and Chuma taken the precaution to hide them in some bales of calico, and then made up an effigy which they sent with as much publicity as possible to be buried at Unyanyembe as Dr. Livingstone.

After a painful journey of six months the party reached the coast town of Bagamoyo, where the English consul at Zanzibar met them and received the body of Livingstone, which was sent to England and buried with appropriate honors in Westminster Abbey.

LIVINGSTONE'S GREATNESS.

WE have now followed Dr. Livingstone throughout his three journeys in Africa, not with perfect satisfaction, however, because he was prevented from completing his purposes, and the record of his travels is somewhat like an incomplete story;

but we have followed him far enough to form a correct judgment of his character. This great man traveled over a distance of ten thousand miles in Africa, and was the first to cross through the continental center; he spent nearly thirty years of his life in that vast wilderness, learned to speak the native tongues of many tribes; and with all his experience he does not mention having met one single king, nor did he have the vanity to say that even a chief deigned to do him homage.

Livingstone had a fixed purpose, and his inflexible motto was, "Prove all things." There was not the very least vanity in his nature; he believed that Bangweolo lake was the Nile's chief source, and that the Lualaba river was the connecting stream between Lake Albert and Bangweolo. He had every reason to believe his theory to be correct, both from his own observations and the information he received from natives whom he consulted. But he would not retire on a theory; he would not claim a discovery that he had not rightly made and incontestably proved. His modesty is positively wonderful, and can only be equaled by the noble, exalted, pure and beautiful Christianity which filled his great heart. While journeying toward Bangweolo the last time, to prove his theory respecting the Lualaba being its outlet and the Nile source, with a hand almost palsied by a fatal disease, he wrote: "The discovery of the true source of the Nile is nothing to me, except as it may be turned to the advantage of Christian Missions."

That his soul was without dross is proved not alone by the civilizing influence he exerted through Africa, but also by the attitude in which he died, surrendering up his precious life in a blaze of Christian glory. All honor to the name of Dr. David Livingstone, the greatest of all African explorers! Worthily he sleeps beside kings, though his desire was to rest at Shupanga, in the silent wilderness, beside the lonely grave of his loved wife, Mary.

STANLEY'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SEARCH OF LIVINGSTONE.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR., proprietor of the *New York Herald*, though often pronounced eccentric, is none the less a genius in making a great newspaper greater. He is an American in all that constitutes dash, pluck, energy and bold conception, but he is also a cosmopolitan, having a home everywhere, so that the whole world is familiar to him.

For nearly two years the civilized world believed the common report that Livingstone was dead; this news was circulated at Zanzibar by traders coming from Central Africa. Baker, who had penetrated as far as the Albert Nyanza, enquired of natives concerning the lost white man, but no tidings from him could be gained, so that he too believed the great traveler had passed the bourne whence none return. Bennett alone believed that Livingstone was still alive, and he conceived the idea of proving his belief by sending a man into Africa to find him.

HENRY M. STANLEY, a vigorous, daring and most capable journalist, whose first schooling was received as a war correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, had attracted the notice of Bennett, who gave him a roving commission through Europe as correspondent of the *Herald*. Bennett had so much confidence in Stanley, that he telegraphed him at Madrid, on the 16th of October, 1869, as follows; "*Come to Paris on important business.*"

Responding to the order, Stanley reached Paris on the night of October 18th, and going at once to Mr. Bennett's room in the Grand Hotel, he found him already retired. An interview took place, however, at which Mr. Bennett explained to Stanley his purpose of sending an expedition into Africa in search of Livingstone, and that he (Stanley) had been selected to command it. Stanley was dumbfounded, and did not attempt to disguise his feelings; he confessed his belief in the popular opinion that Livingstone was dead, and besides, he urged, the expense of such an expedition would be enormous.

"What will it cost?" Bennett abruptly asked.

"Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between \$15,000 and \$25,000, and I fear it cannot be done under \$12,000," replied Stanley.

Bennett's order, after hearing this estimate of the cost, shows the character of the man. Said he:

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but, **FIND LIVINGSTONE.**"

Mr. Bennett then gave Stanley several commissions in the East, such as reporting the ceremonies attending the opening of the Suez Canal, a visit to Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea battle-grounds, Persia, India, Bagdad, etc.

After giving these instructions, apparently laying out work enough to last a man a lifetime, Bennett went to bed and left Stanley to work out his own salvation, which he proved himself abundantly able to do.

He completed the first part of his commission in a little less than a year, arriving in Bombay, ready to start on his search for Livingstone, in August, 1870. Two months later, having purchased his supplies, he set sail for Zanzibar, on the barque "Polly," and reached his destination after a voyage of thirty-seven days.

ORGANIZING FOR THE JOURNEY.

STANLEY was well received by the American consul at Zanzibar, who gave him a room in his own house and seemed to take delight in ministering to his needs. He had engaged one man, Wm. L. Farquhar, on the barque Polly, to accompany him into Africa, but, with this single exception, he had to enlist his force at Zanzibar. John Shaw, an Englishman, was found adrift in this Arabian port, and, upon his application, was enlisted at a salary of \$300 per annum. It was desirable, however, to secure and equip an escort of twenty free blacks for the road. There were scores of such fellows offering, but they were very unreliable, and it was with no little pleasure that Stanley heard of several of Speke's "faithfuls" who would be glad to go upon another expedition. Five of these men were soon found and engaged at \$40 each per annum, and a few days later Bombay, who was Speke's head man, came to Zanzibar, and he, too, was enlisted and made captain of the black escort. Bombay succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" (soldiers), men whom he knew would not desert and for whom he declared himself responsible. Their wages were set down at \$36 each per annum. Each soldier was provided with a flint-lock musket, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, knife, and hatchet, besides enough powder and ball for two hundred rounds. Bombay, in consideration of his rank and previous faithful services to Burton, Speke and Grant, was engaged at \$80 a year, half that sum in advance, and a good muzzle-loading rifle, a pistol, a knife, and a hatchet were given him.

Two boats were purchased from the American consul, for \$120, one of which would carry twelve men and the other half as many. These boats were stripped of their boards and tarred canvas substituted, as a much lighter material and less liable to leakage or rupture. These boats were intended for crossing streams and navigating rivers and lakes. Twenty donkeys were purchased, and a cart was constructed, eighteen inches wide and five feet long, to carry the narrow ammunition boxes along the goat paths.

When his purchases were all completed Stanley found materials aggregating a weight of six tons, nearly all of which had to be carried to the center of Africa on the shoulders of men ; and for this purpose one hundred and sixty carriers had to be engaged at Bagamoyo, situated on the mainland, across from the island of Zanzibar.

Twenty-eight days after his arrival in Zanzibar Stanley was ready to start upon his search for Livingstone, but before departing the Sultan gave him an audience, at which royal letters were prepared by his Highness commending Stanley to the gracious favor of all Arabs whom he might meet. The Sultan also gave him a beautiful horse, and an American merchant at Zanzibar added another, a fine, blooded animal, worth \$500. But when everything was ready, and the dhow that was to ferry the expedition to Bagamoyo was on the point of leaving, it was discovered that Farquhar and Shaw were missing ; a long search finally revealed them in a beastly state of intoxication at one of the grogeries in a quiet corner of the town ; they had to be led down to the boat.

EN ROUTE FOR THE INTERIOR.

THE expedition reached Bagamoyo on February 6, 1871, but here most provoking delays occurred by reason of the numerous false promises made by native agents whom Stanley employed to engage carriers for him. He did not start the first caravan until February 18th, and the fifth, or last, did not get away until March 21st. The total number, inclusive, of all souls connected with the expedition was 192. These, when together, presented an imposing appearance, headed by the American flag, which, for the first time, was carried into the wilds of Africa. The expedition was now on the road to Ujiji, by way of Unyamyebe.

The first trouble encountered was at the turbid Kingani river. The jungle along its right bank was threaded some distance, when a narrow sluice of black mud, not more than eight feet broad, crossed the path, and to get the animals over this it was necessary to construct a bridge by felling trees and covering them with grass. Further on the river had to be crossed, which was effected

after much patient labor, in one frail canoe, hollowed out of an immense tree.

After seeing the work of ferrying the expedition properly commenced, Stanley sat down on a condemned canoe to amuse himself with the hippopotami by peppering their thick skulls with his No. 12 smooth-bore. The Winchester rifle (calibre 44) did no more than slightly tap them, causing about as much injury as a boy's sling; it was perfect in its accuracy of fire, for ten times



WASTING CARTRIDGES ON THE HIPPOPOTAMI.

in succession he struck the tops of their heads between the ears. One old fellow, with the look of a sage, was tapped close to the right ear by one of these bullets. Instead of submerging himself, as others had done, he coolly turned round his head as if to ask, "Why this waste of valuable cartridges on us?" The response to the mute inquiry of his sageship was an ounce-and-a-quarter bullet from the smooth-bore, which made him bellow with pain, and in a few moments he rose again tumbling in his death agonies. As his groans were so piteous, Stanley

refrained from a useless sacrifice of life, and left the amphibious horde in peace.

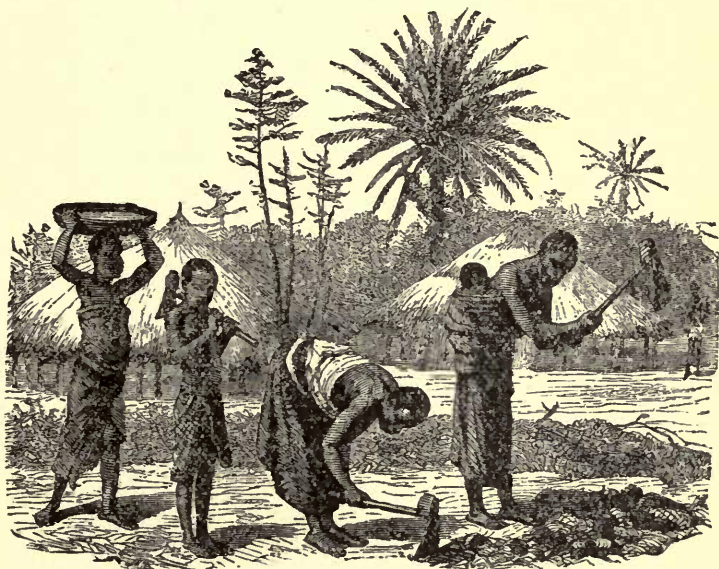
The route he had chosen to reach Ugogo was a new one, never before traveled by a white man. This new route was thickly populated, which proved to be of no small advantage, for it enabled him to buy meat and save his herd of goats, which would be needed for food when the interior should be reached. The natives were in their fields, at heedless labor, men and women in the scantiest costumes, compared to which Adam and Eve, in their fig-leaf apparel, would have been *en grande tenue*. Nor were they at all abashed by the devouring gaze of men who were strangers to clotheless living bodies; they did not seem to comprehend why inordinate curiosity should be returned with more than interest. They left their work as the Wasungu (white men) drew nigh: such hybrids in solar topees, white flannels, and horse-boots were they! Had the Wasungu been desirous of studying the outlines of anatomy and physiology what a rich field was here! They laughed and giggled, and pointed their index finger at this and that, which to them seemed so strange and bizarre.

After crossing the Kingani they soon came to a village called Rosako, where they camped, and Stanley was much annoyed by the obtrusive curiosity of the natives. He says: "Among other experiments which I was about to try in Africa, was that of a good watch-dog on any unmannerly people who would insist upon coming into my tent at untimely hours and endangering valuables. Especially did I wish to try the effect of its bark on the mighty Ugogo, who, I was told by certain Arabs, would lift the door of the tent and enter whether you wished them or not; who would chuckle at the fear they inspired, and say to you, 'Hi, hi, white man, I never saw the like of you before; are there many more like you? where do you come from?' Also would they take hold of your watch and ask you with a cheerful curiosity, 'What is this for, white man?' to which you, of course, would reply that it was to tell you the hour and minute. But the Ugogo, proud of his prowess, and more unmannerly than a brute, would answer

you with a snort of insult, saying, 'Oh, you fool!' or, 'You be damned for a liar!' I thought of a watch-dog, and procured a good one at Bombay, not only as a faithful companion, but to threaten the heels of just such gentry."

The dog proved to be a great wonder to the prying natives, and kept them at a respectful distance.

The fine horse presented to Stanley by the Sultan was taken suddenly sick, April 1st, and after a few hours of suffering died,



WOMEN WORKING IN THE FIELDS.

a victim of the tsetse fly. Fifteen hours after the death of his Arabian horse, the other became violently sick, and died of convulsions the following morning.

They were now marching through thick jungle, the road being merely a goat-path, so narrow that a single man could hardly push his way through. This necessitated frequent halts to rearrange the loads of the donkeys, which were torn by the "wait-a-bit" thorns. Ten of the best men were stricken with fever, and the rest were almost worn out with fatigue and greatly dis-

couraged. Their progress was very slow, only four or five miles a day. Shaw was in charge of the little cart, far in the rear, and he enlivened the march with a constant flow of the expressively wicked adjectives for which sailors are famous.

On the 18th of April they met a chained slave gang, bound east. The slaves did not appear to be in the least down-hearted: on the contrary, they seemed imbued with the philosophic jollity of the jolly servant of Martin Chuzzlewit. Were it not for their chains it would have been difficult to discover master from slave: the physiognomic traits were alike—the mild benignity with which they regarded Stanley's party was equally visible on all faces. The chains were ponderous, they might have held elephants captive; but as the slaves carried nothing but themselves, their weight could not have been insupportable.

THE BELLES OF KISEMO.

THE expedition encamped one evening at a prettily-situated village, named Kisemo. The district was extremely populous, there being five villages in a circuit of as many miles, each fortified by stakes and thorny abattis.

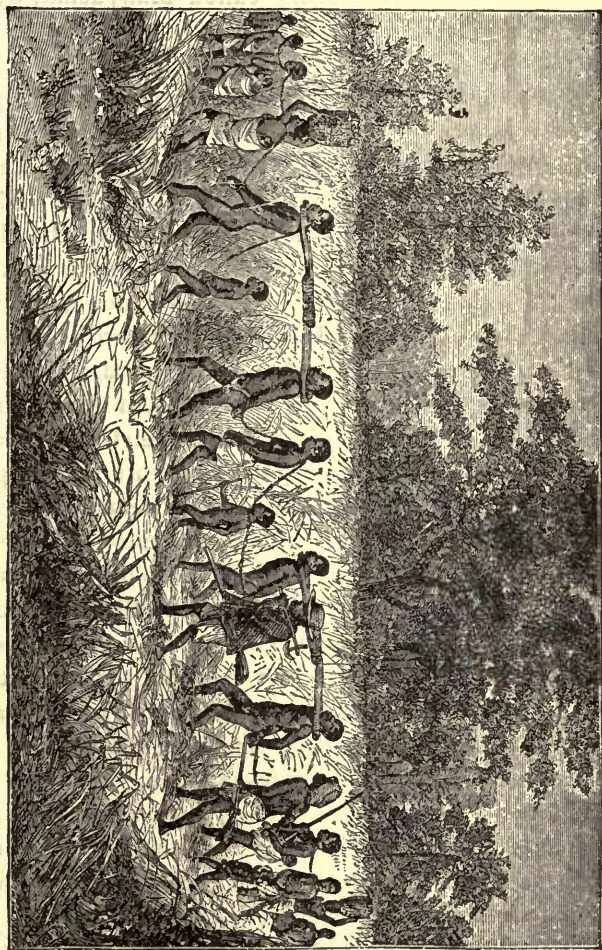
The belles of Kisemo are famed for their extraordinary natural development, and their vanity finds expression in brass wire, which adorns their waists and ankles, while their less attractive brothers are content with such adornments as dingy cloths and split ears. A more comical picture is seldom presented than one of these highly-dressed females with the magnificent developments already noted, engaged in the homely and necessary task of grinding corn for herself and family. The grinding apparatus consists of two portions: one, a thick pole of hard wood, about six feet long, answering for a pestle; the other, a capacious wooden mortar, three feet in height; and the swaying motion of the woman in handling this pestle forms a rare and ludicrous picture.

TIDINGS OF LIVINGSTONE.

THE fourth caravan, which had been making up for lost time by traveling ahead for several days, was come up with at the

village of Muhalleh ; several of the men had fallen sick, so that the caravan went into camp to await Stanley and the medicine chest. During a two day's encampment at this village

THE SLAVE GANG.



Stanley met an Arab trader, bound eastward, with a large caravan carrying three hundred elephant tusks. This good Arab, besides welcoming the new-comer with a present of rice, gave him news of Livingstone. He had met the old traveler at Ujiji, had lived

in the next hut to him for two weeks, described him as looking old, with long grey moustache and beard, just recovered from severe illness, looking very wan; when fully recovered, Livingstone intended to visit a country called Manyuema, by way of Marungu.

A WONDERFUL AFRICAN CITY.

THE march now followed the valley of the Ungerengeri until the walled city of Simbamwenni was reached. This is one of the wonderful cities of Africa. The town contains about one thousand houses, and a population of perhaps 5,000. The houses are eminently African, but are strongly constructed. The fortifications are after an Arabic-Persian model—combining Arab neatness with Persian architecture. They are stone, pierced with two rows of loop-holes for musketry. The area of the town is about half a square mile, its plan being quadrangular. Well-built towers of stone guard each corner; four gates, one facing each cardinal point, and set half-way between the several towers, permit ingress and egress for its inhabitants. The gates are closed with solid square doors, made of African teak, and carved with the infinitesimally fine and complicated devices of the Arabs, from which it is supposed that the doors were made either at Zanzibar or on the coast, and conveyed to Simbamwenni plank by plank; yet as there is much communication between Bagamoyo and Simbamwenni, it is just possible that native artisans are the authors of this ornate workmanship, as several doors, chiseled and carved in the same manner, though not quite so elaborately, are visible in the largest houses.

The Sultana, or ruler of this African city, is the eldest daughter of the famous Kisabengo, who was another Theodore on a small scale. Sprung from humble ancestry, he acquired distinction for his personal strength, his powers of harangue, and his amusing and versatile address, by which he gained great ascendancy over fugitive slaves, and was chosen a leader among them. Fleeing from justice which awaited him at the hands of the Zanzibar Sultan, he arrived in Ukami, and here he commenced a career of conquest, the result of which was the acquisition of an immense

tract of fertile country. On its most desirable site, with the river flowing close under the wall, he built his capital, and called it Simbamwenni, which means "The Lion," or the strongest city. In old age the successful robber and kidnapper changed his name of Kisabengo, which had gained such a notoriety, to Simbamwenni, after his town; and when dying, after desiring that his eldest daughter should succeed him, he bestowed the name of the town upon her also.

Stanley, after praising the country for its great beauty and marvelous fertility, says: "A railroad from Bagamoyo to Simbamwenni might be constructed with as much ease and rapidity as, and at far less cost than, the Union Pacific Railway, whose rapid strides day by day toward completion the world heard of and admired. A residence in this part of Africa, after a thorough system of drainage had been carried out, would not be attended with any more discomfort than generally follows upon the occupation of new land. The temperature at this season during the day never exceeded 85° Fahrenheit. The nights were pleasant—too cold without a pair of blankets for covering.

THE SULTANA'S REVENGE.

WHILE passing Simbamwenni, Stanley was accosted by some soldiers sent out by the Sultana to collect a tribute for the privilege of a passage. He refused to pay anything, and sent back word that he recognized no right by which such a demand should be made. He heard nothing further at that time from the bold princess.

Five miles further on, a cook belonging to the expedition was arrested for stealing. This being his fourth offense, Stanley ordered him to be flogged with a cowhide over his jacket, a punishment which was hardly as severe as the thief deserved; and in order to frighten him, Stanley told him that he must leave the camp and get back to Zanzibar the best way he could. The man, thinking the order was given in earnest, bolted off and disappeared in the jungle. Stanley knew that the man must perish if he really attempted to travel to Zanzibar, and supposing he would

come back, left a donkey tied to a tree, upon which he might ride and overtake the caravan.

Directly after this incident Bombay came riding up to Stanley and reported the loss of a gun, a pistol, an American axe, a bale of cloth, and some beads; he explained that he had laid the articles down while going to a stream for water, and upon returning found them gone, stolen, he declared, by the subjects of the Sultana.

The caravan was now obliged to stop, while Stanley sent back three soldiers to recover the articles, if possible, and also to find the culprit, who had run off. After a search of two days the soldiers found the donkey and missing articles in possession of two natives, whom he took to the Sultana, where they were charged with murdering the missing man. This they strongly denied, but the Sultana believed them guilty and threw them into prison to await the next caravan going to Zanzibar, whither she would send them for sentence. The Sultana next ordered the three soldiers seized and placed in chains, and also confiscated their property, and declared she would detain them until their master should return and pay her the tribute she had demanded. The unfortunate soldiers were kept in chains in the market-place, exposed to the taunts of the servile multitude for sixteen hours, when they were discovered by a Sheik who had passed Stanley five days before. This man recognized the soldiers as members of the expedition, and sought an audience with them. After hearing their story, the good-hearted Sheik sought the presence of the Sultana, and informed her that she was doing very wrong—a wrong that could only terminate in blood. “The Musungu is strong,” he said, “very strong; he has got two guns which shoot forty times without stopping, carrying bullets half an hour’s distance; he has got several guns which carry bullets that burst and tear a man in pieces. He could go to the top of that mountain and could kill every man, woman and child in the town before one of your soldiers could reach the top, The road will then be stopped; Syed Burghash will march against your country; the Wadoe and Wakami will come and take revenge on what is

left, and the place that your father made so strong will know the Waseguhha no more. Set free the Musungu's soldiers; give them their food, and grain for the Musungu; return the guns to the men and let them go; for the white man may even now be on his way here."

These exaggerated reports of Stanley's power produced a good effect, for the soldiers were released, their arms and the donkeys restored, and sufficient food was furnished to last them for four days, until they could overtake the caravan. Stanley was very much exercised over the outrage which he felt had been committed on his men, but he was now so far advanced that he could not afford to turn back and obtain satisfaction. But the runaway cook was not found.

MARCHING THROUGH SWAMPS.

THE expedition started again, after a delay of four days, for Ugogo, in the midst of a pelting rain storm, which flooded the country and rendered traveling excessively difficult. They soon struck a swamp from which the malarial evaporations rose up so rank that Shaw took sick, and the labor of driving the caravan fell entirely on Stanley. The donkeys stuck in the mire as if they were rooted to it. As fast as one was flogged from his stubborn position, prone to the depths fell another, so that the labor of extricating them was maddening under pelting rain, assisted by such men as Bombay and Uledi, who could not for whole skin's sake stomach the storm and mire. Two hours of such a task enabled Stanley to drag his caravan over a savannah one mile and a half broad; and barely had he finished congratulating himself over his success before he was halted by a deep ditch, which, filled with rain-water from the inundated savannahs, had become a considerable stream, breast-deep, flowing swiftly into the Makata. Donkeys had to be unloaded, led through a torrent, and loaded again on the other bank—an operation which consumed a full hour.

INTERNAL DISSENSIONS AND A FIGHT.

ON the following day another part of the swamp was reached, which was five miles across and from one to four feet in depth;



TRAVELING BY WATER.

this was the sorest march made by the expedition, and so serious were its effects that two of the carriers (and the dog) died, also twelve of the donkeys, and Stanley was brought to the brink of the grave with fever and acute dysentery.

On May 4th they ascended a gentle slope to a village named Reheuneko, where a halt of four days was made, to rest and recover from the effects of the fever with which all were suffering. It was a delightful place, most fortuitously reached, for another day in the swamps would have, no doubt, destroyed the expedition.

Farquhar, who had charge of the fourth caravan, had preceded Stanley about two days, but sent back word that all but one of his donkeys had died and his provisions were almost exhausted. Stanley was thus compelled to push on to Lake Ugombo, where he met Farquhar and found a most deplorable state of affairs. Farquhar was in a pitiable condition, barely able to stagger out of his tent. His legs and feet were swollen to frightful proportions from Elephantiasis. But much of this trouble had been brought on by his dissipation. Sluggish, cross and feeble, he had expended nearly all his goods, which should have lasted him to Ujiji, before he had gone over one-third the distance.

Shaw had also been remiss in all his duties, and was a sore drag upon the expedition. These two Englishmen, who should have been Stanley's mainstay, were worse than the native carriers, and as their worthlessness increased they became insolent. While camped on Ugombo lake, Shaw insulted Stanley in his own tent, when the latter, feeling that this was the crowning period of the most inexcusable and contemptible insolence, struck him to the ground. The Englishman then demanded his discharge papers, which Stanley gave him, with great pleasure. Shaw packed his things and went away, declaring he would return to Zanzibar by the next Arab caravan. He soon changed his mind, however, and came back and humbly apologized for his unreasonable conduct, and begged to be taken again into service. Stanley reinstated him in charge of the third caravan. That night, when all the camp was still in slumber, Shaw stole

out of his tent with a loaded gun and tried to assassinate his leader, the bullet passing through the pillow on which Stanley's head was resting. Of course the entire camp was speedily aroused, and Stanley went straight to Shaw's tent, having been told who fired the shot. Shaw pretended to be soundly asleep, but being aroused and confronted with indisputable evidence of his guilt—a warm gun with freshly burnt powder in the barrel—he declared he had been dreaming of a thief, whom he shot at. Stanley warned him not to indulge in such dreams again, intimating that it would be very unsafe for him to do so.

Farquhar was in no condition to travel, so, at his own request, he was left at a small native village in the Ugogo country, in charge of a kindly-mannered old man. Six month's provisions, a rifle, with 300 cartridges, and an interpreter were left with him.

They now marched on to Chungo, where they joined a trading party of Arabs going west, and twelve new carriers were engaged, so that the entire force was increased to four hundred souls, with flags, horns, drums, guns, etc., making a most formidable caravan for Central Africa. They were now only thirty miles from Ugogo.

ENTERING UGOGO.

THE entrance into Ugogo was the very counterpart of a circus parade; Stanley rode at the head, and as he came in sight of the village its swarming inhabitants rushed out to meet him, shouting with all the strength of their lungs. The whole village was soon before, abreast and behind his heels, lullalooing and shouting in the most excited manner; for Stanley was the first white man they had ever seen. From village to village, which are in immediate succession and called Ugogo, the crowd kept gathering, until a furious mob of naked men, women and children, their bodies ornately tattooed, pressed upon the white man. "Hitherto," says Stanley, "I had compared myself to a merchant of Bagdad, traveling among the Kurds of Kurdistan, selling his wares of Damascus silk, kefiyehs, etc., but now I was compelled to lower my standard, and thought myself not much better than the monkey in the zoological collection

at Central Park, whose funny antics elicit such bursts of laughter from young New Yorkers. One of my soldiers requested them to lessen their vociferous noise ; but the evil-minded race ordered him to shut up, as a thing unworthy to speak to the Wagogo ! When I imploringly turned to the Arabs for counsel in this strait, old Sheikh Thani, always worldly-wise, said, "Heed them not ; they are dogs who bite besides barking."

A camp was made, and negotiations with the natives soon began. The quantity and variety of provisions produced in the country was positively astonishing, proving Ugogo to be one of the very richest districts of all Africa. The natives brought and sold milk, both sour and sweet, honey, beans, Indian corn, a variety of peas, peanuts, bean nuts, pumpkins, water melons, musk melons, cucumbers, and many other kinds of vegetables. The Great Sultan of Mvumi, or ruler of Ugogo, was a most extortionate old relic of Arabic cupidity and autocracy, and compelled Stanley to pay a large tribute of cloth and beads for the privilege of crossing his country.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE NATIVES.

As the expedition continued its march each village was emptied of its inhabitants, who ran along staring at the Musungu (white man) and frequently committing insolent acts, until Stanley's patience with them became quite exhausted. He writes : "Hitherto those we had met had contented themselves with staring and shouting ; but these outstepped all bounds, and my growing anger at their excessive insolence vented itself in gripping the rowdiest of them by the neck, and before he could recover from his astonishment administering a sound thrashing with my dog-whip, which he little relished. This proceeding educes from the tribe of starers all their native power of vituperation and abuse, in expressing which they were peculiar. Approaching in manner to angry tom-cats, they jerked their words with something of a splitting hiss and a half bark. The ejaculation, as near as I can spell it phonetically, was 'hahcht,' uttered in a shrill crescendo tone. They paced backward and forward, asking themselves, 'Are the Wagogo to be beaten like slaves by

this Musungu! A Mgogo is a Mgwana (a free man); he is not used to be beaten,—hahcht.' But whenever I made a motion, flourishing my whip toward them, these mighty braggarts found it convenient to move to respectful distances from the irritated Musungu."

A HANDSOME PEOPLE.

A MARCH of three days brought the expedition to the Wahumba district, which is small, comprising only a few villages, and these not numerously inhabited; but the people are none the less remarkable. They live in cone huts plastered with cow-dung, and shaped like the Tartar tents of Turkestan. The men are remarkably well formed and handsome, having clean limbs and the most exquisite features. Athletes from their youth, they intermarry and keep the race pure. The women are as handsome as the men, and have a clear ebon skin of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass, pendant from the ears, brass ring collars about their necks, and a spiral cincture of brass around the loins, used as an ornament and also to keep the goat-skins folded about their persons in place; these skins depend from the shoulder and shade one-half the bosom.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

THE village of Mukondoku, on the borders of Ugogo, is a large place, containing perhaps 3,000 people. They flocked to see the wonderful man whose face was white, who wore the most wonderful things on his person, and possessed the most wonderful weapons; guns which "bum-bummed" as fast as you could count on your fingers. They formed such a mob of howling savages that Stanley for an instant thought there was something besides mere curiosity which caused such commotion and attracted such numbers to the roadside. Halting, he asked what was the matter, and what they wanted, and why they made such a noise? One burly rascal, taking his words for a declaration of hostilities, promptly drew his bow, but in an instant Stanley's faithful Winchester, with thirteen shots in the magazine, was ready and at the shoulder, but he waited to see the arrow fly before pouring the

leaden messengers of death into the crowd. They vanished as quickly as they had come, leaving the burly Thersites, and two or three irresolute fellows of his tribe, standing within pistol range. Such a sudden dispersion of the mob which, but a moment before, was overwhelming in numbers, caused Stanley to lower his rifle, and to indulge in a hearty laugh at the disgraceful flight of the men-destroyers. The Arabs, who were as much alarmed at their boisterous obtrusiveness, now came up to patch a truce, in which they succeeded to everybody's satisfaction. A few words of explanation and the mob came back in greater numbers than before; and the savage who had been the cause of the momentary disturbance, was obliged to retire abashed before the pressure of public opinion. A chief now came up, whom Stanley afterward learned was the second man to Swaruru, the Sultan, and lectured the people upon their treatment of the "White Stranger." "Know ye not, Wagogo," shouted he, "that this Musungu is a sultan (mtemi—a most high title). He has not come to Ugogo like the Wakonongo (Arabs), to trade in ivory, but to see us, and give presents. Why do you molest him and his people? Let them pass in peace. If you wish to see him, draw near, but do not mock him. The first of you who creates a disturbance, let him beware; our great mtemi shall know how you treat his friends." He thereupon seized a long stick and laid about him so vigorously that the crowd was driven into the huts and did not offer any further annoyances.

ARRIVAL AT UNYANYEMBE.

THE march, after the foregoing incident, was uninterrupted, until the caravan reached Unyanyembe, which is situated in an undulating plain, surrounded by most picturesque scenery, and lies nearly five hundred miles, by the route, or three hundred as the crow flies, from Zanzibar. As will be remembered, the last caravan left Bagamoyo March 21, 1871; they arrived in Unyanyembe on the 22d of June, having been three months on the way. Considering the character of the country traversed and obstacles met with, this average of five miles per day was an uncommonly good one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL FEATURES.

MR. STANLEY has injected into the record of his march to Ujiji, in a separate chapter following his arrival in Unyanyembe, much that is interesting, having immediate application to the ethnographical features of the country through which he had passed. Some of this, the more important, is here reproduced in a summary that cannot but prove valuable to every reader.

The tribes living within a hundred miles of the coast do not show any strongly-marked distinguishing features by which to classify them: only the most critical observer will note the tribal connections: punctures of the ear, very little difference in garb, and tattoo marks. But as we approach nearer to the interior, there is a very noticeable distinction, extending to habits of life, dress, disposition, and physical contour. Some of the people are frank and friendly, notably the Wasagara, who are peculiarly susceptible to missionary teachings. Their country is literally a land flowing with milk and honey, and a more trustworthy and kind people never lived. They are an exception. They are first met with at the village Mpwapwa. Here the long slender ringlets, ornamented with brass and copper pendants, balls, with bright pice from Zanzibar, with a thin line of miniature beads running here and there among the ringlets, are first seen. A youthful Wasagara, with a faint tinge of ochre embrowning the dull black hue of his face, with four or five bright copper coins ranged over his forehead, with a tiny gourd's neck in each ear, distending his ear-lobes, with a thousand ringlets well greased and ornamented with tiny bits of brass and copper, with a head well thrown back, broad breast thrown well forward, muscular arms, and full-proportioned limbs, represents the *beau-ideal* of a handsome young African savage.

The Wasagara, male and female, tattoo the forehead, bosom and arms. Besides inserting the neck of a gourd in each ear—which carries his little store of “tumbac,” or tobacco and lime,

which he has obtained by burning land shells—he carries quite a number of most primitive ornaments around his neck, such as two or three snowy cowrie-shells, carved pieces of wood, or a small goat's horn, or some medicine consecrated by the medicine-man of the tribe, a fundu of white or red beads, or two or three pierced Sungomazzi egg-beads, or a string of copper coin, and sometimes small brass chains, like Cheap-Jack watch-chains.

The Waseguhla are neighbors of the Wasagara, but they are one of the most treacherous and ferocious tribes of Africa, finding congenial occupation only in fighting and enslaving the neighboring tribes who are too weak to resist them.

THE WONDERFUL WAGOGO TRIBE.

THE Wagogo are the most extortionate tribe in Africa; being numerous and good fighters they show their strength by levying the heaviest burdens on all who enter their country. They are, physically and intellectually, the best of the races between Unyamwezi and the sea. Their color is a rich dark brown. There is something in their frontal aspect which is almost leonine. Their faces are broad and intelligent. Their eyes are large and round. Their noses are flat, and their mouths are very large. For all this, though the Wagogo is a ferocious man, capable of proceeding to any length upon the slightest provocation, he is an attractive figure to the white traveler.

The Wagogo, or Mgogo, as he is more frequently called, makes a splendid soldier, for he is brave and cunning. Their weapons are a bow and sheaf of murderous-looking arrows, pointed, pronged and barbed; a couple of light, beautifully-made assegais, a broad, sword-like spear, with a blade over two feet long, a battle-axe, and a rungu, or knob-club. He has also a shield, painted with designs in black and white, oval-shaped, sometimes of rhinoceros, or elephant, or bull-hide. From the time he was a toddling urchin he has been familiar with his weapons, and by the time he was fifteen years old he was an adept with them. He is armed for battle in a very short time. The messenger from the chief darts from village to village and blows his ox-horn, the signal for war. The warrior hears it, throws his hoe over his

shoulder, enters his house, and in a few seconds issues forth again, arrayed in war paint and full fighting costume. Feathers



WAGOGO WARRIORS.

of the ostrich, or the eagle, or the vulture, nod above his head; his long crimson robe streams behind him, his shield is on his left arm, his darting assegai in his left hand, and his ponderous

man-cleaver—double-edged and pointed, heading a strong staff—is in his right hand ; jingling bells are tied around his ankles and knees ; ivory wristlets are on his arms, with which he sounds his approach. With the plodding peasant's hoe he has dropped the peasant's garb, and is now the proud, vain, exultant warrior—bounding aloft like a gymnast, eagerly sniffing the battle-field.

The tembe (dwelling-house) is divided into apartments, separated from each other by a wattled wall. Each apartment may contain a family of grown-up boys and girls, who form their beds on the floor out of dressed hides. The father of the family, only, has a kitanda, or fixed cot, made of ox-hide stretched over a frame, or of the bark of the myombo tree. The floor is of tamped mud, and is exceedingly filthy, smelling strangely of every abomination. In the corners, suspended to the rafters, are the fine airy dwellings of black spiders of very large size, and other monstrous insects.

The Wagogo believe in the existence of a god, or sky spirit, whom they call Mulungu. Their prayers are generally directed to him when their parents die. A Mgogo, after he has consigned his father to the grave, collects his father's chattels together, his cloth, his ivory, his knife, his jembe (hoe), his bows and arrows, his spears, and his cattle, and kneels before them, repeating a wish that Mulungu would increase his wordly wealth, that he would bless his labors, and make him successful in trade.

The following conversation occurred between Stanley and a Mgogo trader :

“ Who do you suppose made your parents ? ”

“ Why, Mulungu, white man ! ”

“ Well, who made you ? ”

“ If God made my father, God made me, didn't he ? ”

“ That's very good. Where do you suppose your father is gone to, now that he is dead ? ”

“ The dead die,” said he, solemnly : “ they are no more. The sultan dies, he becomes nothing—he is then no better than a dead dog, he is finished, his words are finished—there are no words from him. It is true,” he added, seeing a smile on Stanley's

face, "the Sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar. There!"

"How do you bury a Mgogo?"

"His legs are tied together, his right arm to his body, and his left is put under his head. He is then rolled on his left side in the grave. His cloth he wore during his life is spread over him. We put the earth over him, and put thorn bushes over it to prevent the hyenas from getting at him. A woman is put on her right side in a grave apart from the man."

"In cases of murder, what do you do to the man who kills another?"

"The murderer has to pay fifty cows. If he is too poor to pay, the Sultan gives his permission to the murdered man's friends or relatives to kill him. If they catch him, they tie him to a tree and throw spears at him—one at a time first; they then spring on him, cut his head off, then his arms, and limbs, and scatter them about the country."

"How do you punish a thief?"

"If he is found stealing, he is killed at once, and nothing is said about it. Is he not a thief?"

"But suppose you do not know who the thief is?"

"If a man is brought before us accused of stealing, we kill a chicken. If the entrails are white, he is innocent—if yellow, he is guilty."

"Do you believe in witchcraft?"

"Of course we do, and punish the man with death if he bewitches cattle, or stops rain."

The Wakimbu are something like the Wasagara in appearance, and also in disposition, only much more industrious. They are the best agriculturists in Africa, and though their country is far from being the richest, by their industrious tillage they make it the most productive. But they are arrant cowards. Their bomas—communal dwellings—are so well constructed that it would require heavy cannon to break them down. They do little or no hunting, but are skilful in constructing traps for elephants and buffaloes, in which they frequently catch lions and leopards.

A ROYAL RECEPTION.

STANLEY was royally received at Unyanyembe by the Arab population, which numbered about 500 out of a total of 5,000 persons. The governor, Sayd bin Salim, invited him to his house, where a delightful repast awaited him, with accompanying condiments and delicious sherbet. Stanley entertained the governor by relating to him the latest news concerning the personal and political affairs of Arabia and Egypt. When the entertainment was finished Sayd bin Salim showed him to the house he was to occupy during his stay in Unyanyembe, and took great pride in calling his attention to its many rooms, as follows :

“Walk in, master, this is your house, now ; here are your men’s quarters ; here you will receive the great Arabs ; here is the cook-house ; here is the store-house ; here is the prison for the refractory ; here are your white men’s apartments ; and these are your own : see, here is the bedroom, here is the gun-room, bath-room,” etc.

Stanley now turned his attention to storing his goods and paying off his carriers, this being the end of the trade route from Bagamoyo. When they were dismissed his force was reduced to twenty-five men, all the caravans having arrived and reported.

“Just as I began to feel hungry again,” says Stanley, “came several slaves in succession, bearing trays full of good things from the Arabs ; first an enormous dish of rice, with a bowlful of curried chicken ; another with a dozen huge wheaten cakes, another with a plateful of smoking hot crullers ; another with papaws, another with pomegranates and lemons ; after these came men driving five fat hump-backed oxen, eight sheep and ten goats, and another man came with a dozen chickens and a dozen fresh eggs. This was real, practical, noble courtesy, munificent hospitality, which quite took my gratitude by storm. My people were as delighted at the prodigal plentitude visible on my tables and in my yards as I was myself. And, as I saw their eyes light up at the unctuous anticipations presented to them by their riotous fancies, I ordered a bullock to be slaughtered and distributed.”

Owing to sickness and a war that took place between the Arabs and a native chief named Mirambo, soon after Stanley's arrival, he was detained at Unyanyembe nearly three months, and was at last compelled, by the disturbed state into which this war threw the country, to abandon the regular route to Ujiji and make a long circuit to the southwest, in order to avoid coming in conflict with the terrible Mirambo, who had defeated the Arabs in two pitched battles, and who is described as the Napoleon of Africa. On the 20th of September, having organized a new force, he started once more for Ujiji, by the southern route just described.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEATH OF SHAW.

THE march from Unyanyembe was begun under very unfavorable auspices, and evil circumstances arose one after another, until the end of the sixth day's march. Shaw was afflicted with hypochondria, and though his sickness was a brooding despondency, it preyed upon his nerves until he really was unfitted for travel; he frequently fell from his donkey, and groaned with such an agony of despair that, at his oft-repeated request, he was sent back to Unyanyembe, though Stanley warned him that in his condition, and among a barbarous people whose language he could not understand, he would be sure to die. This prediction was verified a few weeks later.

After passing Uganda, which is a well-fortified city of 3,000 people, the troubles of the expedition gradually ceased, for the country became more elevated and healthful.

SURPRISED AT THE SIGHT OF A WHITE MAN.

OCTOBER 4th found Stanley on the hot plains of Manyara, which are on the margin of a great country abounding with large game. The village of Manyara is not large, but the country is

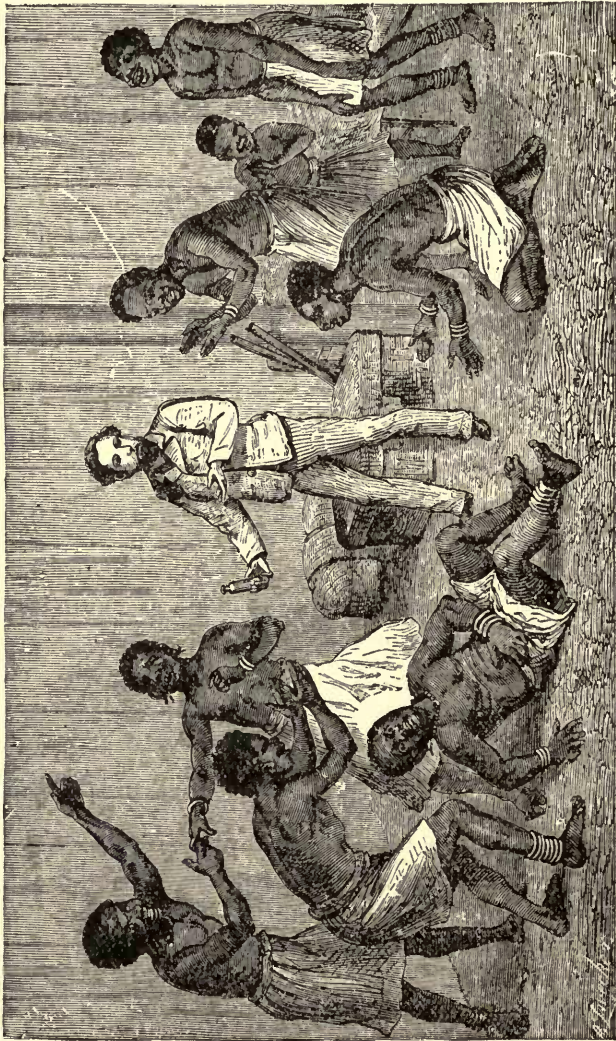
rich and populous. He was denied admission at the village gate, and had to camp near a pool of clear water beside a number of ruined huts.

Owing to the general insecurity felt by every village since Mirambo had begun his guerilla warfare, the chief of Manyara refused to sell Stanley any grain or provisions, claiming that he was prohibited by the district governor from having any communication with caravans.

Stanley was much disappointed by this refusal, but relying on diplomacy to procure provisions, he selected two royal cloths from a bale and gave them to Bombay with an order to deliver them to the chief, with his compliments. Bombay carried out his master's orders, but the chief refused the presents, and in a husky voice told Bombay that he did not want to be bothered. In consequence of this futile effort to obtain food the men had to go to bed supperless. On the following morning Stanley sent Bombay again, with four royal cloths and a quantity of brass, which the chief received with much delight, and sent in return a large supply of honey, fowls, goats, beans, etc., enough to last four days.

This evidence of astonishing liberality was shortly after followed by a visit from the chief himself, together with several other prominent natives. Stanley received them politely, on a piece of Persian carpet and a bear-skin. They looked at him with great surprise, he being the first white man they had ever seen, and gave expression to their wonder by fits of laughter. The Winchester rifle elicited a thousand flattering remarks, while they looked upon the revolvers as pieces of magic. When a double-barreled shot-gun was discharged near them, they jumped with remarkable elasticity, but seeing no harm was done, they fell to laughing in the most immoderate manner. As their enthusiasm increased, they seized each other's index fingers, screwed them, and pulled at them until it seemed as if those useful members would be dislocated. After having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, Stanley pulled out his medicine chest, which evoked another burst of

rapturous sighs at the cunning neatness of the array of vials. The chief asked what they meant.



TAKING "DOWA."

"Dowa," replied Stanley, sententiously, a word which may be interpreted—medicine.

“Oh-h, oh-h,” they murmured admiringly. “Dowa, dowa,” they added.

“Here,” said Stanley, uncorking a vial of medicinal brandy, “is the Kisungu pombe” (white man’s beer); “take a spoonful and try it,” at the same time handing it to the Sultan, who gulped down a large mouthful of it.

“Hacht, hacht, oh, hacht! what! eh! what strong beer the white men have! Oh, how my throat burns!” exclaimed the Sultan.

“Ah, but it is good,” said Stanley, “a little of it makes men feel strong, and good; but too much of it makes men bad, and they die.”

“Let me have some,” said one of the chiefs; “and me,” “and me,” “and me,” as soon as each had tasted.

He next produced a bottle of concentrated ammonia, which he explained was for snake-bites and head-aches; the Sultan immediately complained that he had a head-ache, and must have a little. Telling him to close his eyes, Stanley suddenly uncorked the bottle and presented it to his Majesty’s nose. The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. His chiefs roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, pinched each other, snapped their fingers, and performed many other ludicrous actions.

A HUNTER’S PARADISE.

ONE day’s march from Manyara brought the caravan to the banks of the Gombe river, along which are thousands of hartebeests, buffaloes, giraffes, spring-boks, zebras and elands. This was indeed a hunter’s paradise; a fine, grassy plain, soft as velvet carpet, healthful and picturesque; no one could well resist the temptation which here offered for a hunt. Stanley made preparations for his camp, after which, taking up his double-barreled smooth-bore, he went out into the park-land. Scarcely had he entered a clump of brush-wood, hardly one hundred yards from the camp, when three beautiful young spring-boks were seen browsing on the succulent grass. A quick shot brought

one to the ground, the throat of which was reverently cut a moment after by the Arab gun-bearer with a fervent "Bismillah."

As it was nearly time for supper, Stanley hurried back to camp to have the fresh meat prepared; then followed a repast of delicious steak, hot corn cake and Mocha coffee, with a pipe of fine tobacco for desert. Glorious life in Africa! On the following day and the next the royal sport was continued, but the Winchester was too small for the lordly forest game, as only a very few out of the hundreds wounded were killed. The animals taken to camp during the three days' sport were two buffaloes,

two wild boars, three hartebeests, one zebra, and one pallah; besides which were shot eight guinea-fowls, three floricans, two fish eagles, one pelican, and one of the men caught a couple of large silurus fish. In the meantime the people had cut, sliced, and dried this bounteous store of meat for the transit through the long wilderness before them.



THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM A CROCODILE.

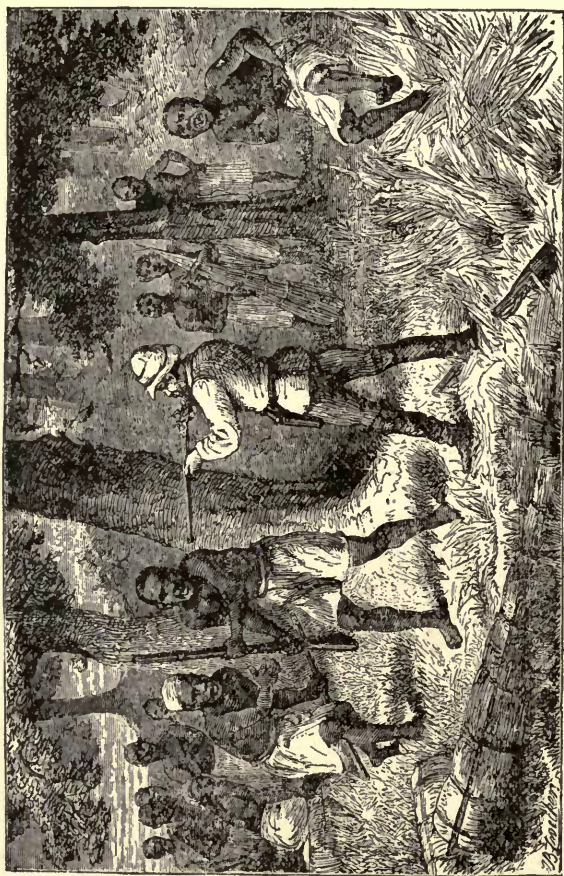
ONE day during the hunt Stanley came upon the bank of the Yombe river, and the water looked so pure, cool and limpid that he decided to take a bath. He had divested himself of his clothes, and was just preparing for a headlong plunge, when he saw the indistinct form of a monster crocodile glide a few feet under the water and stop immediately under him, as if waiting for him to spring. If he had dived, as he intended, he would have gone into the very jaws of the ferocious reptile. With a shudder of horror he quickly dressed and left the seductive but dangerous spot.

On the 7th of October Stanley ordered his men to break camp and resume the march; an ominous silence followed; the order was repeated in a tone of severity, and the men moved off, but after proceeding a short distance they threw down their loads and refused to go any further. He saw at once that he was in the midst of a mutiny, and that Bombay was the leader. Shoving some buckshot shells into his gun, he walked quickly toward the head of the column, but was arrested by observing two guns pointed toward him from an ant-hill which partially screened two murderous guides. He threw his gun into position and threatened to blow their heads off if they did not come to him at once. Being too cowardly to shoot and take the chances, they sullenly left their hiding place and walked slowly forward. These two men were Asmani and his sworn companion Mabruki. Stanley kept his eye on Asmani, and saw him move his finger to the trigger of his gun and bring the gun to a "ready." Again Stanley lifted his gun, and threatened him with instant death if he did not drop his weapon.

Asmani came on in a sidelong way, with a smirking smile on his face, but in his eyes shone the lurid light of murder, plainly as ever it shone in a villain's eyes. Mabruki sneaked to the rear, deliberately putting powder in the pan of his musket, but, quickly turning, Stanley planted the muzzle of his gun about two feet from his wicked-looking face, and ordered him to drop his gun instantly. He let it fall from his hand, and giving him a vigorous poke in the breast with his gun, sent him reeling away a few feet from him. Stanley faced round to Asmani, and ordered him to put his gun down, pressing gently on the trigger of his own gun at the same time. Never was a man nearer his death than was Asmani during those few moments, and realizing the fact he obeyed. The truth was, they feared to proceed further on the road, and the only possible way of inducing them to move was by firmness and determination.

The men appeared all the better for this escapade, in which they had gained nothing, but learned that they were governed by a resolute leader. They marched with quick step, and even

cheerful countenances, and gained Mrera on the 17th of October. Here they were beyond the country so disturbed by Mirambo, and felt that all danger had been passed. Confidence returned, and Bombay was ready to embrace Stanley, to show his loyalty.



THE MUTINY IN CAMP.

The forests, too, were invitingly laden with wild fruits, among other kinds being the peach, which grew in great abundance and was most delicious in taste. The distance to Ujiji was now less than one hundred miles, and the guides declared they could

already smell the fish in Lake Tanganika. In short, everybody was happy.

A FRIGHTENED LEOPARD.

OCTOBER 22 brought the caravan to a small pellucid stream of water called Mtambu; they had now reached the home of the lion, leopard, and wild boar. Here they went into camp in a beautiful spot, about one hundred yards from the river. The herd-keeper drove the donkeys and goats down to the stream of water, to reach which they had to pass through a brake by a path made by elephants and rhinoceri. They had barely entered the dark passage when a black-spotted leopard sprang out and fastened its fangs in the neck of one of the donkeys, causing it to emit several loud, unearthly brays. The other donkeys joined their comrade in braying, and at the same time commenced a vigorous kicking with their heels. The poor leopard was so frightened at the terrible and unusual noise that he released his victim and fled into the jungle. The donkey was badly bitten, but recovered from its hurts.

THE MONKEYS AND THE WILD BOAR.

THIS incident led Stanley to take a stroll round the camp, to see what game he could discover, taking his boy Kalulu with him to carry an extra gun. They walked some time without seeing any kind of animal, and were on the point of returning to camp when a troop of monkeys, perched in the branches of a tree overhead, and disturbed by the sight of a white man, chattered and grimaced so vigorously that Stanley was provoked into a hearty laugh. As the monkeys were startled by a strange sight, so was Stanley, when, in turning from them, he discovered a huge, reddish-colored wild boar, armed with horrid tusks, standing near him. Recovering his self-possession, he advanced within forty yards of the beast and fired at its fore-shoulder. The boar made a furious bound, and then stood with his bristles erected and his tufted tail curved over his back. Another shot was planted in his chest, and ploughed its way entirely through his body; but, instead of falling, the boar charged at Stanley, and received another bullet through the body, whereupon it

dropped, but as Stanley stooped to cut its throat, it sprang up and darted off into the jungle.

On the 2d of November the expedition reached the Malagazazi river, and in attempting to swim one of the donkeys over, a large crocodile seized it by the neck, and in spite of its terrific braying and struggling, and the efforts of the men in tugging on the rope, the poor donkey was carried under and devoured.

LIVINGSTONE HEARD FROM.

THE following day Stanley met a caravan of eighty Waguhha, a tribe living in a district on the southwestern side of Lake Tanganika. They had come direct from Ujiji, and reported the presence of a white man there who was very sick, having marched from a far country in the west and been deserted by his carriers. Stanley questioned the captain of the caravan closely, and soon became convinced that the white man was none other than Livingstone. He was almost beside himself with joy over this news, and succeeded in imparting some of his enthusiasm to his men by promises of rewards and extra pay if they would push ahead under rapid marches for Ujiji. He hoped to reach that place without another halt, but they were soon detained by a warlike chief, who demanded excessive tribute for the privilege of passing through his country. Fifty robust and well-armed warriors appeared to enforce the demand, whereupon Stanley decided to camp for the night and endeavor to compromise matters. He learned, also, that there were several other chiefs between him and Ujiji who would demand toll, and as his goods, which were his only means of traveling through the country, were running very low, matters were beginning to assume a serious aspect. Upon consulting with his men, he learned that it would be possible to reach their destination by turning aside from the traveled road and pursuing some paths through the jungle, until they had passed the limits of the toll-demanding chiefs. He at once decided upon this course, and a native guide having been procured, and the strictest silence imposed upon every member of the expedition, about midnight, after the moon had risen, they stole out of camp, in squads of four, and followed the new guide

through the intricate paths of the jungle. By this means they succeeded in evading the unfriendly chiefs, and having passed their country, after a fatiguing and painful march, they again turned into the traveled road, and pushed on with light hearts for Ujiji.

Upon camping for a very much-needed rest, Stanley heard a noise in the west like distant thunder. Inquiring the cause, one of the guides told him it was Kabogo.

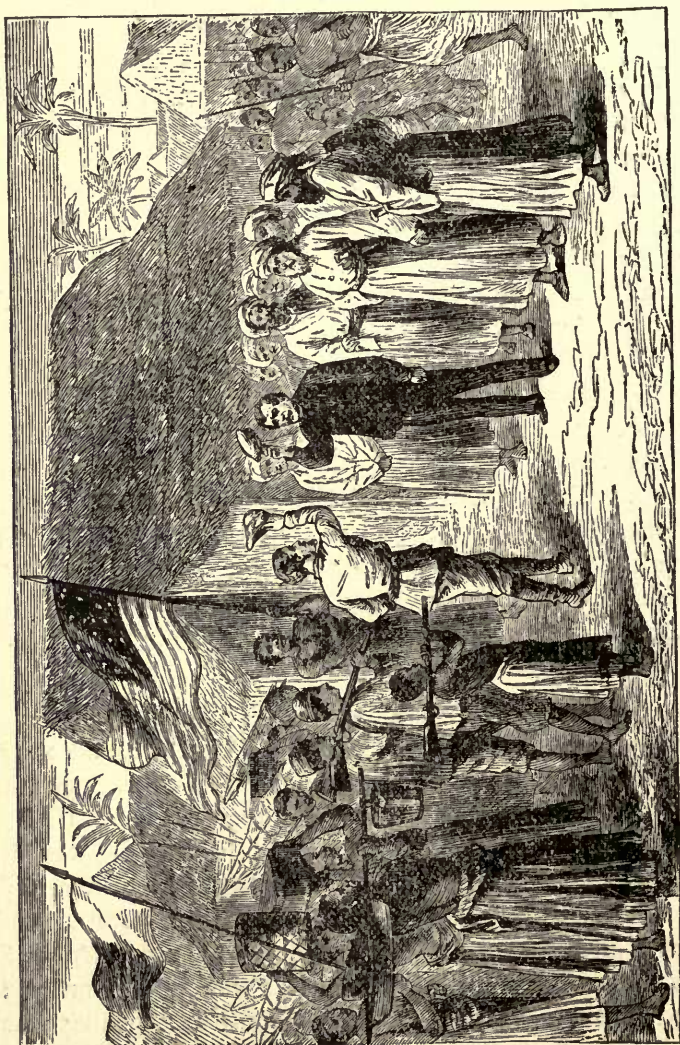
“Kabogo! What is that?”

“It is a great mountain on the other side of the Tanganika, full of deep holes, into which the water rolls; and when there is wind on the Tanganika there is a sound like mvuha (thunder). Many boats have been lost there, and it is a custom with Arabs and natives to throw cloth—Merikani and Kaniki—and especially white (Merikani) beads, to appease the mulungu (god) of the lake. Those who throw beads generally get past without trouble, but those who do not throw beads into the lake get lost and are drowned. Oh, it is a dreadful place!” This story was told by the ever-smiling Asmani, and was corroborated by other former mariners of the lake who were with the expedition. The distance from camp to Kabogo was fully one hundred miles. The noise is produced by the thundering waves dashing into the caves along the mountain side.

MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

On the 16th of November they reached Ujiji, and marched into the village with flags flying, drums beating and guns firing. Crowds of Arabs and natives came running to meet them, and upon arriving within a short distance of the huts of the village Stanley was startled to hear a pleasant “Good morning, sir,” in English, close to his side. Looking around he saw a very black man with an animated and joyous face, who proved to be Susi, Dr. Livingstone’s faithful servant. From him Stanley soon learned that the Doctor was at his house in the village only a short distance from them. In a moment Chuma, another one of the Doctor’s servants, appeared, and Stanley directed them to run and tell their master that he was coming. Then pushing his

way through the crowd he walked toward a small group of Arabs, in front of whom stood a white man with grey beard.



DR. LIVINGSTONE IS FOUND.

Approaching him, Stanley lifted his hat and said :
“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“Yes,” said he, lifting his cap and smiling.

They then shook hands, and Stanley exclaimed, “I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.”

“I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you,” was the reply. AND LIVINGSTONE WAS FOUND.

Stanley says he had expected to find a haughty, reserved man who would probably resent his visit as an unnecessary intrusion ; and it was his intention to simply interview him as he would any other distinguished stranger, and then return to America. But he was most agreeably surprised to find the Doctor a very congenial and pleasant companion.

Stanley delivered the packet of letters which he had brought from Zanzibar, now 365 days old. Livingstone opened the bag and taking them out read one from his children, then laid the rest aside in order that he might hear the news of the world, which for two years had been as a sealed book to him. It was an animated conversation on both sides, equally interesting and refreshing. A repast was prepared and both indulged a vigorous appetite. Livingstone kept repeating, “You have brought me new life—you have brought me new life.” Suddenly interrupting, Stanley exclaimed :

“Oh, by George ! I have forgotten something. Hasten, Selim, and bring that bottle ; you know which ; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it.”

Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne ; and, handing the Doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into his own, he said :

“Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir.”

“And to yours,” he responded.

And the champagne, which had been treasured for this happy meeting, was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

JOINT EXPLORATIONS ON TANGANIKA LAKE.

STANLEY remained with Livingstone in Ujiji for about a week, interviewing him each day as a voracious press reporter, anxious to obtain the incidents of his explorations and adventures for the *Herald*. In these daily intercourses he learned to admire, indeed almost venerate, the great Englishman, whose character he declares was as near angelic as mortals ever became.

Livingstone had reached Ujiji sick and so destitute that he was dependent upon the generosity of Sayd bin Majid, an Arab trader, who proved himself a most amiable and generous friend. In his impoverished condition Livingstone could not renew his travels, and he was therefore in idleness, awaiting supplies from Zanzibar.

Stanley had reached Ujiji in the most opportune time, and perceiving the Doctor's poverty, suggested that they should make a joint exploration of the north end of Tanganika lake and settle the question of the Rusizi river, after which they would return to Unyanyembe, where, from the many bales of goods left by Stanley, Livingstone could be well supplied for another year's campaign. To this proposition the Doctor assented, and, procuring a large canoe from Sayd bin Majid, capable of carrying sixteen men and necessary provisions, the two set sail. The incidents of this trip have already been given in Livingstone's travels, and it is not necessary to repeat them here.

They returned to Ujiji on the 13th of December, 1871, intending to start at once for Unyanyembe, but Stanley was taken sick and confined to his bed until Christmas, and even then he was unable to celebrate the day by a feast such as he had intended. On the 26th they began their preparations for the journey to Unyanyembe, having decided to follow the lake south to a village called Urimba, and march overland from that point, in order to evade the tribute-gatherers on the regular route. They obtained two canoes from the Arabs, in which they embarked with a portion of their men, the remainder following along the shores of the lake to the starting point. They set sail on the 27th, Stanley in the larger canoe, with the American flag flying at the

stern, and Livingstone in the smaller one, under the British flag. The men were greatly delighted over the shrewd evasion of the tribute-gatherers, and broke into an impromptu song, as follows :

“ We have given the Waha, the slip ! ha, ha !
The Wavinza will trouble us no more ! oh, oh !
Mionvu can get no more cloth from us ! hy, hy !
And Kiala will see us no more—never more ! he, he ! ”

On the 5th of January, 1872, they reached Urimba, where an encampment was made and two days spent in hunting zebras and buffaloes, and enough meat was procured and dried to last the caravan several days, thus saving the goats and sheep. On the 7th they started on the overland journey.

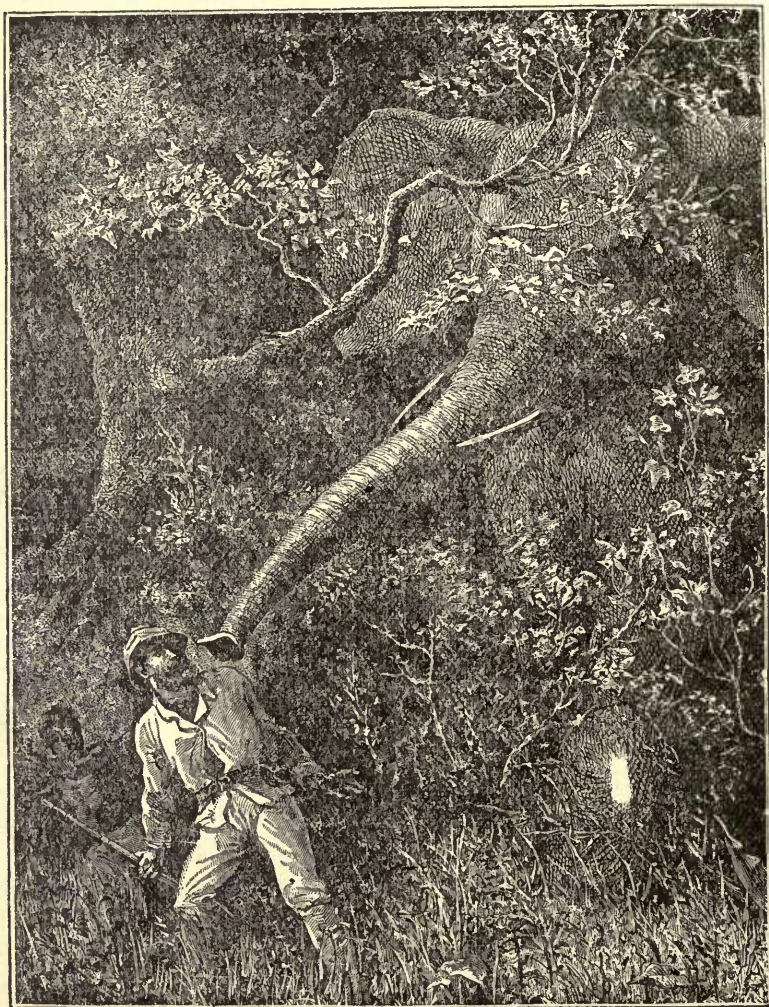
ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

THEY had traveled several days, and after camping one afternoon, Stanley thought he would endeavor to procure some meat, which the interesting region where they then were seemed to promise. He sallied out with his little Winchester along the banks of the river eastward. After traveling for an hour or two, the prospect getting more picturesque and lovely, he went up a ravine which looked very promising. Unsuccessful, he strode up the bank, and to his astonishment found himself directly in front of an elephant, who had his large broad ears held out like stud-ding sails—the colossal monster, the incarnation of might of the African world.

Kalulu, who was with his master, shouted, “ Tembo ! tembo ! bana yango ! Lo ! an elephant ! an elephant, my master ! ” For the young black rascal had fled as soon as he saw the awful colossus in such close vicinage. Recovering from his astonishment, Stanley thought it prudent to retire also—especially with a pea-shooter loaded with treacherous sawdust cartridges in his hand. As he looked behind he saw the elephant waving his trunk, as much as to say, “ Good-bye, young fellow, it is lucky for you that you went in time, for I was going to pound you to a jelly.”

Upon arriving at camp he found the men grumbling ; their provisions were ended, and there was no prospect for three days,

at least, of procuring any. With the improvidence usual with the gluttons, they had eaten their rations of grain, all their store



STANLEY AND THE FRIENDLY ELEPHANT.

of zebra and dried buffalo meat, and were now crying out that they were famished.

The caravan was forced to subsist on short rations for two days, until Stanley shot a very large giraffe and some zebras, the flesh of which afforded food until they reached Uganda, where they were hospitably received and generously provided for. After leaving Uganda the slaughter of goats and sheep commenced, and these furnished abundant meat until they arrived at Unyanyembe.

THE SEPARATION.

THEY rested at Unyanyembe until March 18th, when Stanley divided his goods with the Doctor and set out on a hurried march for Zanzibar, where it was arranged that he should enlist a new company and send them back to the Doctor, with such additional supplies and goods as he needed. It was a sad farewell. A strong mutual attachment had sprung up between the two men, alone in the wilderness of Central Africa, and when the time came they found it hard to separate. Stanley was going home, to the comforts and pleasures of civilization, while his friend would again plunge into the dark forests in search of that ignis fatuus, the sources of the Nile. They walked together along the homeward route for some distance; then Livingstone stopped and held out his hand. The time to part had come. Words stuck fast in the throats of each during that silent, earnest grip of the hands. Livingstone turned his face to the west, and walked slowly back toward Unyanyembe, and descending a gentle slope he disappeared forever from the civilized world, while Stanley thoughtfully and sorrowfully turned his face to the east.

THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF WAR.

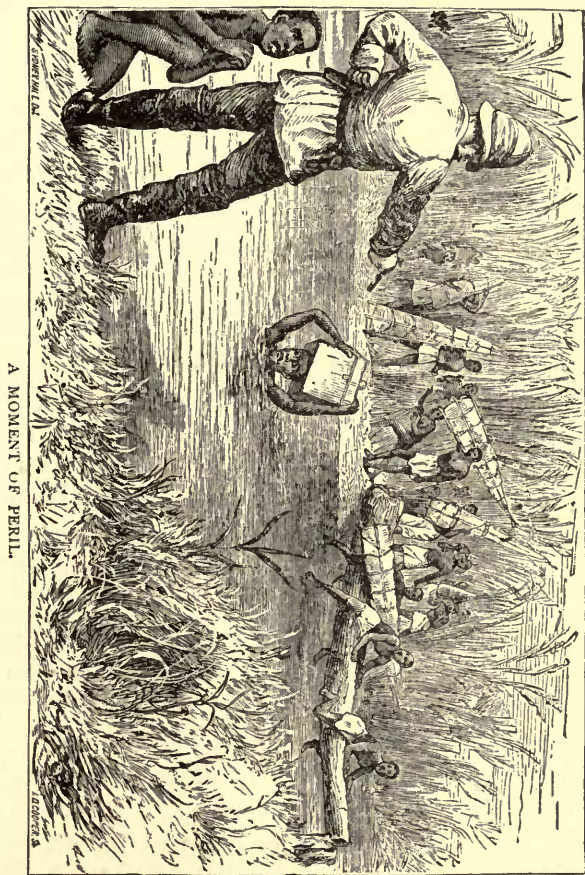
EVERYTHING went well with the returning expedition until the 27th, when the village of Kiwyeh, on the borders of Ugogo, was entered. They had barely encamped when they heard the booming, bellowing war-horns sounding everywhere, and espied messengers darting swiftly in all directions giving the alarm of war. When first informed that the horns were calling the people to arm themselves and prepare for war, Stanley half suspected that an attack was about to be made on the expedition; but the words "Urugu, warugu"—(thief! thieves!)—bandied about, declared

the cause. Mukondoku, the chief of the populous district two days to the northeast, was marching to attack the young Mtemi, Kiwyeh, and the latter's soldiers were called to the fight. The men rushed to their villages, and in a short time they were arrayed in full fighting costume. Feathers of the ostrich and the eagle waved over their fronts, or the mane of the zebra surrounded their heads; their knees and ankles were hung with little bells; joho robes floated behind, from their necks; spears, assegais, knob-sticks and bows were flourished over their heads, or held in their right hands, as if ready for hurling. On each flank of a large body which issued from the principal village, and which came at a uniform swinging double-quick, the ankle and knee-bells all chiming in admirable unison, were a cloud of skirmishers, consisting of the most enthusiastic, who exercised themselves in mimic war as they sped along. Column after column, companies and groups from every village hurried on past the camp, until probably there were nearly a thousand soldiers gone to the war.

ROUGH TRAVELING.

THE alarm, very fortunately, proved a false one, and on the following day the march was renewed with the rapidity of a flying column. No further difficulties were experienced until April 13th, when the caravan reached the valley of the Mukondokwa river. Here they had to wade through mire and water, sometimes up to a man's neck, while torrents of rain poured down incessantly. On the 13th it rained the whole night, and the morning brought no cessation. Mile after mile they traversed over fields covered by the inundation, until they came to a branch river-side once again, where the river was narrow and too deep to ford in the middle. They cut a tree down, and so contrived that it should fall right across the stream. Over this fallen tree the men, bestriding it, cautiously moved before them their bales and boxes; but one young fellow—through over-zeal, or in sheer madness—took up the Doctor's box, containing his letters and journal of his discoveries, on his head, and started into the river. Stanley had been the first to arrive on the opposite bank, in order to superintend the crossing, when he caught

sight of this man walking in the river with the most precious box of all on his head. Suddenly he fell into a deep hole, and man and box went almost out of sight, while Stanley was in agony at the fate which threatened the dispatches. Fortunately, he



A MOMENT OF PERIL.

recovered himself and stood up, while Stanley shouted to him, with a loaded revolver pointed at his head, "Look out! Drop that box, and I'll shoot you!" All the men halted in their work while they gazed at their comrade, who was thus imperiled by bullet and flood. The man himself seemed to regard the pistol

with the greatest awe, and after a few desperate efforts succeeded in getting the box safely ashore.

It would be tedious to write more concerning the home march, as no incident of special interest occurred. Stanley reached Bagamoyo on May 7th, in good health and astonishingly good spirits. He was much surprised to meet, among the first persons he saw in the village, Lieutenant Henn, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Oswald Livingstone, son of the Doctor, who had been dispatched to relieve the great traveler. The lieutenant, a young, dandyish-looking fellow, was delighted to learn that Stanley had accomplished the object for which the "*Herald*" had sent him, as it saved him a "nawsty twip among the howid people of Centwal Afwica." The English relief expedition was abandoned, and the young lieutenant and Oswald Livingstone both returned to England.

ENGLISH JEALOUSY.

STANLEY's success at first greatly aroused the jealousy of the English people. He being an American, they seemed to think it a piece of Yankee impertinence for him to try to find and save Livingstone. This jealousy even extended to the Government, for in the instructions to the commander of the British relief expedition, not a word of reference was made to the American expedition.

"In your orders," said Stanley to Lieut. Henn, "is there nothing said as to what you were to do in the event of your meeting me?"

"Not a word, though they knew it well; for one of the members of the Royal Geographical Society suggested to me privately that I might possibly be able to relieve you. I knew nothing of your expedition except from your letter to the '*Herald*;' but we had been informed that you were sick from fever, and probably dead. When I arrived here I heard much about you, and we heard a report that you had found Livingstone the very day we came here; but we did not pay much attention to it. It was not until I talked with your own men that I came to the conclusion that I was not wanted, and therefore resigned."

“Why did they not mention my name in the instructions? They knew, according to what you say, that I was in the country; and, no matter how poor a traveler I might have been, it was a contingency that might arise.”

“The truth is, they didn’t want you to find him. You cannot imagine how jealous they are at home about this expedition of yours.”

“Not find Livingstone! What does it matter to them who finds and helps him, so long as he is found and relieved?”

This was the first shock Stanley had received, and from this moment he regarded himself as a doomed man with the English people. That anyone should have been so inhuman as to desire his failure, because it was an American expedition, was the remotest idea that could have been entertained. Until that moment he had never given a thought as to how people would regard his success or failure. He had been too busily employed in his work even to think of such a wild and improbable thing as that any people would rather hope that Dr. Livingstone should be irrecoverably lost than that an American journalist should find him.

But he was not long at Zanzibar before he was thoroughly aware of the animus that prevailed in England. He was shown clippings from newspapers, wherein several members of the Royal Geographical Society had ridiculed the American expedition, and one member had even gone so far as to say that it required the “steel head of an Englishman” to penetrate Africa.

Englishmen are peculiar and sometimes distressingly stupid, but they are not always unjust, and sometimes—not often—change rashly formed opinions. In Stanley’s case, their jealousy was soon modified. He left Zanzibar on May 29th, and after some trying delays arrived in England, and was afterward received with kindness and distinction by the English people; but it cannot be said that they have ever put a worthy estimate upon his labors in behalf of their distinguished fellow-countryman.

STANLEY'S SECOND EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROMPTINGS WHICH LED TO HIS SECOND JOURNEY.

STANLEY introduces his second famous expedition across the continent of Africa in the following words :

“While returning to England in April, '74, from the Ashantee War, the news reached me that Livingstone was dead—that his body was on its way to England !

“Livingstone had then fallen ! He was dead ! He had died by the shores of Lake Bemba, on the threshold of the dark region he wished to explore ! The work he had promised to perform was only begun when death overtook him !

“The effect which this news had upon me, after the first shock had passed away, was to fire me with a resolution to complete his work, to be, if God willed it, the next martyr to geographical science, or, if my life was to be spared, to clear up not only the secrets of the Great River throughout its course, but also all that remained still problematic and incomplete of the discoveries of Burton and Speke, and Speke and Grant.

“The solemn day of the burial of the body of my great friend arrived. I was one of the pall-bearers in Westminster Abbey, and when I had seen the coffin lowered into the grave, and had heard the first handful of earth thrown over it, I walked away sorrowing over the fate of David Livingstone.”

One day, strolling into the office of the London *Daily Telegraph*, he engaged its proprietors, Messrs. Levy and Lawson, in conversation on his favorite subject, and before leaving they

asked him how he would like to complete the labors left unfinished by Livingstone. The inquiry added fresh fuel to his most ardent desire, and the result was an arrangement between the proprietors of the *Telegraph* and the New York *Herald* by which he was commissioned to undertake an exploration of Central Africa with the special view of finding the Nile's source.

The preliminaries having been agreed upon, he was not long in making his departure. Applications poured in upon him from the adventure-loving spirits of Europe and America, begging permission to join the expedition, but he chose only three young Englishmen, John and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker. In the matter of dogs, however, he was more liberal, for he selected four, a mastiff, retriever, bull-terrier, and a bull-dog.

There was no lack of money at his disposal, and he was thereby enabled to equip his expedition with everything that he might by any possibility require; and when he set sail on the 15th of August, 1874, for Zanzibar, he was better prepared for the work before him than any previous expedition. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 21st of September, and on November 12th, more than 200 porters having been engaged, the expedition set sail for Bagamoyo. When ready to start for the interior, the expedition comprised 356 persons, among whom were thirty-six women, and when they marched out of Bagamoyo, on the 17th of November, they formed a line half a mile in length. Among the heaviest articles was a boat, named "Lady Alice," forty feet long, six feet beam, and thirty inches deep. It was made in twelve sections, and afterward cut into as many more, to facilitate its transportation.

DEATH OF EDWARD POCOCK.

NOTHING out of the usual course of events in African travel occurred until the 17th of January, 1875, when Edward Pocock died of typhus fever, after a short illness. This deplorable event was intensified in its sadness by the facts connected with his enlistment. Possessing a laudable ambition to unite his name with discoveries that would benefit mankind, he had left England with a mother's blessing, to share the hardships and trials of the

expedition across the Dark Continent. Although in the wilds of Africa when death struck him down, young Pocock had a Christian burial, and a brother and loving companions laid their tributes on his grave. He was buried by the foot of a large tree on which was cut the emblem of his faith, a cross, and there he rests, under the moving shadows of the swaying branches.

ON THE VICTORIA LAKE.

UPON reaching a village situated nearly midway between Bagamoyo and Ujiji, Stanley left the route by which he had previously traveled and took a due north course, by which he reached Victoria lake on the 28th of February. The camping-place was at a village called Kagehyi, where provisions were plentiful enough but not obtainable except at a high price. This was the place where Speke first viewed the lake, and his stay there served to give the natives an idea of values, and made Stanley a victim to their extortions; but unpleasant things had to be endured, and it was important that the friendship of Prince Kaduma, who ruled that country, should be secured.

On the second day after the arrival the Lady Alice was prepared for sea, Stanley being determined to circumnavigate the lake. Kaduma declared the lake was so large that it would require years to cross it, while along its northern shores lived tribes so ferocious that no stranger dared approach them; some of these people were gifted with tails; others trained enormous and fierce dogs, while others preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. These superstitious fears had such an effect upon Stanley's men that, when he called for volunteers to accompany him on the voyage, not a single one came forward. Persuasion being of no avail, he was compelled to conscript ten of the young guides enlisted at Bagamoyo, who were boatmen, and on the 8th of March the lake voyage was begun. Five miles from Kagehyi they came to the village of Igusa, where, by offers of large rewards, a fisherman named Saramba, who had been much on the lake, was engaged as guide.

Interesting sights were often presented to view, but incidents of adventure were few. Hippopotimi, crocodiles, and monitors

were abundant along the shores. This latter animal is a species of lizard, which accompanies the crocodile and gives it warning of approaching danger. In this respect it is the crocodile's friend, but this friendship is an interested one, for it subsists almost exclusively on crocodile eggs. Stanley shot one of these singular and rare animals which measured seven feet in length.

On the 21st of March they landed at an island having some most singular wonders, among which was a natural bridge of basaltic rock, which formed an irregular arch about twenty-four feet in length by twelve feet in depth, under which they



NATURAL-BRIDGE ISLAND.

were able to pass from one side of the island to the other. Another island near it contains a grotto, like that in which the enchantress Calypso lived ; while still another near by resembles the Sphinx of Egypt.

ENCOUNTER WITH WILD NATIVES.

THE shores of the lake were thickly populated, there being village after village in almost unbroken continuity. Generally the people were disposed to be friendly, but occasional hostile parties were encountered, who resisted every attempt to land among them. Upon reaching a bay that lay within a border of a plain on one side, and a promontory on the other, in the extreme

northeast corner of the lake, a people speaking the Usoga tongue were met, who were very kind and generous, and freely supplied Stanley with sheep and vegetables in exchange for blue beads. They were entirely naked, except that some of the women wore a kirtle of green banana leaves, which afforded barely the covering of a fig-leaf.

About five hours after leaving this pleasant people, a storm arose so fierce as to compel them to put into a small cove in an island. Within ten minutes after coming to anchor a small canoe, paddled by two men, approached from the shore. Stanley hailed them in mild tones, but nothing would induce them to come nearer than one hundred yards. Soon after another canoe, much larger than the first, containing forty men, all rowing, came up within fifty yards, and seizing long tufted lances and shields began swaying them in a menacing manner. Stanley's men made no demonstrations of resistance, while the hostile canoe approached within twenty yards, when the savages began to row in a circle around Stanley's boat, making hostile demonstrations. The quiet disposition of the Lady Alice's crew prompted the natives to come nearer and nearer, until the two boats were brought side by side. The paddlers, half of whom were intoxicated, laid their hands on everything within reach, not even excepting Stanley himself, whose person they felt with some astonishment but no less rudeness. This familiarity, which none of Stanley's party in the least resented, evidently led the natives to believe that they had inspired the white man with helpless terror. Reeling and jostling one another in their eagerness to offend, they seized their spears and shields, and began to chant in bacchanalian tones a song that was tipsily discordant. Some seized their slings and flung stones to a great distance, which Stanley applauded. Then one of them, under the influence of wine, and his spirits elated by the chant, waxed bolder, and looked as though he would aim at the white man, seated observant but mute in the stern of the boat. Stanley made a motion with his hand as though deprecating such an action. The sooty villain seemed to become at once animated by hysteric passion, and

whirled a stone from his sling close over Stanley's head, a loud drunken cheer applauding his boldness.

Perceiving that they were becoming wanton on account of his inaction, Stanley seized his revolver and fired rapidly into the water, in the direction the stone had been flung; the effect was painfully ludicrous. The bold, insolent bacchanals at the first shot had sprung overboard and were swimming for dear life, leaving their canoe unmanned. "Friends, come back, come back; why this fear?" cried out the interpreter; "we simply wished to show you that we had weapons as well as yourselves. Come, take your canoe; see, we push it away for you to seize it." The savages were eventually won back with smiles. They were now more respectful in their demeanor. They laughed, cried out admiringly, and imitated the pistol shots, "Bum, bum, bum." They then presented Stanley with a bunch of bananas!

A few days afterward, when moving under a swift breeze, Stanley's boat was hailed from the shore, and, the natives appearing friendly, he landed. Immediately they were attacked with stones, one of which badly wounded the steersman. Upon beginning the attack a large number of natives ran to the boat and seized the oars, while others began rifling the bales of goods. It was time for quick action; Stanley seized his gun and fired over their heads, which so alarmed them that they ran off a little distance, but began throwing their spears; a few shots from a large rifle doubled up a half-dozen, whereupon they ran off.

A KING'S INVITATION.

ON the 2d of April the party proceeded in a happy mood along the beautiful shore until the village of Kerudo was reached, where they were received with much hospitality, and from which place the *Kabaka* (king) of Uganda was notified by messengers of the white man's approach.

Just as Stanley was about to depart, on the following morning, he perceived six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, all dressed in white, approaching; they were the *Kabaka's* people conveying a messenger who carried an invitation from the king

of Uganda to Stanley, begging a visit from him. This messenger was gorgeously arrayed for the important occasion ; he wore a bead-worked head-dress, above which long white cock's feathers waved, and a snowy white and long-haired goat-skin, intertwined with a crimson robe, depending from his shoulders, completed his costume. Approaching Stanley, he delivered his message thus :

“The Kabaka sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him, and has encamped at Usavara, that he may be near the lake when you come. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger with a canoe who will not stop until he gives all the news to the Kabaka. His mother dreamed a dream a few nights ago, and in her dream she saw a white man on this lake in a boat, coming this way, and the next morning she told the Kabaka, and, lo ! you have come. Give me your answer, that I may send the messenger. Twiyanzi-yanzi-yanzi !” (Thanks, thanks, thanks.)

Thus delivering himself, the messenger, whose name was Magassa, implored Stanley to remain one day longer, that he might show him the hospitalities of his country, and prepare him for a grand reception by the king, to which Stanley consented.

Magassa was in his glory now. His voice became imperious to his escort of 182 men ; even the feathers of his curious head-dress waved prouder, and his robe had a sweeping dignity worthy of a Roman emperor's. Upon landing, Magassa's stick was employed frequently. The sub-chief of Kadzi was compelled to yield implicit obedience to his viceregal behests.

“Bring out bullocks, sheep, and goats, milk, and the mellowest of your choicest bananas, and great jars of maramba, and let the white man and his boatmen eat, and taste of the hospitalities of Uganda. Shall a white man enter the Kabaka's presence with an empty belly ? See how sallow and pinched his cheeks are. We want to see whether we cannot show him kindness superior to what the pagans have shown him.”

MTESA WELCOMES STANLEY.

ON the following day Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way, with Stanley following. When about two miles from Usavara, they saw what they estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal the advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by a dozen musketeers. Half a mile off Stanley saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the ends of which stood several finely dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As they neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while 200 or 300 heavily loaded guns announced to all around that the white man—whom Mtesa's mother had dreamed about—had landed. Numerous kettle and bass drums sounded a noisy welcome, and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, Stanley strode up toward the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, kneeled reverently, and turning to the visitor, begged him to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro* (Prime Minister.)

A dozen well-dressed officers came forward, and grasping Stanley's hand, welcomed him to Uganda. By these he was conducted to a court-yard, surrounded by a circle of grass-thatched huts, in the midst of which was a larger house where he was invited to make his quarters. He was soon besieged by all manner of questions concerning the earth, air, and the heavens, which he apparently answered to the satisfaction of the natives, for they went immediately to the king (Mtesa) and told him the white man knew everything; at this his Majesty rubbed his hands as though he had just come into possession of a treasure, and sent fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk,

four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before Stanley and said :

“The Kabaka sends salaams unto his friend who has traveled so far to see him. The Kabaka cannot see the face of his friend



MTESA AND HIS PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.

“until he has eaten and is satisfied. The Kabaka has sent his slave with these few things to his friend that he may eat, and at the ninth hour, after his friend has rested, the Kabaka will send and call for him to appear at the burzah. I have spoken. Twi-yanzi-yanzi-yanzi !”

The appointed time approached, and Stanley was prepared for the memorable hour when he should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two on the Kabaka's pages came to

announce that everything was ready. Forthwith issued from the court-yard five of the boat's crew on each side of Stanley, armed with Snider rifles. They reached a short broad street, at the end of which was a hut. Here the Kabaka was seated, while a multitude of chiefs, Wakungu (generals) and Watongoleh (colonels), ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, etc. As they approached the nearest group it opened and the drummers beat mighty sounds. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa arose and advanced, and all the kneeling and seated lines arose—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners, etc.

Mtesa took a deliberate view of Stanley, as if studying him, while the compliment was reciprocated, since the latter was no less interested in the king. After the audience Stanley repaired to his hut and wrote the following: "As I had read Speke's book for the sake of its geographical information, I retained but a dim remembrance of his description of his life in Uganda. If I remember rightly, Speke described a youthful prince, vain and heartless, a wholesale murderer and tyrant, one who delighted in fat women. Doubtless he described what he saw, but it is far from being the state of things now. Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I remember the ardor and love which animated Livingstone when he spoke of Sekeletu; had he seen Mtesa, his ardor and love had been for him tenfold, and his pen and tongue would have been employed in calling all good men to assist him."

Five days later Stanley added to his observations the following: "I see that Mtesa is a powerful Emperor, with great influence

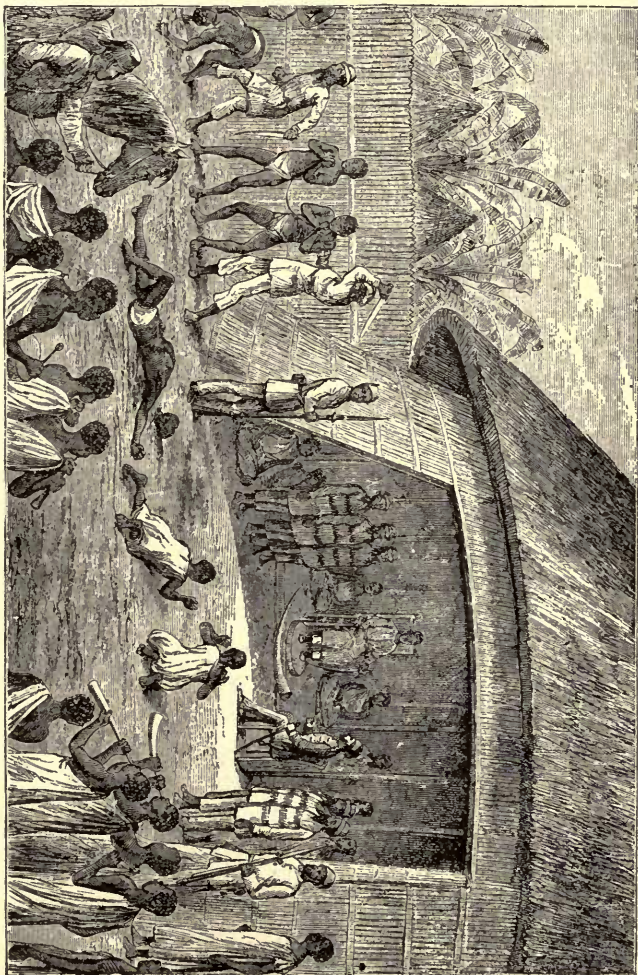
over his neighbors. I have to-day seen the turbulent Mankorongo, king of Usui, and Mirambo, that terrible phantom who disturbs men's minds in Unyamwezi, through their embassies, kneeling and tendering their tribute to him. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs who might be classed in the same scale as the men of Zanzibar and Oman, clad in as rich robes, and armed in the same fashion, and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labor; his name is Muley bin Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrines of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women, and I honor the memory of Muley bin Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation stones laid by Muley bin Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

COL. LONG, an officer of the Egyptian army, under Gen. Gordon, had visited Mtesa nearly a year previous to Stanley's arrival, and he describes the Emperor as exceedingly fierce and brutal, altogether different from Stanley's conceptions of the great African ruler. Col. Long traveled on horseback from Gondokoro to Mtesa's capital, and as the horse is an unknown animal in Central Africa, the natives at first supposed that the gallant Colonel and his steed were united in some mysterious manner, and concluding from this that he was an extraordinary being they gave him an unusually grand reception. Mtesa ordered thirty human beings to be slain in honor of his visit, the victims being selected from among prisoners captured in war. Col. Long, being unaccompanied except by a few native servants, did not consider it prudent to interfere with the shocking ceremony, but was compelled to be an unwilling witness of this horrible

brutality. He describes the executioners as exceedingly ferocious in dress and appearance, with a wild glare of brutality in their gleaming eyes, and a long black beard proclaiming them of other

HUMAN SACRIFICES AT MTESE'S COURT, AS WITNESSED BY COL. LONG.



origin than the Ugandi, undoubtedly Malay. Their dress consists of a pantaloon of red and black flannel, bordered with black; a tunic of red flannel with black stripes, dolman-like across the

breast, from which hangs a fringe of peculiar monkey skin; a red cloth turban, around which is wound in tasteful coils a finely plaited rope-cord, badge and instrument of their deadly office. These monsters surround Mtesa on all public occasions, and at a nod from their master they rush upon their victims and behead them with their long keen-bladed knives.

This incident is so utterly at variance with the character given to Mtesa by Stanley and other explorers, that it seems hardly worthy of credit; yet it will be remembered that Capt. Speke, in the commencement of this volume, represents the great African ruler as exceedingly bloodthirsty and vain. It is evident that he is a man of varying moods, as each visitor gives him a different character. He has also been improved by intercourse with foreigners, and having but recently embraced the Muslim faith, he was on his best behavior when Stanley saw him.

A GRAND REVIEW.

On the 7th of April Mtesa invited Stanley to witness a sham naval battle, between forty magnificent canoes, each containing thirty soldiers, so that twelve hundred men were engaged. The captain of each canoe was dressed in a white cotton shirt and a cloth head-cover, neatly folded turban-fashion, while the admiral wore over his shirt a crimson jacket, profusely decorated with gold braid, and on his head the red fez of Zanzibar. Each captain, as he passed, seized shield and spear, and, with the bravado of a matador addressing the Judge of the Plaza to behold his prowess, went through the performance of defense and attack by water. The admiral won the greatest applause, for he was the Hector of the fleet, and his actions, though not remarkably graceful, were certainly remarkably extravagant. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about two hundred yards away. "Now, Stamlee," said Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot." Stanley fired a three-ounce ball with such admirable

precision that the head of the crocodile was almost severed, though the distance was full fifty yards.

Mtesa conceived a strong affection for Stanley, and repeatedly invited him to his palace, where much of the time was devoted to a discussion of religion, and so earnestly did Stanley relate the story of Christ's life and sufferings that he won the king over from Mohammedanism to the Christian faith.

ATTACKED BY THE SAVAGES OF THE LAKE.

UPON Stanley's departure for his camp at the southern extremity of Victoria lake, Mtesa supplied him with thirty canoes and a large force of men under the leadership of Magassa, but this fellow, who had been promoted, proved to be an obstinate, lazy, and most unreliable officer, whom Stanley had to frequently scold and threaten, and finally send back to Uganda. The escort of thirty canoes did not accompany him more than fifty miles, when he was left alone again to complete the exploration of the lake.

Nothing occurred to arrest their progress until the 28th of April, when hunger induced them to steer for an island in quest of food. When fifty yards from shore, a great number of natives rushed down the slopes, uttering fierce ejaculations and war cries. As this was a common circumstance, Stanley thought but little of it, having no doubt that the natives would be speedily reconciled by the payment of a few yards of cloth and strings of beads.

As the boat came near the shore, several rushed into the water and, seizing it, dragged it about twenty yards over the rocky beach, high and dry. Then ensued an indescribable scene; a thousand black devils, armed with bows, spears and knotty war-clubs, swarmed around the boat, with threatening gestures, and yelling like demons. Stanley arose to confront them, with a revolver in each hand, but his guides restrained him, as any resistance would have only invited a massacre. At length an old man, who was a leader of the warlike host, was somewhat placated by a liberal present of beads and cloth, and through his influence the crowd was drawn off a little way for a council. Stanley seized this opportunity to effect his escape; he ordered

his men to push the boat again into the water with all possible speed. This scheme succeeded so well that the boat was out in the lake before the natives could reach the water. A fight now took place that was very lively for a time. Stanley fired his Reilley rifle four times and killed five men. A shot-gun loaded with buck-shot was brought to bear on them next, by which several more were slain. This served to stop their attempts to reach the boat by wading, but others quickly manned a half-dozen canoes and shot out from shore to continue the battle. Two of these canoes Stanley sunk with the shell-bullets from his Reilley gun. In the midst of the fight two monster hippopotami were observed advancing with wide-open mouths upon the *Lady Alice*, their anger having no doubt been excited by the booming of fire-arms. Stanley shot one through the brain when it was hardly more than a yard distant, and so badly wounded the other that it sank and retreated. The result of these two shots seemed to produce a panic among the natives, for they immediately relinquished the attack and the canoes were put back to shore with great energy. It was a narrow escape.

At the end of fifty-seven days the circumnavigation of Victoria N'yanza was completed, the distance being 1,000 miles. As the boat came in sight of the camp at Kagehyi, a joyful shout was sent up, and when they landed Stanley was raised upon the shoulders of several men and carried triumphantly around the camp, while salutes were fired from all the muskets. This joyful return was sadly marred, however, by news of the death of Frederick Barker, who had died twelve days before. Six other members of the expedition had also fallen victims to dysentery

CHAPTER XXVI.

LUKONGEH, THE KING.

It was Stanley's intention to return to Mtesa's with his expedition in boats, but as Magassa had deserted him with the canoes furnished by Mtesa, he was compelled to look elsewhere. The chief of the village where his camp was located had no boats, but he informed Stanley that he could obtain all the canoes he would need from Lukongeh, king of Ukerewe, whose capital was about fifty miles distant. Accordingly, on May 29th, Stanley set out for Lukongeh's palace, where he arrived on the evening of the 31st, but found the king indisposed, his Majesty being on a royal drunk, so that an audience could not be had until the third day afterward. Then Stanley showed Lukongeh the presents he had brought for him, the magnificence of which so astonished the king that he hastily motioned for them to be covered up again, lest his subjects should see them and become jealous. He whispered to Stanley that he would come to his hut after dark and see them; and, true to his promise, on the succeeding night, accompanied by five of his principal chiefs, he made his appearance. Stanley presented each of them with a quantity of fine cloths, beads, wire, two rugs, two red blankets, and some copper ornaments. His munificence pleased them amazingly, and in the exuberance of his feelings Lukongeh promised Stanley that he should have all the canoes he wanted; but first he desired to sit by the fountain of wisdom, which he considered the white man to be, and drink great draughts of learning. To this end he came nearly every hour to talk and ask questions, by which Stanley perceived that the king would prove an easy subject for conversion to the Christian faith, and gave him much enlightenment.

SOME WONDERFUL SUPERSTITIONS.

THE king is supposed, by his subjects, to be endowed with supernatural power, and Lukongeh made no effort to lessen this belief. His people imagined that he could parch the land with

drought, or flood it with rain at will. Aware of the value of a reputation as rain-maker, he was ambitious to add to it that of "great medicine man," and he besought Stanley earnestly to impart to him some of the grand secrets of Europe—such as how to transform men into lions and leopards, to cause the rains to fall or cease, the winds to blow, to give fruitfulness to women and virility to men. Demands of this character are frequently made by African chiefs. When Stanley declared his inability to comply with his requests, he whispered to his chiefs:

"He will not give me what I ask, because he is afraid that he will not get the canoes; but you will see when my men return from Uganda he will give me all I ask."

The custom of greeting this king is a most curious one, differing from any observed elsewhere in Africa. His people, after advancing close to him, clap their hands and kneel to him. If the king is pleased, he reveals his pleasure by blowing and spitting into their hands, with which they affect to anoint their faces and eyes. They seem to believe that the king's saliva is a good thing for the eyes.

To each other the Wakerewe kneel, clap hands, and cry, "Wache! wache!" "Wache sug!" "Mohoro!" "Eg sura?" which, translated, signifies, "Morning! morning!" "Good morning!" "A good day!" "Are you well?"

The stories current in this country about the witchcraft practiced by the people of Ukara Island prove that those islanders have been at pains to spread abroad a good reputation for themselves, and, aware that superstition is a weakness of human nature, have sought to thrive upon it.

One of the king's officers, named Khamis, upon oath declared that a crocodile once lived in the house of a Ukara chief, which fed from his hand, and was as docile and obedient as a dog, and as intelligent as a man. Lukongeh had once a pretty woman in his harem, who was coveted by the Ukara chief, but the latter could devise no means to possess her, until he thought of his crocodile. He immediately communicated his desire to the reptile, and bade him lie in wait in the rushes near Msossi until the

woman approached the lake to bathe, as was her daily custom, and then seize and convey her without injury across the eight mile channel to Ukara. The next day, at noon, the woman was in the Ukara chief's house. "Ask Lukongeh, and he will confirm what I have told you," said the honest Khamis.

He then added, "Machunda, Lukongeh's father, owned a crocodile that stole an Arab's wife and carried her across the country to the king's house." Kaduma of Kagehyi, according to Khamis, possessed a hippopotamus which came to him each morning, for a long period, to be milked!

Families in mourning are distinguished by bands of plantain leaf around their heads, and by a sable pigment of a mixture of pulverized charcoal and butter. The clothing of men and women consists of half-dressed ox-hides, goat-skins, a cincture of banana leaves, or kirtles of a coarsely-made grass cloth.

On the 7th of June Stanley obtained twenty-seven canoes from the king, who cautioned him particularly against allowing any of his subjects to know that they were to be used for any purpose except to convey him back to his camp, as they were a very suspicious people and might raise a disturbance. In the canoes, accompanied by 216 of Lukongeh's men, Stanley returned to his camp, and as a preliminary to securing the vessels he had them hauled about two hundred yards on shore, and the paddles stored in a strong house. The natives were not long in discovering that something was wrong; they then raised a big row and threatened bloodshed, which was only averted by a strong show of force backed by numerous guns.

A FIERCE BATTLE.

HAVING got rid of the dissatisfied and quarrelsome Ukereweans by intimidating some and hiring others, Stanley prepared for the lake voyage to Uganda, and on the morning of June 20th embarked his entire force of 150 men, women and children in the canoes and led the flotilla with the *Lady Alice*, which carried fifteen persons and the ammunition.

Owing to the very bad condition of the canoes five of them sank the first night out, and several persons came near being

drowned ; but other canoes were secured without serious delay. Stanley stopped at Bumbireh island for provisions ; this is the place where he so narrowly escaped death on his return from Uganda ; but his force was now strong enough for defensive purposes, and he felt secure. On the evening of July 22d several natives appeared in canoes, but seeing they were likely to meet a dangerous foe, should an attack be made, they tried to hold a parley, at which they insolently declared that, although they would bring some food, their king was brave and powerful, and was disposed to fight the white man.

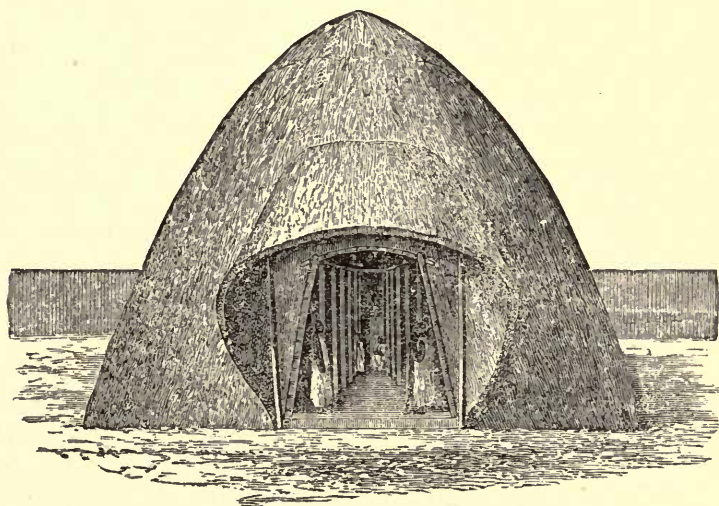
The following morning another canoe, containing fifteen men, approached in a bold, defiant manner. Stanley asked their crew if they brought food for sale. They replied, "No ; but you will get food in plenty by and by." After taking a searching look at the camp they turned away, giving expression to their contempt by a method which obtains all round the Uvuma, Uganda, Uzon-gora, and Wakerewe coasts, viz., by throwing up water behind them in the air with their paddles, which is as well understood as the American youth's gesture of placing a thumb to his nose.

Stanley was kept in close quarters for several days, during which time Magassa, who had been sent by Mtesa to search for him, came to the island with 300 men. These recruits were of great service to Stanley, who was almost at the mercy of 3,000 natives, for they held a passage which he was compelled to go through to reach Uganda. Mustering his force, which now numbered 300 men, all told, he started again. At the narrow part of the passage-way thousands of natives rushed down with spears, bows and slings, and in defiant tones hailed the white man. As the canoes came near the shore, arrows, stones and spears began to fly, in answer to which Stanley opened a brisk fire with his guns, that fairly mowed the fierce Bumbirehans with swaths of flame, and put them to route so completely that they gave him no further trouble.

WAR IN AFRICA.

THE expedition reached Mtesa's on the 23d of August, and the king received Stanley in his council chamber with great

ceremony and many evidences of friendship. Stanley took this occasion to inform him of the object of his visit, which was to procure guides and an escort to conduct him to Albert Lake. Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who refused to pay their tribute, harassed the coast of Chagwe, and abducted his people, "selling them afterward for a few bunches of bananas," and that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the Kabaka was engaged in war; but as soon as peace should be obtained he would send a chief



MTESA'S COUNCIL CHAMBER

with an army to give him safe conduct by the shortest route to the lake. Being assured that the war would not last long, Stanley resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its people.

On the 27th of August Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within seven hundred yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an

army numbering 150,000 warriors, as it was expected that he would have to fight the rebellious Wasoga as well as the Wavuma. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which, at Mtesa's command, had contributed their quotas, the number of souls in Mtesa's camp must have been about 250,000.

Stanley had the pleasure of reviewing this immense army as it was put in motion toward the battle-ground. He describes the officers and troops in the following graphic style :

“The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp.

“First with his legion, came Mkwenda, who guards the frontier between the Katonga valley and Willimiesi against the Wanyoro. He is a stout, burly young man, brave as a lion, having much experience of wars, and cunning and adroit in their conduct, accomplished with the spear, and possessing, besides, other excellent fighting qualities. I noticed that the Waganda chiefs, though Muslimized, clung to their war-paint and national charms, for each warrior, as he passed by on the trot, was most villainously bedaubed with ochre and pipe-clay. The force under the command of Mkwenda might be roughly numbered at 30,000 warriors and camp-followers, and though the path was a mere goat-track, the rush of this legion on the half-trot soon crushed out a broad avenue.

“The old general Kangau, who defends the country between Willimiesi and the Victoria Nile, came next with his following, their banners flying, drums beating, and pipes playing, he and his warriors stripped for action, their bodies and faces daubed with white, black, and ochreous war-paint.

“Next came a rush of about 2,000 chosen warriors, all tall men, expert with spear and shield, lithe of body and nimble of foot, shouting as they trotted past their war-cry of ‘Kavya,

kavya' (the two last syllables of Mtesa's title when young—Mukavya, 'king'), and rattling their spears. Behind them, at a quick march, came the musket-armed body-guard of the Emperor, about two hundred in front, a hundred on either side of the road, enclosing Mtesa and his Katekiro, and two hundred bringing up the rear, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession.

"Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue checked cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and—like the Roman emperors, who, when returning in triumph, painted their faces a deep vermillion—his face dyed a bright red. The Katekiro preceded him, and wore a dark-grey cashmere coat. I think this arrangement was made to deceive any assassin who might be lurking in the bushes. If this was the case, the precaution seemed wholly unnecessary, as the march was so quick that nothing but a gun would have been effective, and the Wavuma and Wasoga have no such weapons.

"After Mtesa's body-guard had passed by, chief after chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. They came on at an extraordinary pace, more like warriors hurrying up into action than on the march, and it is their custom, I am told, to move always at a trot when on an enterprise of a warlike nature."

The war-cries of the Waganda begin by shouting the full title of their respective chiefs, and end with the last syllable, thus:

"Mukavya, kavya, kavya!"

"Ohamburango, anga, anga!"

"Mkwenda, kwenda, kwenda!"

"Sekibobo, bobo, bobo!"

"Kitunzi, tunzi tunzi!"

This perhaps explains why Speke spells *thanks* "N'yanzig," for the Waganda return thanks by first saying, "Twianzi-yanzi-yanzi," and this, when repeated rapidly, sounds like "N'yanzig."

About two hours after the main body began its march, Kasuju, the guardian of the young princes and Mtesa's women, preceded by a thousand spears and followed by a similar number, trotted

by. The women numbered about 5,000, but not more than 500 were wives of the king; the others were for the duties of the household.

A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

IN Mtesa's immense army there were but few warriors who had ever had any experience on water, most of them coming from the interior. His enemies, on the contrary, inhabited large islands in Victoria Lake, which were natural fortresses, and the warriors were in their element when fighting on water. Their number did not exceed 30,000 fighting men, but nevertheless, they presented a formidable force against the inexperienced army sent against them. To add to his disadvantage, Mtesa had only 300 canoes, capable of carrying less than 900 men. Many of these boats were 70 feet in length and of corresponding breadth and depth, but they were badly manned. Upon reaching the lake, the boats were filled with soldiers and sent across to make a landing on the island, but they were promptly met by the enemy and in the skirmish Mtesa's men were defeated, and thirteen of his canoes captured. This so discouraged him that, at Stanley's suggestion, he tried to build a causeway of stones and trees across the 500 yards which separated the island from the main shore, but abandoned it after 130 yards had been filled. A long period of inaction now ensued, during which Stanley taught Mtesa the principles of Christianity and had a considerable portion of the New Testament translated for his benefit.

It was not until the 14th of September that Mtesa renewed the war, having found agreeable relaxation from offensive preparations in the pleasant teachings of Stanley. In the morning, in accordance with Mtesa's orders, forty Waganda canoes sallied out from the beach in front of his camps to Nakaranga Point, where they formed in line of battle before the causeway, with the sterns of their canoes fronting Ingira island.

Mtesa was followed by about three-fourths of his army when he proceeded to the point to view the battle, and with him went the great war-drums, to the number of fifty or thereabouts, and fifes about a hundred, and a great number of men shaking gourds

filled with pebbles, and the court-criers and mad-charmers against evil were not wanting to create din and noise, and celebrate victory.

A hut of ample size had been erected on the mountain slope overlooking the strait, into which Mtesa and his favorite women retired. When the Emperor was seated, the "prophets of Baal," or the priests and priestesses of the Muzimu, or witchcraft, came up, more than a hundred in number, and offered the charms to Mtesa one after another in a most tedious, ceremonious way, and to all of them Mtesa condescended to point his imperial forefinger.

The chief priest was a most wonderfully dressed madman. On his head he wore a huge crown of feathers, curiously and fantastically arranged; in his ears and around his neck were hung long strings of beads; his ankles, wrists and arms were adorned with brass rings, from which depended bits of bone, teeth of animals, and other charms; around his loins was girded a leopard skin with the tail in front, while in his right hand he carried a native harp, on one end of which was a well-carved imitation of a human head. This fantastic old villain was a rain-doctor as well as a priest, and exercised a wonderful influence over the ignorant savages who believed in his supernatural powers. It is customary before commencing a battle to carry all the potent medicines or charms of Uganda (thus propitiating the dreadful Muzimu or evil spirits) to the monarch, that he may touch or point his forefinger at them. They consist of dead lizards, bits of wood, hide, nails of dead people, claws of animals, and beaks of birds, a hideous miscellany, with mysterious compounds of herbs and leaves carefully enclosed in vessels ornamented with varicolored beads.

During the battle these wizards and witches chant their incantations, and exhibit their medicines on high before the foe, while the gourd-and-pebble bearers sound a hideous alarum, enough to cause the nerves of any man except an African to relax at once.

Mtesa and his army were in full war-paint, and the principal men wore splendid leopard-skins over their backs, but the Wa-

soga bore the palm for splendor of dress and ornate equipments.

Ankori, the chief, and his officers were wonderfully gay. Snow-white ostrich plumes decorated their heads, and lion and

leopard-skins covered their backs, while their loins were girded with snow-white, long-haired monkey and goat-skins; even the staves of their lances were ornamented with feathers and rings of white monkey-skin.

The fleet, bearing Mtesa's men, numbering 230 canoes, moved across the water again; hardly a Uvuma (generally written Wavuma) was to be seen and only the prows of a few of their boats were visible among the tall reeds on the other side. As the Waganda (Mtesa's forces) approached near the opposite shore, however, 192 boats shot out from among the reeds and made an impetuous dash upon the superior force, and drove them rapidly to Nakarang point, where their retreat was covered by a large body of soldiers



THE HIGH PRIEST.

with muskets and four small cannons. Thus the second attack terminated, leaving the Wavuma masters of the situation.

Mtesa was dreadfully affected by this second defeat, and

calling his men about him, he berated them soundly for their cowardice, reminding them that everything they had was due to his generosity, and swearing that if any of them again showed the least symptom of fear he would roast them over a slow fire.

On the 18th the battle was renewed again. The Waganda manned their 230 canoes and advanced resolutely toward the island, but in mid-channel they were met by the Wavuma with 196 canoes. This time the Waganda carried two howitzers with them, each in a large canoe, and these were used with such extraordinary effect that ten canoes were sunk and the Wavuma were driven back in confusion. Instead of following up their advantage by charging the panic-stricken Wavuma, the Waganda returned to the shore to receive the congratulations of Mtesa.

The war was continued in a desultory manner until the 5th of October, when Stanley called upon Mtesa and said: "Send me 2,000 men and to-morrow I will begin the construction of such a wonderful war-boat that the mere appearance of it will bring the Wavuma quickly to terms and establish peace in your kingdom."

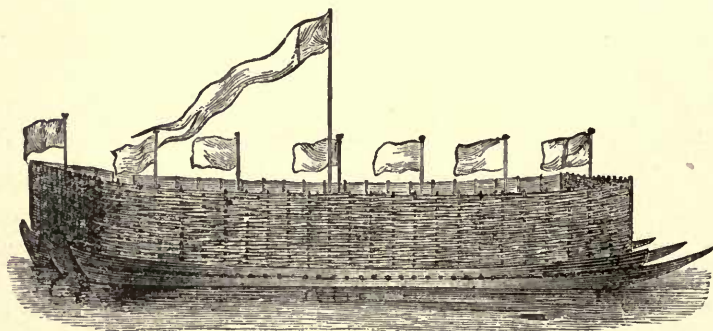
This proposition gave Mtesa intense delight, for he had begun to entertain grave doubts of being able to subjugate the brave rebels. The 2,000 men being furnished, Stanley set them to cutting trees and poles, which were peeled and the bark used for ropes. He lashed three canoes, of seventy feet length and six-and-a-half feet breadth, four feet from each other. Around the edge of these he caused a stockade to be made of strong poles, set in upright, and then intertwined with smaller poles and rope bark. This made the floating stockade seventy feet long and twenty-seven feet wide, and so strong that spears could not penetrate it. This novel craft floated with much grace, and as the men paddled in the spaces between the boats they could not be perceived by the enemy, who thought it must be propelled by some supernatural agency. It was manned by two hundred and fourteen persons, and moved across the channel like a thing of life.

As this terrible monster of the deep approached the enemy, Stanley caused a proclamation to be made to them, in deep and

awful tones, that if they did not surrender at once their whole island would be blown to pieces. The stratagem had the desired effect; the Wavuma were terror-stricken and surrendered unconditionally. Two hours later they sent a canoe and fifty men with the tribute demanded. Thus ended the war, on the 13th day of October, 1875.

DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST.

At a levee held on the last day of October, Stanley reminded Mtesa of his promise to send a suitable escort to conduct him through the Unyoro country to the Muta Nzige Lake. The king not only renewed his promise, but immediately sent for Sambuzi, one of his leading generals, and ordered him to muster



STANLEY'S DREADFUL WAR BOAT.

a thousand men at once for the service. Preparations were made with such celerity that on November 2d the expedition moved toward the lake which Stanley was so eager to explore. The march was begun with a total force of 2,800 souls, 2,300 of whom were Mtesa's warriors, but at the first intimation of danger, in a threatened attack from the king of Uzimba and his ally, the king of Unyampaka, the greater portion deserted, including General Sambuzi, who, though an irrepressible boaster, was also an arrant coward.

Stanley moved his force with but little opposition through Unyoro, being attacked only once, when he repulsed the enemy without loss.

On the 28th of February Stanley reached Kafarro, where he remained a month, the guest of the kind old king Rumanika, who was a giant in height (six feet six inches), but a man of great benevolence and peacefully-disposed nature; in fact, an African gentleman.

SOME NATIVE STORIES.

ONE day after leaving Rumanika's country, Stanley shot three rhinoceri, from the bodies of which he obtained ample supplies of meat for the journey through the wilderness of Uhimba. One of these enormous brutes possessed a horn 2 feet long, with a sharp dagger-like point, and below that a stunted horn, 9 inches in length. He appeared to have had a tussle with some wild beast, for a hand's breadth of hide was torn from his rump.

The natives of this country informed Stanley, with the utmost gravity, that the elephant maltreats the rhinoceros frequently, because of the jealousy that the former entertains of his fiery cousin. It is said that if the elephant observes the excrement of the rhinoceros unscattered, he waxes furious, and proceeds instantly in search of the criminal, when woe befall him if he is sulky and disposed to battle for the proud privilege of leaving his droppings as they fall! The elephant in that case breaks off a heavy branch of a tree, or uproots a stout sapling like a boat's mast, and belabors the unfortunate beast until he is glad to save himself by hurried flight. For this reason, the natives say, the rhinoceros always turns round and thoroughly scatters what he has dropped.

Should a rhinceros meet an elephant, he must observe the rule of the road and walk away, for the latter brooks no rivalry; but the former is sometimes headstrong, and the elephant then dispatches him with his tusks by forcing him against a tree and goring him, or by upsetting him, and leisurely crushing him.

MEETING WITH MIRAMBO, THE BANDIT KING.

ARRIVING at Serombo, April 20th, Stanley learned that the great Napoleonic bandit king, Mirambo, the mighty warrior of Unyamwezi, was in the neighborhood; this report greatly frightened the Waganda soldiers who had been sent with Stanley by

Mtesa, and had been obedient enough to remain with him. They now felt more disposed than ever to desert, but on the following day their fears were dissipated by a friendly message from Mirambo. His ambassadors, three fine-looking young men, were handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's body-guard.

"Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man," said the principal of them. "He hopes the white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, he will send words of peace to Mirambo!"

"Tell Mirambo," replied Stanley, "that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man, and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa and Rumanika, I shall be rejoiced to do likewise with Mirambo. Tell him I hope he will come and see me as soon as he can."

The next day Mirambo, having dispatched a Ruga-Ruga (one of his captains) to announce his coming, appeared with about twenty of his principal men.

Stanley shook hands with him with fervor, which drew a smile from the chief, as he said, "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend."

His person quite captivated Stanley, for he was a thorough African *gentleman* in appearance, very different from any conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes.

The interview was of the most friendly character, and they parted each with a high regard for the other. On the following day Stanley returned the visit, and the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was performed.

On leaving Serombo, Mirambo accompanied Stanley a considerable distance outside the village, gave him several presents, and otherwise showed the kind and friendly feeling which he really felt for the white man.

Such excellent progress was made, that on May 2d the expedition approached Ubagwe, which is the capital of the Watuta country. This tribe is composed of genuine Ishmaels, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be against them. The Arabs kill Watutas as they do snakes, and it may be also said that the Watutas kill Arabs in the same way. In passing through the country of this ferocious people there is need for coolness and bravery, for a show of force will not intimidate them. They cultivate their fields with spear in hand, always



WATUTA WARRIOR.

prepared to fight. Fortunately Stanley was skilful enough to evade their village, and passed through the country undiscovered.

On the 27th of May the expedition reached Ujiji, having skirted Lake Tanganika from the northern point where the Rusizi river empties into it. No great changes had occurred, except the ever-changing mud tembes of the Arabs. The square or plaza where Stanley met Livingstone in November, 1871, was now occupied by large tembes. The house where they lived had long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remained only a few embers and a hideous void.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CIRCUMNAVIGATING TANGANIKA LAKE.

STANLEY was sorely disappointed to find that not a single letter awaited him after an absence of seventeen months. Before leaving Unyanyembe he had requested the Governor to forward all his mail to Ujiji, but this he had neglected to do. Eager for the news which he knew the letters must contain, he dispatched ten men to Unyanyembe, but they never returned.

On the 11th of June he launched his boat, the "Lady Alice," on the beautiful waters of Tanganika lake, with the intention of circumnavigating it to find its outlet. He also secured a large canoe to carry provisions, and started southward on his voyage of exploration.

At Urimba he remained two days on the same spot where he and Livingstone had camped four years before.

In the afternoon of the 19th they came in sight of a village called Kiwesa, which occupied a position on the apex of a high hill. Landing, and making the ascent with the hope of purchasing milk, they were astounded to find a population of dead men. Some ruthless enemies had attacked the village a few days before and massacred its inhabitants, regardless of sex or age; in the streets were seen the bodies of men, women and children, recently killed, many of whom were horribly mutilated with knife and spear. Not a living thing, save one black cat, was to be seen, the desolation being so complete.

THE WABEMBE CANNIBALS.

CONTINUING on, nothing occurred to interrupt their journey until July 27th, when, coasting along Burton gulf, near a village on the west bank of the Kasansagara river, they were warned by the people against landing. These were the Wabembe cannibals. On nearing the shore the boats were attacked by the cannibals, many of whom hurled heavy stones, while others showed their defiance by striking the ground with their spears, hopping up and

down and beating the water. The interpreter explained that the white man was very much shocked at such rudeness, that his visit was a peaceable one, with no other desire than to buy grain of them, if they would sell. This speech did not mollify their anger, for they shouted back that they were not slaves and had not sown their land to sell the grain to strangers. Stanley attempted to proceed quietly out of their reach, but several canoes were launched and filled with warriors who were anxious for a fight; they evidently wanted a fresh supply of human meat, and desired particularly to sample a white man. A brisk breeze was blowing, which enabled Stanley to sail away from his pursuers, while his large canoe was manned by such excellent boatmen that it bounded over the water with equal swiftness away from the hungry man-eaters.

At the end of fifty-one days from the time of departure from Ujiji, Stanley had completed the circumnavigation of the lake and returned to his old camp. He found the extreme length of the lake to be 810 miles and the coast line 930; its breadth ranges from ten to forty-five-miles, with an average of twenty-eight miles, making its superficial area 9,240 miles. Repeated soundings with a plummet line of over 1,200 feet in length failed to find any bottom one mile from shore.

FACTS ABOUT LAKE TANGANIKA.

STANLEY proved by his careful explorations of the lake that it had no outlet at the time he was there. The body of water had formerly occupied a much higher altitude, and then had an outlet through the Lukuga river, on the west coast, which flowed into the Livingstone, or Congo river; but an earthquake, or some great internal disturbance, at some remote period, had sunk the bed of the lake until its waters fell below the level of the river, and it was in that condition when first discovered by Burton and Speke. Several large rivers, however, continued to pour their waters into the lake, which had risen to such an extent during the interval of four years between Stanley's first and second expeditions, as to cover large tracts of land that had formerly lain high and dry. The lake had gained a sufficient altitude in

1875 to again extend its waters into the dry bed of the Lukuga river, and Stanley estimated that in a very short time this ancient outlet would once more resume its function, and become a rapidly flowing affluent of the Livingstone, or Congo. These facts are interesting, as settling beyond dispute the sources of the Nile. Stanley circumnavigated the lake, closely examining every stream connected with it, and while he found a number that flowed into it from various directions, there were none flowing out, though, as just stated, if the lake continued to rise, it would soon find an outlet through the Lukuga and the Livingstone, thus pouring its waters into the Atlantic Ocean instead of the Nile and the Mediterranean Sea, as Livingstone and others had supposed. The question, therefore, of the Nile's sources is definitely settled in favor of Speke and Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverers, respectively, of Lakes Victoria and Albert.

INTO THE COUNTRY OF THE CANNIBALS.

ON returning to Ujiji Stanley found Frank Pocock, who had been left in charge of the expedition during his absence, pale and haggard from a long spell of fever, five of the Wagwara soldiers had died of small-pox, and six others were down with the dreadful scourge, which was also decimating the population of the town. Stanley was stricken with fever the day after his arrival, but was again on his feet at the end of five days. He now decided to cross the lake, and push westward as quickly as possible, and so announced to his men. This created a panic among them, for they fully believed that if they went among the cannibals they would be roasted and eaten. Thirty-eight had already deserted during his absence, and many of the others now threatened to do likewise. As a precaution against further desertions, he had those whom he suspected of being untrustworthy arrested and put into a large hut, where they were guarded until he was ready to depart.

Everything at last being ready, they crossed the lake on the 25th of August, and after a necessary halt of a few days to rest and organize, the expedition pushed westward through the wilderness toward the Manyuema country, for the purpose of exploring

the great river flowing to the northwest through that region, and from which Livingstone had been driven back by the war between the Arabs and natives previous to his meeting with Stanley. The Manyuema nation is composed of a number of tribes, varying greatly in disposition and general appearance. Some are handsome and intelligent, others are filthy, ugly and degraded; but, with a few exceptions, all are mild and gentle in disposition, although universally addicted to cannibalism. Stanley's acquaintance with them commenced at the village of Lambo. "In these people," says he, "we first saw the mild, amiable, unsophisticated innocence of this part of Central Africa, and their behavior was exactly the reverse of the wild, ferocious, cannibalistic races the Arabs had described to us."

In passing through the country they came to a village which



MILD TYPES OF MANYUEMA.

consisted of a number of low, conical grass huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which were three or four fig-trees, kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts were very low, scarcely thirty inches high. On presenting himself in the common, Stanley attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until he found himself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of naked

men, women, children, and infants. Though he had appeared for the purpose of studying these people, and making a treaty of friendship with the chief, the villagers seemed to think he had come merely to make a free exhibition of himself as some natural monstrosity.

Hundreds of people of the most degraded and unpresentable type crowded around the traveler and gazed with open mouths at his wonderful white skin. Turning to an aged savage, whose amazed countenance was pushed close to his face, Stanley said, "My brother, sit you down on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable," at the same time thrusting into his wide-open hand a number of beads, the currency of that country. As Stanley looked at his huge, rough hand, he imagined that he could carve a more comely one out of rhinoceros hide. The thick black skin of his face resembled an extravagant mask, and his nose was so flat that Stanley asked him the reason for such a feature. "Ah," said he, with a sly laugh, "it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back."

Descending from the face, which, crude, large-featured, rough-hewn as it was, bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, Stanley's eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous daubs could be detected strange freaks of 'pricking, circles and squares and crosses, while he traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage, and rude keeping.

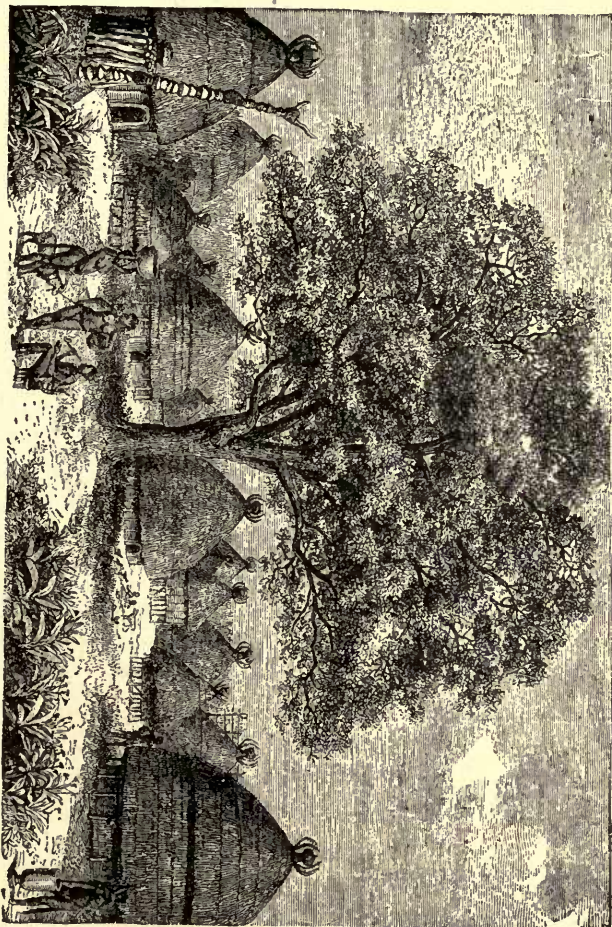
His feet were monstrous abortions, with soles as hard as hoofs, and his legs, as high up as his knees, were plastered with successive strata of dirt; his loin-cover, or the queer "girding-tackle," need not be described. It was absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most ragged British beggar or Neapolitan *lazzarone* is sumptuously clothed in comparison to this African "king." The subjects of this mighty monarch wore around their waists tags of monkey-skin, bits of gorilla bone, goat horns, and shells, while around their necks were strung skins of vipers, and other hideous contrivances.

As they gazed and crowded and jostled one another, they ex-

claimed, "Wa-a-a-antu!" ("Men!") "Eha-a! and these are men!"

Presently a dead silence prevailed for an instant, during which

THE MANYEMA VILLAGE.



the females of this strange group dropped their lower jaws far down, and then cried out again, "Wa-a-a-a-antu!" ("Men!") Their jaws dropped so low that when, in a posture of reflection, they put their hands up to their chins, it really looked as if they

had done so to lift the jaws up to their proper place and to sustain them there. And in that position they pondered upon the fact that there were men "white all over" in this queer world!

The uncontrollable, irrepressible wonder of the juvenile part of the population seemed to find its natural expression in hopping on one leg, thrusting their right thumbs into their mouths to repress the rising scream, and slapping the hinder side of the thighs to express or give emphasis to what was speechless. While thus engaged, one of these restless youths stumbled across a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of Stanley's men severely on the head. All at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, while their faces expressed a lively sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, showing through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering, causing Stanley to recognize and hail them, though poor and degraded, as indeed sisters. The women tenderly cared for the man's wounds, and before the expedition departed from the village the chief and his people loaded the men with bounties of bananas, chickens, Indian corn, and malafu (palm-wine), and escorted them respectfully far beyond the precincts of the village and their fields, parting at last with the assurance that, should they ever happen to return by their country, they would endeavor to make the second visit much more agreeable than the first had been.

The Manyema have several very noteworthy peculiarities. Their weapons are a short sword scabbarded with wood, to which is hung small brass and iron bells; a light, beautifully balanced spear—probably, next to the spear of Uganda, the most perfect in the world. Their shields are veritable wooden doors. Their dress consists of a narrow apron of antelope skin or finely-made grass cloth. They wear knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. The old chief had rolled his beard in a ball of dark mud; his children wore their hair in braids with mud fringes. His drummer had a great crescent-shaped patch of mud at the back of the head. At

another village, the natives had horns and cones of mud on the tops of their heads. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufacture it with a stiffening of light cane into a bonnet-shaped head dress, allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seem to do all the work of life, for at all hours they may be seen, with their large wicker baskets behind them,



LIP RING AND PECULIAR HAIR DRESSING.

setting out for the rivers or creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

CANNIBALS AND DWARFS.

SOME tribes of the Manyema are addicted to cannibalism in its most horrid features. They carry on predatory wars against their neighbors, and the dead bodies of the slain are always eaten. In the mad frenzy of their cannibalistic propensities they impale tender infants on their horrid spears, and tear the bodies of the slain limb from limb. Even the women take a prominent part in these terrible orgies.

Near the middle of October Stanley arrived at Mkwanga, which is only eight miles from the confluence of the Luama and the Lualaba rivers, the latter being the one that Stanley intended to explore. While encamped here two Wangwana arrived with the news that a party of Arabs were encamped at a village called Mwana Mamba, eighteen miles distant, and forthwith Stanley decided to join them, which he did on the following day, meeting with a very cordial welcome. The leader of the Arabs, Tipo-Tib, had escorted Lieutenant Cameron across to Lualaba river and as far as Utotera, south latitude 5° and east longitude $25^{\circ} 54'$. He was dressed in clothes of spotless white, his waist was encircled by a rich dowle, his dagger was splendid with silver filigree, and his head was adorned by a beautiful new fez, giving him the air of a sultan or rich Arab gentleman.

The reader will remember Livingstone's painful disappointment at being unable to procure canoes from the Manyuema in which to explore the Lualaba river, even after he had saved many of them from massacre at the hands of the blood-thirsty Arabs. Stanley anticipated similar trouble, and also feared that he would not be able to pass through their country with his small force. He therefore made the Arab leader a liberal offer to accompany him a certain distance toward the north with his entire company.

THE WONDERFUL DWARFS.

TIPO-TIB listened respectfully to Stanley's proposition, and then called in one of his officers who had been to the far north along the river, requesting him to impart such information as he possessed in regard to the people inhabiting the country. This man told a marvelous tale, almost rivaling the wonderful creations of the Arabian Nights; and Stanley subsequently learned by his own experience that much of the story was true.

"The great river," said he, "goes always toward the north, until it empties into the sea. We first reached Uregga, a forest land, where there is nothing but woods, and woods, and woods, for days and weeks and months. There was no end to the woods. In a month we reached Usongora Meno, and here we

fought day after day. They are fearful fellows and desperate ; We lost many men, and all who were slain were eaten. But we were brave, and pushed on. When we came to Kima-Kima we



HORRIBLE FEAST OF THE CANNIBALS.

heard of the land of the little men, where a tusk of ivory could be purchased for a single cowrie (bead). Nothing now could hold us back. We crossed the Lumami, and came to the land of the Wakuma. The Wakuma are big men themselves, but among

them we saw some of the dwarfs, the queerest little creatures alive, just a yard high, with long beards and large heads. The dwarfs seemed to be plucky little devils, and asked us many questions about where we were going and what we wanted. They told us that in their country there was so much ivory we had not enough men to carry it; 'but what do you want with it, do you eat it?' said they. 'No, we make charms of it, and will give you beads to show us the way.' 'Good, come along.'

'We followed the little devils six days, when we came to their country, and they stopped and said we could go no further until they had seen their king. Then they left us, and after three days they came back and took us to their village, and gave us a house to live in. Then the dwarfs came from all parts. Oh! it is a big country! and everybody brought ivory, until we had about four hundred tusks, big and little, as much as we could carry. We bought it with copper, beads, and cowries. No cloths, for the dwarfs were all naked, king and all. We did not starve in the dwarf land the first ten days. Bananas as long as my arm, and plantains as long as the dwarfs were tall. One plantain was sufficient for a man for one day.

'When we had sufficient ivory and wanted to go, the little king said no; 'this is my country, and you shall not go until I say. You must buy all I have got; I want more cowries;' and he ground his teeth and looked just like a wild monkey. We laughed at him, for he was very funny, but he would not let us go. Presently we heard a woman scream, and rushing out of our house, we saw a woman running with a dwarf's arrow in her bosom. Some of our men shouted, 'The dwarfs are coming from all the villages in great numbers; it is war—prepare!' We had scarcely got our guns before the little wretches were upon us, shooting their arrows in clouds. They screamed and yelled like monkeys. Their arrows were poisoned, and many of our men who were hit, died. Our captain brandished his two-handed sword, and cleaved them as you would cleave a banana. The arrows passed through his shirt in many places. We had many good fellows, and they fought well; but it was of no use. The

dwarfs were firing from the tops of the trees ; they crept through the tall grass close up to us, and shot their arrows in our faces. Then some hundred of us cut down banana trees, tore doors out, and houses down, and formed a boma at each end of the street, and then we were a little better off, for it was not such rapid, random shooting ; we fired more deliberately, and after several hours drove them off.

“ But they soon came back and fought us all that night, so that we could get no water, until our captain—oh ! he was a brave man, he was a lion !—held up a shield before him, and looking around, he just ran straight where the crowd was thickest ; and he seized two of the dwarfs, and we who followed him caught several more, for they would not run away until they saw what our design was, and then they left the water clear. We filled our pots and carried the little Shaitans (devils) into the boma ; and there we found we had caught the king. We wanted to kill him, but our captain said no, kill the others and toss their heads over the wall ; but the king was not touched.

“ Then the dwarfs wanted to make peace, but they were on us again in the middle of the night, and their arrows sounded ‘twit,’ ‘twit,’ in all directions. At last we ran away, throwing down everything but our guns and swords. But many of our men were so weak by hunger and thirst that they burst their hearts running, and died. Others lying down to rest found the little devils close to them when too late, and were killed. Out of our great number of people only thirty returned alive, and I am one of them.”

Stanley listened with rapt attention to the recital of this wonderful story, and at its conclusion he said : “ Ah ! good. Did you see anything else very wonderful on your journey ? ”

“ Oh yes ! There are monstrous large boa-constrictors in the forest of Uregga, suspended by their tails to the branches, waiting for the passer-by or for a stray antelope. The ants in the forest are not to be despised. You cannot travel without your body being covered with them, when they sting you like wasps. The leopards are so numerous that you cannot go very

far without seeing one. Almost every native wears a leopard-skin cap. The sokos (gorillas) are in the woods, and woe befall the man or woman met alone by them; for they run up to you and seize your hands, and bite the fingers off one by one, and as fast as they bite one off, they spit it out. The Wasongora Meno and Waregga are cannibals, and unless the force is very strong, they never let strangers pass. It is nothing but constant fighting. Only two years ago a party armed with three hundred guns started north of Usongora Meno; they only brought sixty guns back, and no ivory. If one tries to go by the river, there are falls after falls, which carry the people over and drown them."

These were sorry stories for men to listen to who were then contemplating a trip that would lead them directly through all these dreadful obstacles. Stanley knew that if he depended alone on his own force, his expedition must fail, and disaster would no doubt follow failure. After a lengthy interview with Tipo-Tib, a contract was drawn up between them by which Stanley agreed to pay the Arab \$5,000 for an escort of 140 guns and 70 spearmen a distance of sixty marches of four hours each, which would be equivalent to nearly 500 miles. This force added to his own would furnish him with such protection as was needed.

The expedition now marched to Nyangwe, where another section of the Arab party was encamped; Tipo-Tib's party consisted of 700 persons when united. Nyangwe is a village of 300 huts and nearly 2,000 people; it is a great market for slaves, and is the westernmost Arab trading station on the road from the east. As the village is situated on the Lualaba river, Stanley here launched his boat, the *Lady Alice*, to make soundings. He found the river studded with large islands, and its mean depth, taken in thirty-six soundings, was 18 feet nine inches, while its breadth was from 4,000 to 5,000 yards, making it one of the greatest rivers of the earth.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

ON the morning of November 5th, 1876, the combined expedition broke camp and marched out of Nyangwe. Stanley says:

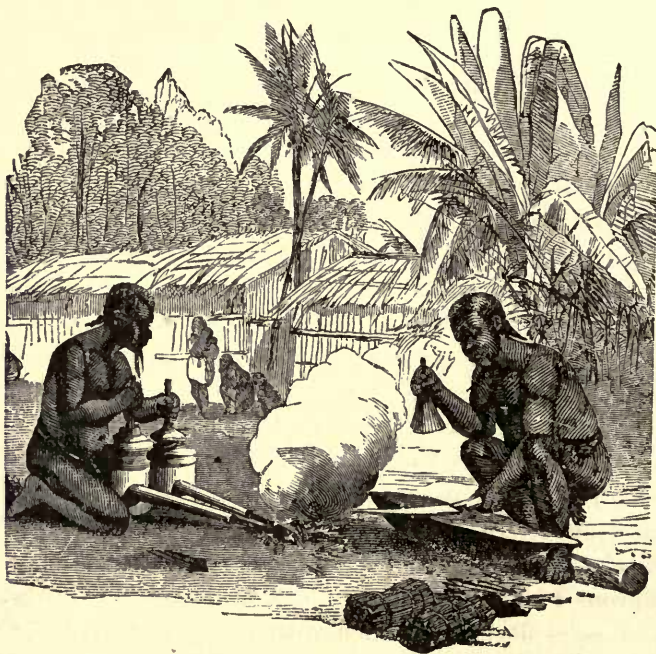
“The object of this desperate journey is to flash a torch of light across the western half of the Dark Continent. For from Nyangwe east, along the fourth parallel of south latitude, are some 830 geographical miles, discovered, explored, and surveyed, but westward to the Atlantic Ocean, along the same latitude, are 956 miles—over 900 geographical miles of which are absolutely unknown. Instead, however, of striking directly west, we are about to travel north on the eastern side of the river, to prevent it bending easterly to Muta Nzige, or Nilewards, unknown to us, and to ascertain, if the river really runs westward, what affluents flow to it from the east; and to deduce from their size and volume some idea of the extent of country which they drain, and the locality of their sources.”

After five days' marching through dense, almost impenetrable forests, where they were compelled to hew their way with axes step by step, they came to the country of Uregga, and halted to rest. The inhabitants of this country live as secluded in their dark forests as the chimpanzees; but they provide themselves with comforts unknown to other African tribes. Their houses, in the villages, are all connected together in one block, from 50 to 300 yards in length, and are covered with a kind of pitch. They furnish their homes with many luxuries known to civilization, such as cane settees, beautifully covered stools, sociable benches, exquisitely carved spoons, etc. The women of Uregga wear only aprons 4 inches square, of bark or grass cloth, fastened by cords of palm fibre. The men wear skins of civet, or monkey, in front and rear, the tails downward. It may have been from a hasty glance of a rapidly disappearing form of one of these people in the wild woods that native travelers in the lake regions felt persuaded that they had seen “men with tails.”

At Wane-Kirumbu the Waregga were engaged chiefly in iron-working, in which they seem to be very expert, making hammers, axes, hatchets, spears, knives, swords, wire, iron-balls with spikes, leglets, armlets, and iron beads. At every village there was a furnace in full blast, charcoal being the fuel used.

A VILLAGE OF SKULLS.

KAMPUNZEE is a village about five hundred yards in length, formed of one street thirty feet wide, flanked by a row of gabel roofed but low houses. Stanley was astonished to see in this village two rows of what appeared to be human skulls, placed about ten feet apart and running the entire length of the street. He counted 186 of them. Addressing the chief of the village, he said :



NATIVE BLACKSMITHS.

“ My friend, what are those things with which you adorn the streets of your village ? ”

He replied, “ Nyama,” (meat).

“ Nyama ! Nyama of what ? ”

“ Nyama of the forest.”

“ Of the forest ! What kind of a thing is this Nyama of the forest ? ”

“ It is about the size of this boy,” pointing to Mabruki,

who was 4 feet 10 inches in height. "He walks like a man, and goes about with a stick, with which he beats the trees in the forest, and makes hideous noises. The Nyama eat our bananas, and we hunt them, kill them, and eat them."

The animal thus described by the chief is the soko, or gorilla; but with his utmost efforts Stanley was never able to secure one, or even to see any indications of them in the woods. He therefore concluded that the horrible relics along the street were human skulls, and procuring several of them he took them with him and had them examined by the distinguished scientist, Prof. Huxley, after his return to England. He confirmed Stanley's suspicions, by pronouncing them skulls of human beings, and stated that more than half of those examined by him bore marks of a hatchet which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive.

On the 19th a march of five miles through the forest west from Kampunzu brought the expedition to the Lualaba, in south latitude $3^{\circ} 35'$, just forty-one geographical miles north of the Arab depot Myangwe. An afternoon observation for longitude showed east longitude $25^{\circ} 49'$. The name Lualaba terminates here. Thenceforth Stanley speaks of it as the Livingstone river, which name he gave it.

Arrangements were made to cross the river by launching the *Lady Alice* and calling upon the people of a small village on the opposite shore for assistance with their canoes. After a long talk and the giving of many presents, canoes were furnished to cross the caravan, but scarcely had they landed when an attack was made upon them by a thousand or more natives, who, however, were soon driven off. They were now in the Ukusee country, among savages whose lives were apparently devoted to slaughter, and whose choice meat was human flesh. Each village street was ornamented with two rows of bleached trophies of eaten humanity, forming a ghastly imitation of shell decorations along the paths of our parks and gardens.

A sufficient number of canoes having been secured, Stanley embarked his expedition, with the intention of completing his

explorations by following the course of the river, no matter where it might lead him. Besides, they were safer on the river than on the land, as they could keep beyond the range of the arrows of the venomous cannibals through whose country they were passing, and avoid ambushes and sudden surprises.

As they floated down with the current, from the villages below rang out the strange war-cries, "Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu!" and the savages decamped into the bush, leaving everything they possessed *in situ*. This was only to lure the travelers to their destruction, for had they been tempted to land and capture their goats and black pigs, they would no doubt have rushed from the bushes on the unwary. But they were not to be thus tempted to felony and destruction, and quietly floated down past them.

One day, while stealthily passing a large and apparently wealthy village, a little child, coming down the high banks to fetch water, suddenly lifting her head, saw them close to the landing, and screamed out, "Mama, the Wasambye! the Wasambye are coming!"

The Wasambye are a tribe with whom these people were at war, and the child mistook the travelers for an attacking party of their dreaded enemies. The people who, it seemed, were holding a market, scattered immediately, the women screaming, "Wasambye! Wasambye!" and the banana stalks and bushes shaking violently as everybody in a panic flew into the jungle, like a herd of wild buffaloes.

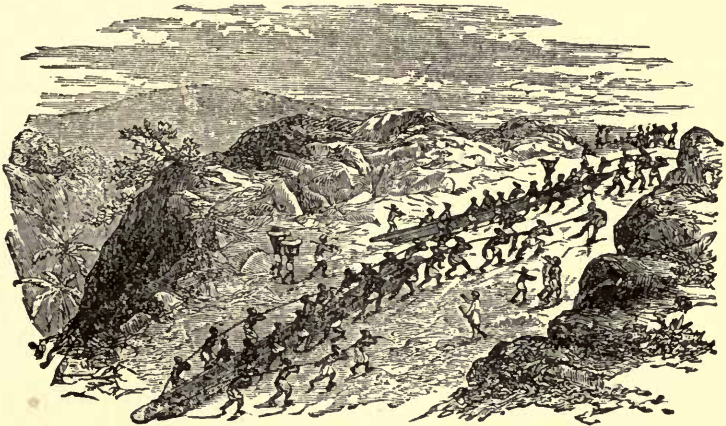
They passed three or four other villages near there, but the inhabitants simply responded to their attempts at intercourse by protruding their heads from the bushes and shouting "Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu! Ooh-hu-hu!"

Stanley relates the remarkable fact that among many of the tribes in this part of Africa the rite of circumcision is practiced in the same manner that it was among the ancient Israelites, and apparently as a similar religious rite; but he could not ascertain how the ceremony originated. Those who performed it only knew that it had always been so. The circumcised tribes, like the Israelites, were "a peculiar people," having but little

intercourse with their neighbors ; in fact, a perpetual war seemed to be raging between them and the other tribes.

On November 26th they reached the village of Nakarpemba, which presented the usual horrible picture of streets lined with human skulls, the dread relics of many a feast ; throughout this barbaric country human flesh seemed to be a common dish at nearly every man's table.

The numerous rapids encountered in this part of the river added greatly to the dangers and trials of the voyage. On approaching the rapids they were compelled to land and carry



DRAGGING THE BOATS AROUND THE RAPIDS.

the boats around them, frequently for a distance of several miles, over rock, hills and through thick brush, in which excessive and exhausting labor the men suffered greatly. Small-pox and dysentery were also thinning their ranks, and the outlook for the future was anything but promising.

CAPTURE OF A DWARF.

'ABOUT noon one day, while they were on shore repairing a canoe, a curious little savage was found concealed in the bushes, and was captured and brought to camp. He was armed with a small bow and a quiver of miniature arrows, the points of the latter being carefully rolled in leaves. This led to a suspicion that they were poisoned, and in order to verify his belief, Stanley

uncovered one of the points, and grasping the little savage's arm pretended to be about to inoculate him with the dark substance that stained the point of the weapon, and which had an odor resembling that of cantharides. His loud screams, visible terror, and cries of "Mabi! mabi!" (Bad! Bad!) with a persuasive eloquence of gesture, left no doubt as to the character of the dark substance.

This strange creature stood, when measured, four feet six-and-a-half inches in height, and proved to be fully a head taller than the average of his people. His head was large, his face decked with a scraggy fringe of whiskers, and his complexion light chocolate. He was exceedingly bow-legged and thin-shanked, and was altogether a hideous looking fiend and ugly little savage brute, and as to intelligence very little above the beasts of the forest. Stanley retained him as a prisoner and guide for several days, but finally dismissed him and sent him home with a handful of beads and shells and some bead necklaces. He had expected to be eaten, according to the custom of his country, and though his captors shook hands with him at parting, and smiled, and patted him on the shoulder, he could not comprehend why he had not furnished a feast for them, and evidently did not feel safe until he had plunged out of sight in his native woods.

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

ON the 26th of December, Tipo-Tib and his Arabs bade farewell to Stanley, and started on their return. They had not fully kept their contract, but their excessive fear of the cannibals and the dwarfs was having a bad effect on Stanley's men, and he decided to let them go; so, after a grand banquet in the wilderness, they shook hands and parted. At this time Stanley was not sure whether the stream that he was following would empty into the Niger or the Congo, as everything in advance of him was unknown and doubtful; but he determined to proceed and let the future take care of itself. His force now consisted of 149 persons in 23 boats, and on the departure of the Arabs, they embarked and commenced their long and dangerous drift toward the unknown.

Standing up in his boat, Stanley surveyed his people. How few they appeared to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward, bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts. He spoke to them words of encouragement; told them of their past brave deeds, and exhorted them to be men. But it was with wan smiles that they responded to his words, and feebly they paddled down the dark-brown current. Poor fellows! Many of them were indeed going into the land of the Unknown.

CANNIBALS AGAIN.

THE river soon assumed a breadth of 1,800 yards, and the banks were thickly populated. Directly the great war-drums, hollowed out of huge trees, thundered the signal along the shores, and they could see the savage cannibals rushing to arms and leaping and gesticulating in their frenzied war-dances. Presently a canoe dashed out from the shore, filled with warriors armed with broad black wooden shields and long spears. As they approached, Stanley's interpreter cried out, "Sennenneh!" (peace!), but they paid no attention to the peaceful overture. Dashing up near Stanley's boat, they ordered him, in peremptory tones, to go back with them.

"It is the river that takes us down," said he; "the river will not stop and go back."

"If you don't go back we will fight you," they exclaimed.

"No; let us be friends."

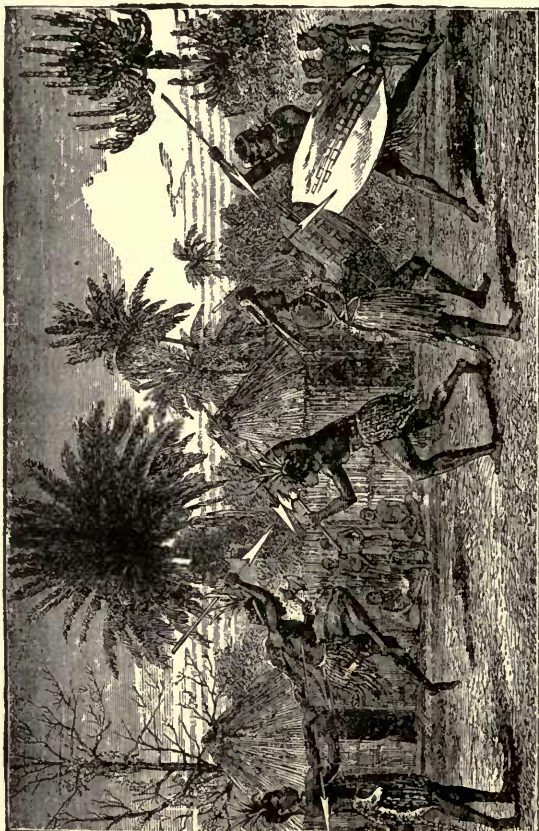
"We don't want you for friends; we will eat you."

But as they talked and gazed at the wonderful white man, the current carried them far beyond their village, seeing which, they nervously turned and paddled back.

At the next village, as soon as the boats approached within fifty yards of the bank, the savages threw their spears, and cried out, "Meat! meat! Ah! ha! We shall have plenty of meat! Bo-bo-bo-bo, Bo-bo-bo-bo-o-•!"

"For these people," says Stanley, "we had no anger. It seemed so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat ox. Sometimes also a

faint suspicion came to my mind that this was all but a part of a hideous dream. Why was it that I should be haunted with the idea that there were human beings who regarded me and my friends only in the light of meat? Meat! *We?* Heavens! what an atrocious idea.



CANNIBAL WARRIORS SEEN BY STANLEY.

“There was a fat-bodied wretch in a canoe, whom I allowed to crawl within spear-throw of me; who, while he swayed the spear with a vigor far from assuring to one who stood within reach of it, leered with such a clever hideousness of feature that I felt, if only within arm’s length of him, I could have bestowed upon him a hearty thump on the back, and cried out applaud-

ingly, 'Bravo, old boy! You do it capitally!' Yet not being able to reach him, I was rapidly being fascinated by him. The rapid movements of the swaying spear, the steady wide-mouthed grin, the big square teeth, the head poised on one side with the confident pose of a practiced spear-thrower, the short brow and square face, hair short and thick. Shall I ever forget him? It appeared to me as if the spear partook of the same cruel, inexorable look as the grinning savage."

But the spell was soon broken, for the savage hurled his spear with all his force and it whizzed close over Stanley's head. He now ordered his men to fire, which they did with such terrible accuracy that a score or more of the savages fell dead into the water, their shields floating off with the current. These were gathered up, and served an excellent purpose in forming breast-works against future attacks.

Day after day they were compelled to fight as they floated down the stream, the savages seeming bent on securing their bodies for a feast. On the first of January, as they were passing a village, the war-canoes came out as usual to attack them. Stanley instructed his interpreter to be mild in voice and pacific in gesture, hoping to conquer these savages with kindness; but they brandished their spears and cried out, "We shall eat Wajiwa meat to-day. Oho, we shall eat Wajiwa meat!" and then an old chief gave some word of command, and at once 100 paddles beat the water into foam, and the canoes darted onward. But the contest was short; one well-directed volley from the guns so frightened those who were not killed that they sprang into the water and swam ashore. They did not eat Wajiwa meat that day.

On arriving at a village called Kankore, Stanley was agreeably surprised to find the people mild and friendly. They came to his boats unarmed, as an evidence of their peaceful disposition, and supplied his men with food in abundance. These people were not cannibals, but, on the contrary, they regarded the horrible man-eating customs of their neighbors with the utmost loathing, and refused to have any intercourse with them. But,

strangely enough, they were sandwiched in between tribes of the most disgusting cannibalistic tendencies, and soon after leaving their village Stanley's party was again attacked.

HUGE SPEARS.

At one place the savages paraded up and down the banks holding up to the view of Stanley and his people bright spear-blades,



A CANNIBAL VILLAGE ON THE LIVINGSTONE RIVER.

six feet long and six inches broad, with edges as sharp as razors. Realizing the danger of being attacked with such weapons, Stanley had his camps fortified at night, while passing through that country, by surrounding them with a circle of felled trees and

interlaced branches. But in spite of these precautions, one of his best men was killed in a night attack by one of these spears striking him in the abdomen and cutting his body almost in two.

Evidences of cannibalism were on every hand in the human and "soko" skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were so freely scattered near the village garbage-heaps and the river banks, where one might suppose hungry canoemen to have enjoyed a cold collation of ancient matron's arm; as the most positive and downright evidence of this hideous practice was a thin forearm of a person that was picked up near a fire, with certain scorched ribs which might have been tossed into the fire after being gnawed. The explorers were constantly taunted with threats that they would furnish "meat" for the savages, that word having but a slight dialectic difference in many of their languages.

Upon coming to anchor one day about fifty yards from shore, two old, queer-looking men came down the steep bank from a neighboring village, and rattled pebbles, enclosed in basket-work, toward them, hoping to charm the strangers away. But the interpreter soon quieted the fears of the old men, and Stanley succeeded in obtaining some very important information from them in regard to the direction and character of the river below.

NATIVES OF RUBUNGA.

WHILE passing through the cannibal country it was almost impossible to procure food, and the expedition was reduced nearly to the point of starvation. Therefore, on arriving at a village called Rubunga, Stanley determined to make a desperate effort to obtain provisions, and having anchored the boats some distance out in the river, he began to make signs to the crowd of savages on the shore, indicating that he was hungry and wanted something to eat. At length an old chief came down the high bank to the lower landing near some rocks. Other elders of the people, in head-dresses of leopard and civet skin, joined him soon, and then all sat down. The old chief nodded his head. In an instant the anchor of the "Lady Alice" was raised, and with two strokes of the oars Stanley was on shore, and seizing the skinny

hand of the old chief pressed it for joy. These people were friendly and hospitable, and gladly received beads in exchange for such food as fresh and dried fish, snails, oysters, mussels, dried dog-meat, live dogs and goats, bananas, plantains, cassava tubers, flour, and bread of the consistence of sailor's "duff," and other articles. The knives of these people were singular specimens of the African smith's art, being of a waving sickle-shaped pattern, while the principal men carried brass-handled weapons, eighteen inches long, double-edged, and rather wide-pointed, with two blood-channels along the centre of the broad blade, while near the hilt the blade-shaft was pierced by two quarter-circular holes, and the top of the shaft was ornamented with the fur of the otter.

To add to the atrocious bad taste of these aborigines, their necklaces consisted of human, gorilla, and crocodile teeth, in such quantity in many cases that little or nothing could be seen of the neck. A few possessed polished boars' tusks, with the points made to meet from each side of the neck, imparting to the wearers a frightfully hideous appearance.

The most curious objects discovered at Rubunga were four ancient Portuguese muskets, at the sight of which the people of the expedition raised a glad shout. These appeared to them certain signs that they had not lost the road, that the great river did really reach the sea, and that their master was not deluding them when he told them that some day they would see the ocean. But after leaving this village, in nearly all their subsequent combats with the savages, muskets were used against them, often with deadly effect. On the 14th of February they were attacked by a fleet of sixty canoes, filled with desperate savages, many of whom were armed with guns. They approached at a furious pace shouting their war-cry of "Yaha-ha-ha! Ya Bangala!" "Ya Bangala! Yaha-ha-ha!" and a desperate fight took place. One young chief in particular fought with extraordinary bravery. He wore a head-dress of white goat-skin, and a short mantle of the same material, and wreaths of thick brass wire on his neck, arms, and legs, sufficient, indeed, to have protected those parts

from slugs, and proving him to be a man of consequence. He was finally wounded with a Snider bullet in the thigh, when he

THE FIGHT ON THE RIVER.



coolly took a piece of cloth and deliberately bandaged it, and then calmly retreated toward shore. Stanley was so impressed

by the bravery of this young chief, that he ordered his men not to fire on him again, and soon afterward the savages followed their leader and retired to the shore.

On January 19th they made a camp on shore without molestation, but great was their astonishment in the morning to find that during the night a net-work of rope had been set around the camp, in which the natives expected to ensnare the entire expedition, like so many wild animals. In a short fight which now took place eight of the cannibals were captured, who, upon being questioned, admitted that they had set their nets for man-meat. They also declared that their village was an hour's journey from the camp, that they ate old men and old women, as well as every stranger captured in the woods. The three donkeys which Stanley had with him struck the captives with great awe and terror, and when they were led up to the animals they cried out in such pitiable accents and begged so hard for mercy that they elicited Stanley's sympathy; but they were taken along to pilot the expedition to the next falls, which were soon reached, and being the most picturesque as well as the largest in the river, were named, in honor of the explorer, Stanley Falls.

KING CHUMBIRI.

At Balobo they were rejoiced to find a humane old king, named Chumbiri, who treated Stanley with such large hospitality that he was induced to camp there for several days. The king came to visit him in great state, having a large escort of musketeers who were dressed in bright-colored cloths. The old man was a character, even for Africa. He wore a singular looking tall hat, fashioned like those worn by Armenian priests. It was constructed out of close-plaited hyphene-palm fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life, though he might live a century. From his left shoulder, across his chest, was suspended a sword of the bill-hook pattern. Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail. His hand was armed with a buffalo's tail, made into a fly-flapper, to whisk mosquitoes and gnats off the royal face. To his wrist were attached the odds and ends which the laws of superstition had enjoined upon him,

such as charm-gourds, charm-powders in bits of red and black flannel, and a collection of wooden antiquities, besides a snuff-gourd and a parcel of tobacco-leaves. He was constantly filling his nose with snuff and then sneezing it out again. He also carried a pipe six feet long, decorated with brass tacks. From this pipe he would draw long whiffs until his cheeks were distended, and then fumigate his charms with the smoke. He had forty wives, each of whom was permanently collared with thick brass rings, which must have weighed as much as twenty pounds.

When one of his wives dies he cuts her head off and thus secures the brass collar. This clever and really kind-hearted old monarch was one of the richest char-



KING CHUMBIRI.



ONE OF CHUMBIRI'S WIVES.

acters that Stanley met in all his travels, and he remained in his village several days, studying his peculiarities and recruiting his almost famished people. On taking his departure the old king furnished him with an escort of forty-five men, under the command of one of his sons, who accompanied him nearly fifty miles, and rendered him valuable services in that wild and unknown country.

ADVENTURE WITH A PYTHON.

Soon after going into camp after the first day's march from Balobo, everybody was thrown into a state of nervous excitement by the terrible shrieks of a boy, and upon rushing to the spot from whence the alarm came, Stanley was horrified to see a huge python uncoil itself from the body of one of the black boys of the expedition and glide off quickly into the jungle. In the darkness the boy had mistaken the snake for one of his companions, as it reared its horrid head to the height of a man, and he approached so near that it seized him in its dreadful folds. His screams and the rush of men to his assistance so alarmed the reptile that it released its hold and fled. In half an hour the python, or another one, was discovered, in a different part of the camp, about to embrace a woman in its folds; but this time, after tremendous excitement, the monster was dispatched. It measured only 13 feet 6 inches in length, and 15 inches round the thickest part of the body.

DEATH OF KALULU.

On the 13th of March the expedition reached the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls, and more than a month was consumed in passing the long series of cataracts that break the flow of the river here. The passage of this part of the river was saddened by the loss of many good men. On the 28th of March one of the large canoes, called the "Crocodile," containing the boy Kalulu and five other favorite members of the expedition, was swept over a cataract and all were drowned. Stanley felt this loss keenly, for he loved Kalulu almost like a younger brother. The boy had been presented to him by the Arabs of Unyanyembe on the occasion of his first visit there in search of Livingstone. He was then a mere child, but very bright and quick for one of his race and age. Stanley took him to the United States, where he attended school eighteen months, and rapidly developed into an intelligent and quick-witted youth. When Stanley was preparing for his second expedition, Kalulu begged to be allowed to accompany him, and he cheerfully granted his request. His

untimely death made so deep an impression upon Stanley that he named the fatal cataract Kalulu Falls in honor of his memory.

After leaving Kalulu Falls the expedition experienced but few difficulties until the latter part of May, when they arrived at a village called Mowa, the people of which were very hospitable but wondrously superstitious. They furnished the party with food in abundance and manifested their peaceable inclinations in many ways. It was Stanley's custom to employ himself with his note book almost constantly when his attention was not otherwise required, making sketches, memoranda, or preparing vocabularies of the various languages he met with. During his short stay among the Mowa he was thus engaged one afternoon, when, being observed by some of the savages, they immediately set up a hallooming, the war drums began to beat and the people prepared for fighting. Stanley was astounded at this surprising action from natives who had received him with such kindness. He called them to him and asked one of the chiefs the cause of the sudden outbreak.

"Our people," said the chief, "saw you yesterday make marks on some tara-tara (paper). This is very bad. Our country will waste, our goats will die, our bananas will rot, and our women will dry up. What have we done to you, that you should wish to kill us? We have sold you food, and we have brought you wine, each day. Your people are allowed to wander where they please, without trouble. Why is the Mundele so wicked? We have gathered to fight you if you do not burn that tara-tara now before our eyes. If you burn it we go away, and shall be friends as heretofore."

Stanley requested them to allow him a moment to visit his tent, and he would then satisfy them that he had no desire to do anything that would cause them injury. Having a copy of Shakespeare in his tent, he took this and holding it up asked if that was the tara-tara they wished burnt.

"Yes, yes, that is it."

"Well, take it and burn it as you desire."

"M—m! no, no, no. We will not touch it. It is fetich, You must burn it."

To satisfy their superstitious fears he was compelled to sacrifice his Shakespeare, but it was the means of saving his valuable note book.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF FRANK POCOCK.

ON June 3d another accident occurred at Masassa whirlpool, which was more deplorable than all the others. Frank Pocock, who had been Stanley's mainstay and next in command to himself, attempted to drive the rapids against the advice of his experienced boatman, Uledi, who was the bravest native connected with the expedition, though a Zanzibar freedman. Pocock was warned of the danger of such an undertaking; but with a rashness quite unlike himself he ordered the canoe pushed out into the stream. As they approached nearer and nearer the mad breakers Frank realized his peril, but it was too late. They were soon caught in the dreadful whirl of waters and sucked under with a mighty force sufficient to swallow up a ship. Pocock was an expert swimmer, but his art did not now avail him, for he was swept away to his death, though his eight companions saved themselves.

The dreadful news was borne to Stanley by the brave Uledi. This last and greatest calamity, coming in the midst of his already heavy weight of woe, so overcame the great explorer that he wept bitter tears of anguish.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank," he exclaimed, "have you left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

Of the three brave boys who sailed away from England with Stanley to win the laurels of discovery in the unknown wilds of Africa, not one was left, but all were now slumbering for eternity in that strange land, where the tears of sorrowing friends and relatives could never moisten their rude beds of earth.

The repeated calamities of the expedition had by this time so discouraged the people that it was with the greatest effort Stanley could induce them to proceed. They seemed to think they were going to certain destruction, and became languid, sullen,

and despondent. On the 20th of June thirty-one of them deserted in a body, but returned a few days afterward, having met with anything but a friendly reception from the natives. Stanley's great leadership now manifested itself in keeping his people together, quieting their complaints, and infusing enough energy and determination into their wasted bodies to induce them to push on to the ocean. Famine stared them in the face, and he knew that nothing but a persevering, persistent, impetuous advance toward the sea could save them.

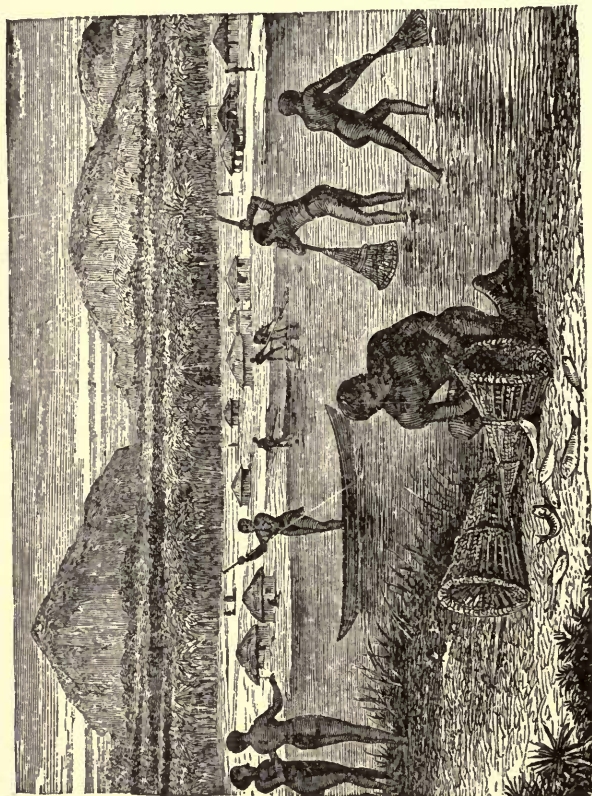
About the middle of July they reached the district of Ngoyo, where they found a very amiable and friendly people, almost as innocent of clothing as our first parents, and whose principal decorations consisted in boring their ears and noses. These people supplied the almost famished travelers with bananas, pine-apples, guavas, limes, onions, fish, cassava bread, ground-nuts, and palm butter in abundance. They were exceedingly well-behaved and gentle, and many of them were handsome. The fishing, as well as all other work, was done by the women. Their nets were constructed of palm-fibres and bark, cone-shaped, and open at the bottom, as shown in the engraving. When fishing the women waded in the shallow water near the shore, and entrapped the fish by dropping the open mouth of the net down over them.

There were some dangerous falls near this village, and the natives, to the number of more than four hundred, volunteered to convey Stanley's boats below the point of danger, which they did in admirable style, though unfortunately one small canoe was wrecked. They expressed much concern about the accident, as though they had been the authors of it; but Stanley reassured them and paid them liberally for their services. He declares that they were the politest people he encountered in Africa.

On the 31st of July, 1877, having explored the river to Isangila Falls, and proved that it was the Congo, Stanley decided to leave the water and proceed overland by a direct route to Embomma, a Portuguese settlement on the coast, and only a few day's march distant. The delight of the people at this announce-

ment manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah !

It was a wayworn, feeble and suffering column that filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain the following day, and strode up the ascent to the table-land. Nearly forty men



WOMEN OF NGOYO FISHING.

filled the sick list with dysentery, ulcers and scurvy, and the victims of the latter disease were steadily increasing.

They found the coast natives so degraded that they would not exchange food for any article except rum, the use of which they had derived from the Portuguese traders ; so that starvation soon stared them in the face. On the evening of the third day they

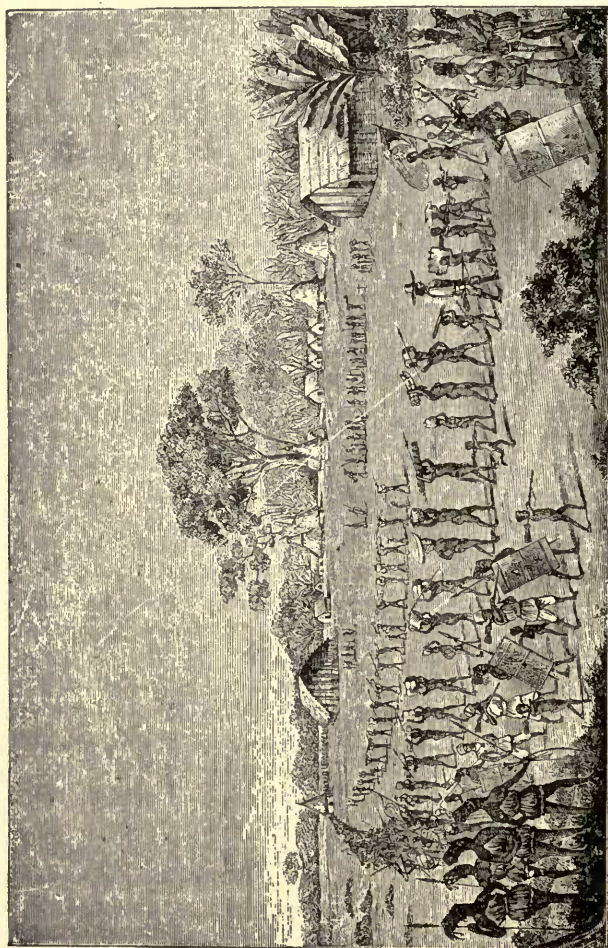
reached the village of Nsanda, and marching through the one street in melancholy and silent procession, voiceless as sphinxes, they felt their way down into a deep gully, and crawled up again to the level of the village site, and camped about two hundred yards away. They were soon visited by the chief, a young, slightly-made man, much given to singing, being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. He was kindly, sociable—laughed, giggled and was amusing, but would not furnish food to the starving travelers unless they would give him rum. Having no rum, they were compelled to go hungry.

From this point Stanley sent a letter, written in English, French and Spanish, by three of his best men, to Embomma, asking relief for his starving people. The men set out about noon on August 4th, and reached the settlement the next day after sundown. Here they were shown to the factory, or store, of Messrs. Hatton & Cookson, an English firm, represented by Mr. John W. Harrison, of Liverpool. That night an abundance of provisions was prepared and packed, and early the next morning Stanley's men were started on their return with full stomachs and accompanied by a number of stout men carrying everything that was needed. They met the starving expedition late the next evening, after they had camped, and a lively scene ensued, as preparations were begun for a royal supper. Relief had come, and all were happy.

On the 9th of August, 1877, the 999th day from the date of his departure from Zanzibar, Stanley prepared to greet the van of civilization, and was received by Mr. Harrison and the Portuguese residents with great *eclat*. They insisted upon carrying him through the town in a swinging hammock, as a mark of special honor, and afterward a grand banquet was provided for him.

After enjoying the generous hospitality of these people for two days, Stanley was ready to depart, but he first strolled down to the river, on the banks of which Embomma is situated, to take a farewell look at its broad and placid waters. "Glancing at the mighty river on whose brown bosom we had endured so much,"

said he, "I saw it approach, awed and humbled, the threshold of the watery immensity, to whose immeasurable volume and illimitable expanse, awful as had been its power, and terrible as



THE EXPEDITION PASSING THROUGH NSANDA.

had been its fury, its flood was but a drop. And I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its Ocean bourne."

He proceeded with his company on a steamer to Kabinda, and thence to Loanda, where his sick and suffering people were received into the Portuguese hospital, and remained until September 27, five of them dying in the meantime. From Loanda the expedition sailed to Cape Town, and thence back to Zanzibar, where the people were paid off and discharged. Stanley started for England December 13, 1877, and upon his arrival in London was received with distinguished honors, such as he well deserved. He had fairly won the English heart as well as the heartiest praise of his own country. He had proved himself, next to Livingstone, the greatest explorer that ever penetrated Africa.

ADVENTURES OF PAUL B. DU CHAILLU.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAUL B. DU CHAILLU was not an *explorer* in the literal meaning of the word, but rather an investigator, for his ambition was to acquaint himself with the animal life of Africa, while the physical features of the country were merely incidental to the purpose of his travels. He had lived several years on the African coast, where his father had a factory, and during this residence his curiosity had led him to acquire the languages of the tribes that came to trade in his vicinity ; he had also become acclimated to equatorial temperature, and was in a measure exempt from fevers which prevail near the coast. He was a Frenchman by birth, but a cosmopolitan by travel and citizenship, for he had

lived in many different countries, the last being the United States, from whence he sailed for Africa in October, 1855. Du Chaillu was also a naturalist and sportsman, for in the preface to his "Adventures in Equatorial Africa," he says:

"A brief summary of the results of my four years' travel will perhaps interest the reader. I traveled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about 8,000 miles. I shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2,000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species, and I killed upward of 1,000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons. Not less than 20 of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. I suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure myself, over fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak."

IN THE HAUNTS OF GORILLAS AND SERPENTS.

Du CHAILLU had traveled several months in the interior, accompanied by an armed escort of natives and women carriers, before he met with any important adventure, as the time had been devoted chiefly to considering the people he met and trying to instil in them the principles of Christianity. Along the Ntambounay river and Sierre del Crystal mountains, however, his attention became directed to other things more immediately concerning his own well-being. The region was very thinly populated and the difficulties of procuring food became so great that his entire party was seriously threatened with starvation. While sitting under a tree, tired and intensely hungry, he began to reflect upon his miserable condition; his gun lay beside him, his only dependence for food, and this seemed now as useless as a walking-stick. He had not long continued in this reverie when, looking up, merely by chance, he was horrified by seeing an enormous serpent swinging from a branch immediately over his head, and, slowly slipping its great body so as to extend its length, was preparing to seize him. Quick as a flash he grasped his gun and shot it through the head. An examination of the snake

showed it to have been of a venomous species, though of an extraordinary size. Du Chaillu's men were delighted with the good fortune that had befallen them; they immediately cut the snake in pieces, and after a thorough roasting, ate it with a keen relish. Though very hungry, he could not bring his stomach to a condition that would receive a morsel of such food.

Within a few hours after this adventure, the party came upon a kind of sugar-cane which grew rank in a large patch that was surrounded by a dense covert. They had hardly observed the cane, before one of the party discovered fresh signs of several gorillas, which had been making their meal off the juicy cane, and in so doing had broken down and chewed up a large quantity, leaving a wide swath to mark their course. There was much confusion at this discovery, for while Du Chaillu was eager to follow the animals, the men and women of the party were agitated with great fear; they might reasonably be excused for exhibiting their nervousness, since the male gorilla is literally king of the African forests, and not even the lion disputes his rule.

By command of Du Chaillu, the armed escort accompanied him, each man first looking well to his gun, for a misfire would be followed by almost sure death. To guard against accident, however, the party kept close together, and proceeded with the greatest caution, since it was certain, from the number of fresh tracks, that there must be four or five gorillas in company. They had traveled only a few hundred yards when, in rounding a large rock, they saw four young gorillas running off at great speed, having taken an alarm before the hunters espied them. Du Chaillu says: "I protest I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they ran—on their hind legs—they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these wild men of the woods."

Among the stories which are current and universally believed

respecting the gorilla's characteristics, is the following, told to Du Chaillu by one of his escort: Two Mbondemo women were one day walking together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path and seizing the handsomer one bore her off in spite of her screams and struggles. The other woman ran to the village people and related the occurrence, and a search was made for the beast, but to no purpose. Several days elapsed without any signs of the missing woman, and her fate no one doubted. Great was the surprise, therefore, when she returned home uninjured, and told her experience with the gorilla. She said he handled her so carefully that not the least injury was done, though he held her so tightly that escape was impossible. For the several days she was kept a prisoner, the gorilla treated her with much kindness, making a great bed of leaves for her to lie on and supplying an abundance of berries for her food. He proved a devoted lover, covering her with caresses and other affectionate manifestations, but at length he left her and she returned home none the worse for her experience.

Other stories were told of how the gorilla lies in wait in the low branches of trees over a path and seizing the unfortunate persons who may chance to pass beneath, draws them up and quickly chokes them to death. Many natives declare that the spirits of their dead take up their abode in gorillas, in which shape they wreak vengeance on their enemies.

In the evening after this vain hunt, Du Chaillu killed a monkey, while some of his men found a beehive full of honey. The monkey was roasted, and from this and the honey he was able to satisfy the craving hunger which was fast enfeebling him. Famine was still threatening, however, and to save himself from starvation Du Chaillu set off for a Fan village, where he hoped to purchase food. Seeing a monkey in the high branches of a tree, he tried to shoot the little animal, but it cunningly hid itself; and while walking around in an effort to discover the monkey, he was suddenly confronted by a Fan warrior with his two wives. The sight of the dread cannibals gave Du Chaillu great fright, until he saw that the warrior himself

was quaking with fear; one of his three spears fell to the ground, his lips were ashen, and his shield rattled with his trembling. The women were no less agitated, for all thought the white man was a spirit just come down out of the sky, nor did their fears subside until Du Chaillu's men came up, when a few presents of beads seemed to reassure them, and on going to their village Du Chaillu was kindly received, and food was purchased in any quantity desired, so that his party were enabled to continue their journey with full stomachs.

SHOOTING HIS FIRST GORILLA.

Two days after leaving the Fan village, while working their tedious way through a thick jungle, the guide, Miengai, gave a cluck with his tongue, which indicated caution and the approach to something unusual. Following this warning, quickly came the noise of breaking branches, and with this Du Chaillu felt certain that he was nearing one of the kings of the forest. He relates the adventure as follows:

“Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were at once filled with a tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance: meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

“The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally



SHOOTING THE GORILLA.

and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch. His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream-creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him.

“With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a struggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.”

A quarrel took place among Du Chaillu's men about the apportionment of the meat, of which they are excessively fond, which would no doubt have led to bloodshed had he not interfered and divided the carcass himself. The brain was very carefully preserved by the men to make charms, which were of two kinds, one of which would give them a strong hand for the hunt, and the other make them successful with women.

A VISIT AMONG THE FAN CANNIBALS.

THE next morning after killing the gorilla, Du Chaillu accepted an invitation to visit a large Fan village, in order that he might learn whether the stories told about their cannibal propensities were true or not, a curiosity which he had an unquenchable desire

to satisfy. He had hardly entered the village when he met a

woman who was carrying the thigh of a human body, just as if she were returning from market with a roast. Reaching the palaver house (council chamber), he was yet further convinced of the horrible custom of these people, by seeing a large party boisterously disputing over the division of a dead body which lay freshly killed before them. The head had already been severed and sent to the king, who is entitled to that portion, as it is regarded as being the most delicious dish that can possibly be prepared. On every side were human bones that had been gnawed bare of flesh



THE CANNIBAL KING.

Du Chaillu was presented to the king, who was a savage-looking creature, fully armed, with face, chest, stomach, and back tattooed, while the rest of his body was painted red, making him look every inch a cannibal king. His beard, which was quite long, was plaited in two braids, tipped with beads, and a long queue, fashioned in the same manner, hung down his back. This same style, however, was affected by all the men whether of royal blood or not. Brass anklets were also worn, which jingled as he walked. The women were so nearly naked that all their costuming was confined to the hair.

All the savage people regarded Du Chaillu as a spirit, and to propitiate him they gave a great dance, which was chiefly performed by women, and it was one of the wildest and most indecent orgies the mind of man can conceive; it was accompanied by inharmonious singing to the music of a drum made of the hollowed trunk of a tree, four feet long, covered at one end with dried goat-skin. After the dance was over they kindly sent him a basket of cooked plantains, which, however, seemed to smell of the flesh-pot, so that Du Chaillu rejected them, as he could not bear the thought of man-eating even at second hand.

On the following day an elephant hunt was organized, in which four elephants were killed, but one of the natives lost his life by being trampled under the feet of one of the huge animals. The man's body was brought into the village to be sold to a neighboring tribe for meat.

Du Chaillu writes: "While I was talking to the king to-day, some Fans brought in a dead body which they had bought in a neighboring town, and which was now to be divided. I could see that the man had died of some disease. I confess I could not bear to stay for the cutting up of the body, but retreated when all was ready. It made me sick all over. I remained till the infernal scene was about to begin, and then retreated. Afterward I could hear them from my house growing noisy over the division. This is a form of cannibalism—eating those who have died of sickness—of which I had never heard in any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom,

or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body."

THE IRON-WORKERS.

Iron ore is found in considerable quantities throughout the Fan country, cropping out at the surface. They do not dig into the ground for it, but gather what lies about. To get the iron they build a huge pile of wood, place on this a considerable quantity of the ore broken up, then comes more wood, and then fire is applied to the whole heap. As it burns away wood is thrown on continually, till at last they perceive, by certain signs, that they have made the iron fluid. All is then permitted to cool, and they have now cast iron. To make this malleable and give it temper, they put it through a most tedious series of heatings and hammerings, till at last they turn out a very superior article of iron and steel, much better than that which is brought to them from Europe. It is a fact that, to make their best knives and arrow-heads, they will not use the European or American iron, but prefer their own. And many of their knives and swords are really very finely made, and, for a rude race, beautifully ornamented by scroll-work on the blades.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ADVENTURE WITH AN ENORMOUS SERPENT.

AFTER stopping for several days in the Fan country, Du Chaillu took leave of the cannibal king, who had really treated him in a most friendly manner, and proceeded to Cape Lopez to inspect the Portuguese slave-pens, which are nearly always crowded with poor black unfortunates. Some dreadful scenes

were here witnessed, such as have been previously described in Baker's expedition. Du Chaillu remarks upon the great difference shown in the dispositions of the slaves he saw at Lopez; some were merry and quite contented with their fate, while others were in the depths of despair; for, to add to the horror of their position, they nearly all believed that the white people purchased them for food; they could conceive of no use to which they might be applied unless it was to eat them; they said: "The white men beyond the sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market." This belief arises from their own customs. Thus a chief in the interior who received Du Chaillu, immediately ordered a slave killed for his dinner.

After wandering about the town until night, Du Chaillu repaired to his house and prepared for bed. He set fire to a torch for light and began to undress by its flickering rays. Before entirely disrobing, his eye caught sight of a glittering object which lay under his bedstead, but he gave it no particular attention until he was ready to retire; then, approaching nearer, he was horrified to find that the shining object was an enormous serpent that had coiled itself up under his couch for a quiet sleep. Grasping a shot-gun that was near at hand, he placed the muzzle against the coiled monster and fired, quickly retreating from the room. The shot brought several persons to the spot, and upon cautiously entering the room, the snake was found cut almost in two, but still squirming and floundering about the room. It was now dispatched with a heavy stick, and was found to measure eighteen feet in length, a little too large for a comfortable bed-fellow.

ADVENTURE WITH A LEOPARD,

DU CHAILLU did not remain long at Cape Lopez, as there was little of interest there, so, purchasing a new supply of ammunition, he hired two guides and a dozen porters, and started again for the interior by a route which brought him back again to the equator in the gorilla and cannibal region.

Upon reaching the Sangatanga country, he established a camp from which he hunted with great success, obtaining many speci-

mens of birds and animals. One evening, while hunting elephants, he came to a small lake, on the borders of which he saw a solitary buffalo; the grass being very high, stalking was easy, and in a stealthy manner, followed by his guide, he came so near the buffalo that he was upon the point of firing, when the guide arrested his arm with a nervous "Sh-h-h!" and there fell on his ear a low, purring sound, barely noticeable above the rustling grasses.

"Njogo, master," said the guide (a leopard.)

The quick and experienced ear of the guide had detected its near presence by the purring noise, something like that made by a cat, though louder.

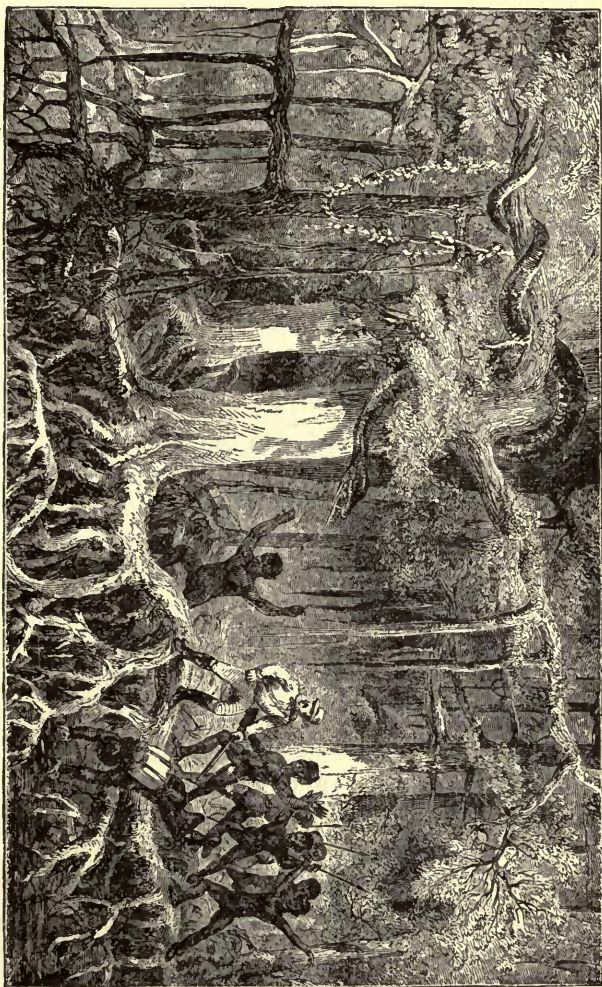
Du Chaillu knew that the leopard hunts only at night and that they do not stir about during daylight except when driven by hunger, when they are very dangerous and will not hesitate to attack men. Cautiously the two moved along, each moment expecting the still hidden animal to spring upon them, until at length the beautiful but ferocious beast was observed gazing so intently at the buffalo that it had not noticed the enemy approaching from behind. It was a very large female, with a half-grown cub beside her, capable of doing much mischief. Almost at the same moment that the two men saw her she turned her fiery eyes toward them, and lashing the ground with her tail, was upon the point of springing at them when a bullet from Du Chaillu's large rifle crashed into her brain and she rolled over dead. The guide made an equally true shot at the cub, which also dropped and instantly died.

These leopards, royal game indeed, became the subject of a protracted contention among Du Chaillu's men, all of whom were anxious to possess the tip of the tail, which they regarded as being a powerful charm. The brain was also a portion which they much desired, for similar purposes. A few days later another, yet larger, leopard was killed near the same place, just as it was in the act of springing upon Aboko, the guide referred to. His escape was a narrow one.

During his encampment at Sangatanga, Du Chaillu and his men killed such an enormous amount of game that the entire

village was fairly overrun with meat. Among the trophies was a fine elephant, which was shot dead by Aboko at a single dis-

ADVENTURE WITH THE SNAKE IN THE SWAMP.



charge of his musket, a feat very rarely accomplished. The people buried the larger portion of the meat obtained in this hunt just outside their village, where the soil contained some

kind of preservative properties which the natives declared would keep the meat fresh for many months.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.

DURING a visit to the village of King Alapay, Du Chaillu witnessed the performance of a curious superstitious rite. On the first night when the new moon is visible all is kept silent in the village; nobody speaks but in an undertone; and in the course of the evening King Alapay came out of his house and danced along the street, his face and body painted in black, red, and white, and spotted all over with spots the size of a peach. In the dim moonlight he had a frightful appearance, which made one shudder at first. Du Chaillu asked him why he painted thus, but he only answered by pointing to the moon, without speaking a word.

Soon after leaving King Alapay's village, Du Chaillu and his men had to cross a swamp that lay in their course. It was about a mile in width, but near the center there was a deep place covered with a thick growth of mangrove, whose roots interlaced and formed a sort of bridge, over which the men hopped and jumped like so many monkeys. Suddenly, one of them flopped down into the mud, crying out "Omemba!" (snake!) The poor fellow had put his hand on an enormous black snake, and feeling its cold, slimy scales, let go his hold and fell through. All hands immediately began to run faster than before, and to shout and make all kinds of noises to frighten the serpent. But the poor reptile also took fright, and began to crawl away among the branches as fast as he could. Unfortunately, his fright led him directly toward the party; and a general panic now ensued, everybody running as fast as he could to get out of the way of danger. Du Chaillu shot the serpent, and they were soon out of the swamp and in a place of safety.

FIGHT BETWEEN A LEOPARD AND A BUFFALO.

WHILE hunting, one day, Du Chaillu fired at a wild buffalo: but the bullet struck a vine and glanced from its course, wounding the beast in the neck. It was a large, fierce bull, and

snorting with pain it lowered its horns and dashed toward the hunter. He had but a moment to consider, and prudently determined to run, for though he had his second barrel in reserve, he felt that the animal was too close upon him to risk another shot.

THE LEOPARD AND THE BUFFALO.



As he turned to escape, his foot caught in a tough vine. He was a prisoner, and the bull dashing toward him, head down and eyes aflame, tearing asunder the vines which barred his progress as though they had been threads. Du Chaillu had been nervous

a moment before ; but now, turning to meet the enemy, he felt his nerves at once as firm as a rock, and his whole system braced for the emergency. All depended on one shot ; for, if he missed, the bull would not. He waited till the beast was within five yards of him, and then fired at his head. He gave one loud, hoarse bellow, and tumbled to the ground dead, his body almost falling upon Du Chaillu.

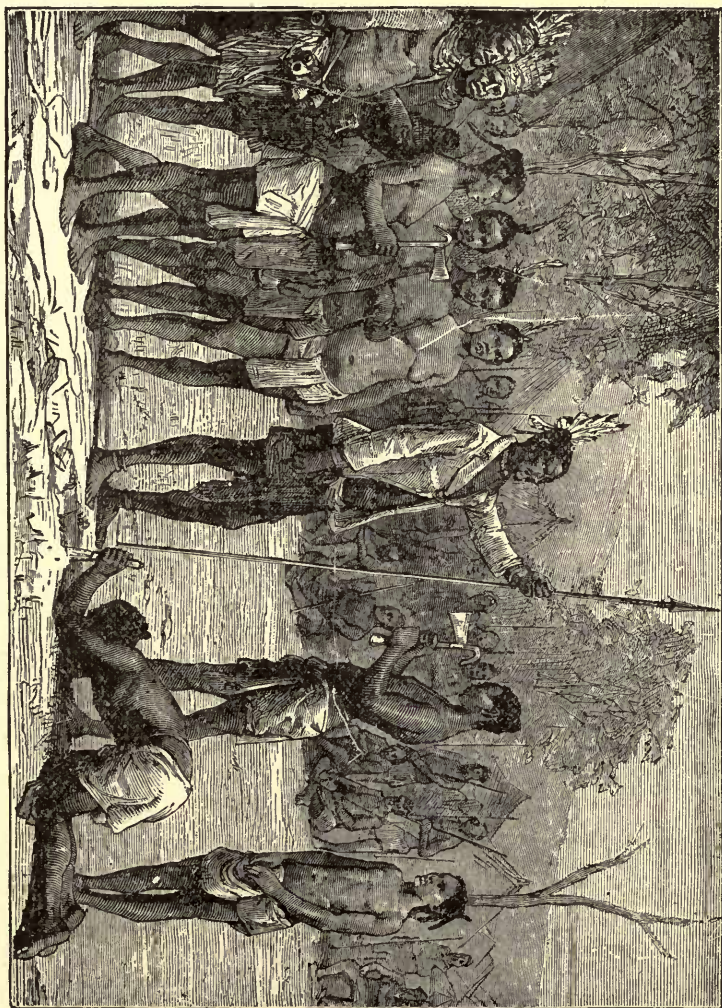
One evening, soon after this adventure, Du Chaillu went some distance from his camp to a noted buffalo-walk, and seating himself behind an ant-hill waited for the approach of game. At last he fell asleep ; how long he dozed he could not say, but he was finally awakened by an unearthly roar or yell, as of some wild animal in extreme agony. He started up, but could see nothing. A dull, booming roar succeeded, and he inferred that some fortunate leopard had found a buffalo. Determined to see the fight if possible, he made toward the sounds, and, emerging from a piece of woods, saw scudding across the plain, and at but little distance from him, a wild bull, on whose neck was crouched a leopard. Vainly the poor beast reared, tossed, ran, stopped, roared and yelled. In its blind terror it at last even rushed against a tree, and nearly tumbled over with the recoil. But once more anguish lent it strength, and it set out on another race. Du Chaillu took as good aim at the leopard's figure as he could and fired, but with no effect that he could discover. The exciting spectacle lasted but a minute ; then the bull was lost to sight, and presently his roars ceased. The leopard had sucked away his life, and was now feasting on his prey.

VISIT TO KING BANGO.

BEING in King Bango's country, Du Chaillu determined to pay his majesty a visit. The king's palace was situated on the top of a high hill, and surrounded by the huts of his wives, of whom he had three hundred. Wherever King Bango went he was accompanied by his ministers of state, and a bevy of his wives bearing his pipes and his pots of rum ; and none were allowed to address him without first falling on their faces to the ground and imploring the royal favor. The king's usual costume was a

flaming yellow coat,—probably the cast-off garment of some Portuguese lackey,—and a dilapidated pair of short pantaloons.

KING BANGO AND HIS SUBJECTS



On the occasion of Du Chaillu's visit, the effect of the royal costume was heightened by a tawdry-looking crown, like those worn by actors on the stage, of which he appeared to be very

proud. He sat on a dirty sofa for a throne, and held his spear in his hand as a sceptre.

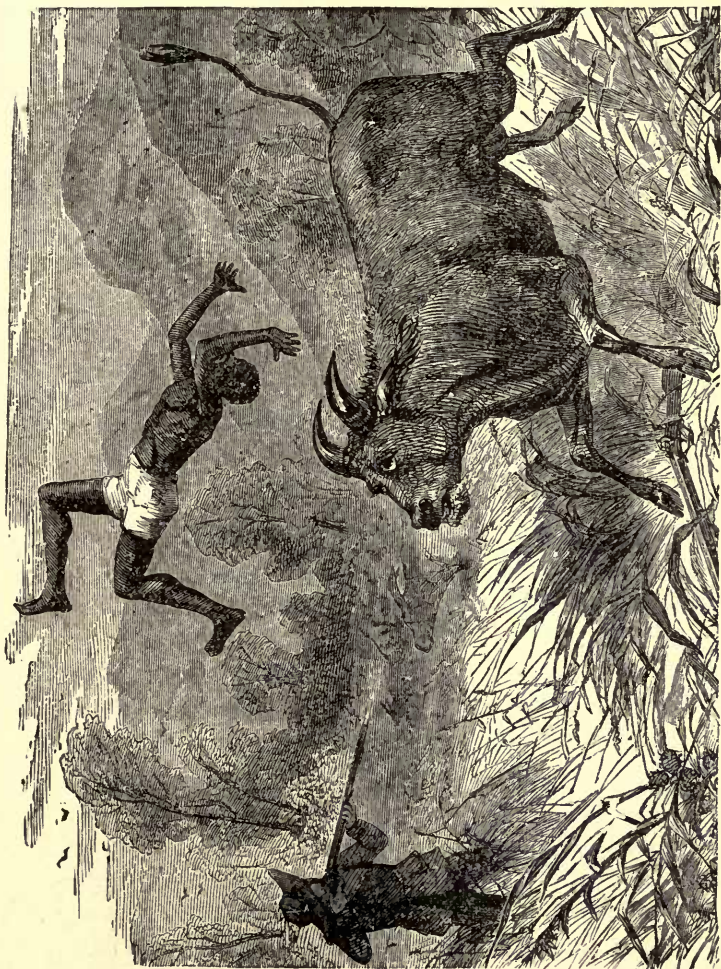
The following day he returned the white man's visit, being borne in a hammock on the shoulders of his officers. At first Du Chaillu thought he was drunk, but was presently informed that his left arm and leg were paralyzed, so that he could not walk. His wives surrounded him, and Du Chaillu soon perceived that they were all drunk. While he and the king were talking one of the women was slyly kicking him on the shins and winking at him, which made Du Chaillu extremely nervous, as he feared King Bango might notice her actions and have his jealousy aroused.

The succeeding night a grand ball was given by the king in Du Chaillu's honor. Shortly after dark about one hundred and fifty of Bango's wives assembled, many of whom were accounted the best dancers in the country. A stiff drink of rum was given to each woman, and then the singing and dancing commenced, the women only taking part in the latter. This dance is indescribable. Any one who has seen a Spanish fandango, and can imagine its wild movements tenfold exaggerated, will have some faint conceptions of the postures of these black women. The ball went on for about two hours, when, the rum having been in the meanwhile freely distributed, the assembly became so uproarious that Du Chaillu attempted to retire, but the king would not suffer it. He and all his people seemed to enjoy the fun amazingly. But as the revelry grew madder and madder all the time, Du Chaillu at length slipped out and went to bed.

TOSSED BY A BUFFALO.

Du Chaillu returned to Cape Lopez again from Sangatanga, and taking a vessel went to the Gaboon river, which is nearly ten miles wide at its mouth. He here secured a schooner, the *Caroline*, and loaded her with provisions sufficient to last his party twenty months. They found the river navigable for a distance of one hundred miles, while along its banks were numerous villages and much game. At Rampano village Du Chaillu went on shore and established a camp, being assured that hunting in the neighborhood was exceptionally fine.

Early the following morning he started, with a hunter named Ifouta, with the hope of getting a shot at some buffaloes that were said to be in the prairie back of the town. They had been



TOSSED BY A BUFFALO.

out about an hour when they came upon a bull feeding in the midst of a little prairie surrounded by a wood, which made their approach easy. Ifouta walked around opposite to where Du

Chaillu lay in wait, so that if the animal took alarm at him it might fly toward his master; and then began to crawl, in the hunter fashion, through the grass toward his prey. All went well till he came near enough for a shot. Just then, unluckily, the bull saw him. Ifouta immediately fired. The gun made a long fire, and he only wounded the beast, which, quite infuriated, as it often is at the attack of hunters, immediately rushed upon him.

It was now that poor Ifouta lost his presence of mind. In such cases, which are continually happening to those who hunt the buffalo, the cue of the hunter is to remain perfectly quiet till the beast is within a jump of him, then to step nimbly to one side and let it rush past. But Ifouta got up and ran. Of course, in a moment the bull had him on his horns. It tossed him high into the air three times before Du Chaillu could run up, and, by his shouts, draw its fury to himself. Then it came rushing at him. But his gun did not hesitate, and, as he had a fair shot, he killed it without trouble. Ifouta proved to be considerably bruised, but, on the whole, more scared than hurt; and when he had washed in a creek near by, he was able to walk home.

CAPTURE OF A GORILLA.

A MONTH after debarking at Ranpano, Du Chaillu's heart was gladdened by the sight of a young gorilla, which some daring members of his party had captured. They were passing through the forest on their way to camp after an unsuccessful hunt, when their attention was attracted by the cries of the baby gorilla for its mother; knowing how intensely delighted their master would be to possess such a prize, they resolved upon its capture. Cautiously approaching through the wood, they saw the baby sitting on the ground eating some berries which grew close to the earth. A few feet further on sat the mother, also eating the same food. They instantly made ready to fire on the mother, who had already discovered them, and was advancing with great rage. Three guns were fired together, and she fell mortally wounded. The baby, alarmed by the noise of the guns, rushed to his mother, and in a manner pitifully affectionate embraced her, and in many

ways tried to arouse her; his heart seemed breaking by the appealing look he gave while he tugged at his dead mother's face and nestled down beside her, until the hunters were fairly upon him. Taking fright only when they attempted to seize him, he fled to a large tree near by, and nimbly ascended to its topmost branches, roaring all the while with savage fury.

The tree was too large to climb, so, after much debating, they cut it down and then rushed upon the young gorilla with a large cloth which they dexterously threw over its head, and thus secured it, but not before one of the men had his finger bitten off, and another lost a piece of his leg. It proved to be a male, about three years old, and two feet six inches in height; though so young, it was very strong and dreadfully pugnacious.

During a captivity of several days, his anger only seemed to increase. He finally succeeded in forcing the bars of his cage apart and escaped into Du Chaillu's room. Here he was master of



CAPTURE OF THE BABY GORILLA.

the situation for some time, no one being willing to measure strength with him. At length Du Chaillu thought of a happy expedient: a net was brought and fastened by the door so that he must become entangled in its meshes in passing out. The plan worked successfully, and the baby was again placed in his

cage, but not until a chain had been attached to a collar about his neck to prevent the possibility of future escape.

It was pitiful to see the little gorilla in the mad frenzy which he displayed after recapture. But he seemed to grow more composed after two days and would come to eat out of Du Chaillu's hand, but it was always with a treacherous intent. Assuming a most bland and peaceful expression, he would approach from the rear of his cage and take the food proffered him, but in a twinkling he would throw out his hind feet and try to grasp the arm or legs of his captor. After ten days' captivity he died, continuing untamable to the last.

THE NEST-BUILDING APE.

NOT long after losing his baby gorilla, Du Chaillu went upon a hunt with a proper escort and his favorite man Aboko. They were not very successful in finding game, but the enthusiastic naturalist found something that was even more delightful to him. As he was trudging along, rather tired of the sport, he happened to look up at a high tree which they were passing, and saw a most singular-looking shelter built in its branches. He asked Aboko whether the hunters here had this way to sleep in the woods, but was told, to his surprise, that this very ingenious nest was built by an ape, called nshiego, an animal with no hair on its head—so Aboko said.

Du Chaillu saw at once that he was on the trail of an animal till then unknown to the civilized world. He no longer felt tired, but pushed on with renewed ardor and with increased caution, determined not to rest till he had killed the nest-building ape.

These nests, many of which were found in the forest, were built on the lowest branches of large trees, invariably isolated, and usually from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground. The materials of which they are made are leafy branches with which the roof is constructed, and vines to tie these branches to the tree. They are so admirably built that human hands could scarcely improve them, certainly much better than are the habitations of the tree-dwellers in some of the Malay islands. The nests are never found in company, nor do the females and males

occupy the same abode, but live in separate nests built in trees not far apart. Their food is wild berries, and they build their houses where they find these. When they have consumed all



THE NSHIEGO OR NEST-BUILDING APE.

that a particular spot affords, they remove and build new houses, so that a nest is not inhabited for more than eight or ten days.

Du Chaillu and his guide traveled with great caution, not to

alarm their prey, and had a hope that, singling out a shelter and waiting till dark, they should find it occupied. In this hope they were not disappointed. Lying quite still in their concealment, just at dusk they heard the loud peculiar "Hew! Hew! Hew!" which is the call of the male to his mate. They waited till it was quite dark and then saw what they had so longed for all the weary afternoon. A nshiego was sitting in his nest; his feet rested on the lower branch; his head reached quite into the little dome of a roof, and his arm was clasped firmly about the tree-trunk. This is their way of sleeping. A shot quickly brought the poor beast to the earth.

The largest one which Du Chaillu killed measured four feet four inches in height, and had a spread of arms of more than seven feet. This shows it to be larger than the chimpanzee, but considerably smaller than the gorilla; while it bears no resemblance to either.

FIGHT BETWEEN A LEOPARD AND A CROCODILE.

ON the following day a crocodile hunt was arranged to take place on Anengue Lake, which was fairly alive with the dreadful reptiles. The natives, having only harpoons, very seldom hunted them, as their only vulnerable spot is in the soft place just behind or under the fore-legs, which is very difficult to hit with a harpoon. This immunity from danger which the crocodile shares tends to multiply their numbers and make them easy of approach. Du Chaillu went out in a canoe paddled by two men, while others followed to pick up the game. Several were shot, measuring from eighteen to twenty feet in length, which were towed to the village behind canoes, crocodile meat being regarded as a great luxury by all Africans.

About two hours after this incident Du Chaillu's attention was attracted by a loud splashing among the reeds near the shore, and a fierce growling, which plainly told of some wild animal in distress. A few vigorous strokes of the paddles brought him in plain view of a leopard and crocodile engaged in deadly combat. It was evident at a glance that the leopard had been attacked by the reptile while drinking and was battling for his life. It was

a terrible fight, in which neither apparently had any advantage. The water's edge was dyed with blood while the two animals were covered with wounds. Du Chaillu sat a mute spectator for several minutes, and until he saw them both struggling in their death throes. The crocodile was first to succumb, but the leopard was unable to drag himself away, and died in less than ten minutes beside his victim.



COMBAT BETWEEN THE LEOPARD AND THE CROCODILE.

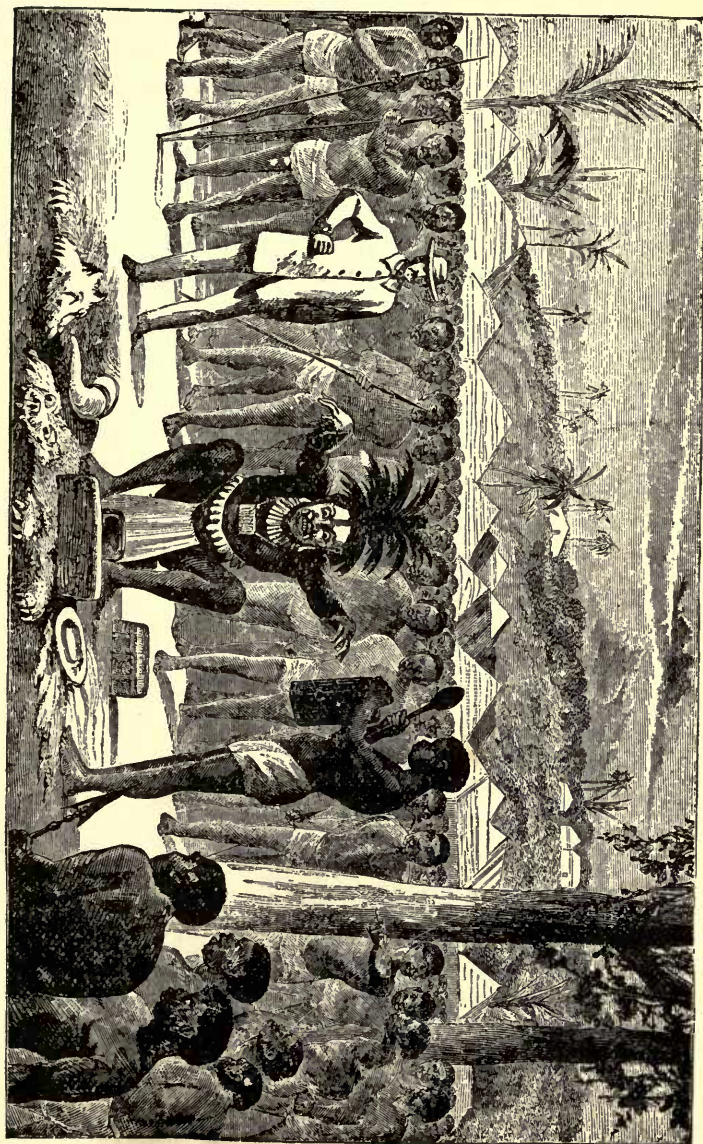
A WITCH DOCTOR.

DURING his visit among the Camma people Du Chaillu was witness of a strange, unearthly ceremony, which was performed to drive away the spirit that was vexing one of his men. Describing this ceremony he writes :

“The Camma theory of disease is that Okambo (the devil) has got into the sick man. Now this devil is only to be driven out with noise, and accordingly they surround the sick man and beat drums and kettles close to his head ; fire off guns near to his ears ; sing, shout, and dance all they can. This lasts till the poor fellow either dies or is better—unless the operators become tired out first—for the Camma doctors either kill or cure.”

In this case the sick man died and was buried in a shallow grave, from which wild beasts soon tore the body and devoured it. The mourning was now begun and lasted six days, at the end of which time a celebrated doctor was sent for in order that he might discover, by a fetich ceremony, who it was that had bewitched the dead man; for it was not believed that a young man of general good health could die so suddenly by the natural course of nature.

A canoe was dispatched to bring the doctor, who arrived in due time and at once prepared to exorcise the vexatious spirit. He wore a high head-dress of black feathers; his eyelids were painted red, and a red stripe, from the nose upward, divided his forehead into two parts. The face was painted white, and on each side of his mouth were two round red spots, while around his neck was a grass cord suspending a box of snake bones and other charms. He sat on a box, or stool, before which stood another box containing charms. On this stood a looking-glass, beside which lay a buffalo-horn containing some black powder, and said, in addition, to be the refuge of many spirits. He had a little basket of snake-bones, which he shook frequently during his incantations, and also several skins, to which little bells were attached. Near by stood another fellow beating a board with two sticks. All the people of the village gathered about this couple, who, after continuing their incantations for quite a while, at last came to the climax. Jombuai was told to call over the names of persons in the village, in order that the doctor might ascertain if any one of those named did the sorcery. As each name was called the old cheat looked in the glass to see the result. He was unable to name the witch, but declared that he was hidden in the village and would kill every one who remained there. At once there was great excitement, for the people began to shout and tear down their houses, making all the while hideous noises to frighten the witch away while they were preparing for removal. At the end of a few hours the village had entirely disappeared from its old site and was re-established again in a spot about a mile away.



THE WITCH DOCTOR.

TERRIBLE COMBAT WITH A GORILLA.

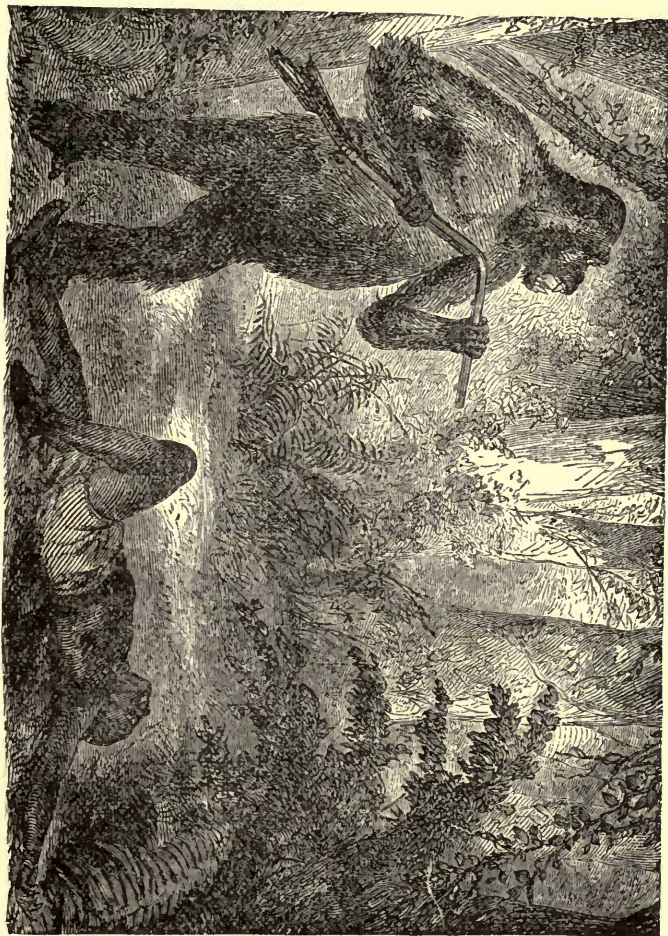
SOME time after this event Du Chaillu went on another gorilla hunt, taking with him six companions, all of whom he armed with guns, in anticipation of an exciting adventure, for the male gorilla is the only wild animal that does not fear man. The hunt is thus described by Du Chaillu:

“Our little party separated, as is the custom, to stalk the woods in various directions. One brave fellow went off alone in a direction where he thought he could find a gorilla. The other three took another course. We had been about an hour separated when Gambo and I heard a gun fired but a little way from us, and presently another. We were already on our way to the spot where we hoped to see a gorilla slain, when the forest began to resound with the most terrific roars. Gambo seized my arms in great agitation, and we hurried on, both filled with a dreadful and sickening fear. We had not gone far when our worst fears were realized. The poor brave fellow who had gone off alone was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, and I thought at first quite dead. Beside him lay his gun. The stock was broken and the barrel was bent and flattened. It bore plainly the marks of the gorilla's teeth.

“We picked him up, and I dressed his wounds as well as I could with rags torn from my clothes. When I had given him a little brandy to drink he came to himself, and was able, but with great difficulty, to speak. He said that he had met the gorilla suddenly and face to face, and that it had not attempted to escape. It was, he said, a huge male, and seemed very savage. It was in a very gloomy part of the woods, and the darkness made him miss. He said he took good aim, and fired when the beast was only about eight yards off. The ball merely wounded it in the side. It at once began beating its breasts, and with the greatest rage advanced upon him. To run away was impossible. He would have been caught in the jungle before he had gone a dozen steps.

“He stood his ground, and as quickly as he could reloaded his gun. Just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his

hands, the gun going off in the fall, and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with its immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and



THE GORILLA BREAKING THE GUN.

with a single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank, bleeding, to the ground, the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought he would have his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon this also as

an enemy, and in his rage flattened the barrel between his strong jaws. When we came upon the ground the gorilla was gone. This is their mode when attacked—to strike one or two blows, and then leave the victims of their rage on the ground and go off into the woods.

“We hunted up our companions and carried our poor fellow to the camp, where all was instantly excitement and sorrow. They entreated me to give him medicine, but I had nothing to suit his case. I saw that his days were numbered; and all I could do was to make him easy by giving him a little brandy or wine at intervals. He had to tell the whole story over again; and the people declared at once that this was no true gorilla that had attacked him, but a man—a wicked man turned into a gorilla. Such a being no man could escape, they said; and it could not be killed, even by the bravest hunters.”

The poor fellow died in great pain on the second day. On the same day Du Chaillu killed a gorilla which he thought must be the same one that had fatally wounded his servant, as it answered to the description which the dying man gave. Its height was five feet seven inches, and it had a spread of arms of nearly eight feet. Its weight was about 225 pounds. Two days later Du Chaillu killed a still larger male, that measured five feet nine inches in height and its arms spread out a distance of nine feet, while its chest circumference was sixty-two inches.

HABITS OF THE GORILLA.

Du CHAILLU is the only explorer who has ever hunted and made a special study of the gorilla. His observations are therefore of great importance, since he is recognized as the only authority on the subject. His descriptions of the haunts and habits of the animal are as follows:

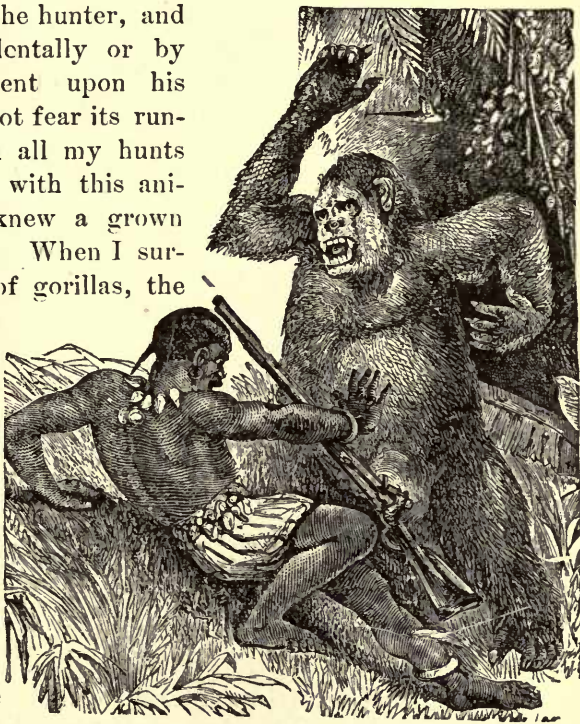
“The gorilla is not gregarious. Of adults, I found almost always one male with one female, though sometimes the old male wanders companionless. In such cases, as with the ‘rogue’ elephant, he is particularly morose and malignant, and dangerous to approach. Young gorillas I found sometimes in companies of five; sometimes less, but never more. The young always run

off, on all fours, shrieking with fear. They are difficult to approach, as their hearing is acute, and they lose no time in making their escape, while the nature of the ground makes it hard for the hunter to follow. The adult animal is also shy, and I have hunted all day at times without coming upon them, when I felt sure they were carefully avoiding me. When, however, at last

fortune favors the hunter, and he comes accidentally or by good management upon his prey, he need not fear its running away. In all my hunts and encounters with this animal, I never knew a grown male to run off. When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting on

a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding

near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malignant eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon



THE GORILLA STRIKING THE HUNTER.

ensues a long, deeply-guttural rolling r, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep-rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description. It seems as monstrous as a nightmare; so impossible a piece of hideousness that, were it not for the danger of its savage approach, the hunter might fancy himself in some ugly dream.

"It is a maxim with a well-trained gorilla-hunter to reserve his fire till the very last moment, for if he misses, the gorilla at once rushes on him, and this onset no man can withstand. One blow of that huge paw, with its bony claws, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to reload, and flight is vain.

"The gorilla is only met in the most dark and impenetrable jungle, where it is difficult to get a clear aim, unobstructed by vines and tangled bushes, for any distance greater than a few yards. For this reason the hunter wisely stands still and awaits the approach of the infuriated beast. The gorilla advances at short stages, stopping to utter his diabolical roar and to beat his vast breast with his paws. His walk is a waddle, from side to side, his hind legs, which are short, being somewhat inadequate to the proper support of his huge superincumbent body. He balances himself by swinging his arms, and the vast paunch, the round bullet-head joined awkwardly to the trunk with scarce a vestige of neck, and the great muscular arms, and deep, cavernous breast, give to this waddle an ungainly horror, which adds to his ferocity of appearance. At the same time, the deep-set grey eyes sparkle out with gloomy malignity; the features are contorted in hideous wrinkles, and the slight, sharply-cut lips, drawn up, reveal the long fangs and the powerful jaws, in which a human limb would be crushed as a biscuit.

"The hunter, looking with fearful care to his priming, stands still, gun in hand, often for five weary minutes, waiting with growing nervousness for the moment when he may relieve his



GORILLAS SURPRISED IN A FOREST.

suspense by firing. I have never fired at a male at a greater distance than eight yards, and from fourteen to eighteen feet is the usual shot. At last the opportunity comes; and now the gun is quickly raised, a moment's anxious aim at the vast breadth of breast, and then pull trigger.

"In shooting the hippopotamus at night and on shore, the negro always scampers off directly he has fired his gun. When he fires at the gorilla he stands still. I asked why they did not run in this case, too, and was answered that it was of no use; to run would be fatal. If the hunter has missed, he must battle for his life face to face, hoping by some piece of unexpected good fortune to escape a fatal blow, and come off, perhaps, maimed for life, as I have seen several in the up-river villages. Fortunately, the gorilla dies as easily as man; a shot in the breast, if fairly delivered, is sure to bring him down. He falls forward on his face, his long, muscular arms outstretched, and uttering, with his last breath, a hideous death-cry, half roar, half shriek, which, while it announces his safety to the hunter, yet tingles his ears with a dreadful note of human agony. It is this lurking reminiscence of humanity, indeed, which makes one of the chief ingredients of the hunter's excitement in his attack of the gorilla.

"The common walk of the gorilla is not on his hind legs, but on all-fours. In this posture, the arms are so long that the head and breast are raised considerably, and as it runs the hind legs are brought far beneath the body. The leg and arm on the same side move together, which gives the beast a curious waddle. It can run at great speed. The young, parties of which I have often pursued, never take to trees, but run along the ground, and at a distance, with their bodies half-erect, look not unlike negroes making off from pursuit. I have never found the female to attack, though I have been told by the negroes that a mother with a young one in charge will sometimes make fight. It is a pretty thing to see such a mother with the baby gorilla sporting about it. I have watched them in the woods, till, eager as I was to obtain specimens, I had not the heart to shoot. But in such cases my negro hunters exhibited no tender-heartedness,

but killed their quarry without loss of time. When the mother runs off from the hunter the young one grasps her about the neck, and hangs beneath her breast with its little legs about her body."

"The gorilla uses no artificial weapons of offense, but attacks always with its arms, though in a struggle no doubt the powerful teeth would play a part. I have several times noticed skulls in which the huge canines were broken off, not *worn* down, as they are in almost all the adult gorillas, by gnawing at trees which they wish to break, and which, without being gnawed into, are too strong even for them. The negroes informed me that such teeth were broken in combats between the males for the possession of a female, and I think this quite probable. Such a combat must form a magnificent and awful spectacle. A struggle between two well-matched gorillas would exceed in that line anything ever witnessed by the Romans."

CARNIVEROUS ANTS.

ONE of the most dangerous pests of Africa are the bashikonay ants, whose ravages are wonderful, and whose powers of destruction are even more remarkable. They are the dread of all living creatures, from the elephant to the smallest insect. They do not build nests, nor do they lay up stores for future use, but eat their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the country in a long, regular line, which is usually two inches broad and several miles in length. All along this line are stationed, at regular distances, larger ants that act as officers; they march about half an inch from the line, and in every respect act like officers keeping their men in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These columns are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they get hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it comes to with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla

fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. "Many a time," says Du Chaillu, "have I been awakened out of a sleep and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, which had got into my clothes." When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Roaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleaned of all the abounding vermin, such as immense roaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect world flies before them. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When, on their line of march, they must cross a stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore-claws to its next neighbor's body or hind-claws. Thus they form a high,

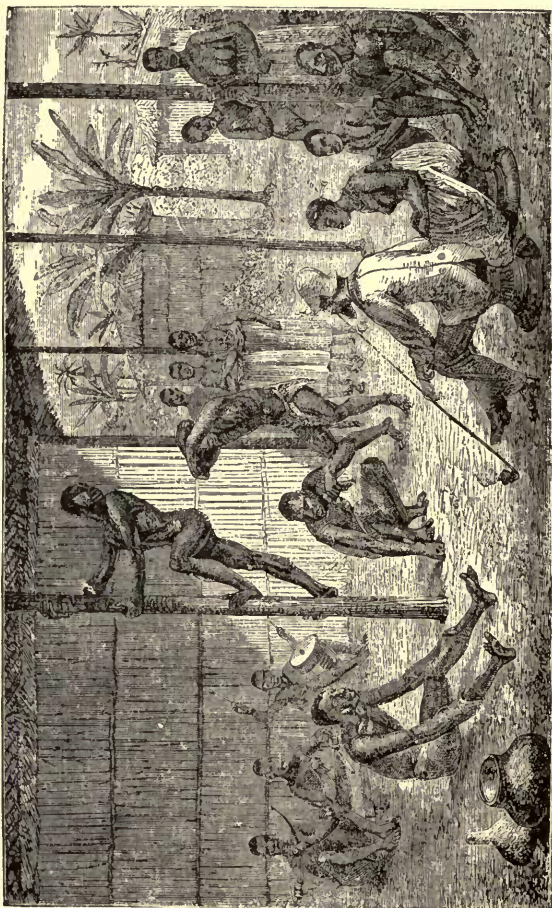
safe tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

THE GORILLA DANCE.

DURING one of his visits to the cannibal country Du Chaillu was entertained by a gorilla dance, which was one of the most grotesque and wonderful exhibitions he ever witnessed. Among the natives was a man named Etia, whose skin was like that of an alligator, all horny and wrinkled; his left hand had been crippled by the teeth of a gorilla, and his countenance was almost as hideous as the face of that terrible beast. In a house allotted to slaves, three old men, their faces grotesquely chalked, played the drum, the sounding log, and the one-stringed harp. To them danced Etia, imitating the uncouth movements of the gorilla. Then the iron bell was rung, and Ombujiri, the Evil Spirit, was summoned to attend, and a hoarse rattle mingled with the other sounds. Three other dancers now rushed yelling into the midst, and sprang into the air. There would be a pause, broken only by the faint, slow tinkling of the harp; then the measure grew quicker and quicker, and the drum would be beaten, and the sticks thundered on the log. Etia assumed the various attitudes peculiar to the ape. Now he would be seated on the ground, his legs apart, his hands resting on his knees, his head drooping, and in his face the vacant expression of the brute; sometimes he folded his arms on his forehead. Suddenly he would raise his head with prone ears and flaming eyes, while a loud shout of applause would prove how natural it was. In the chorus all the dancers assumed such postures as these, while Etia, climbing ape-like up the pole which supported the roof, towered above them all.

In the third dance he imitated the gorilla being attacked and killed. The man who played the hunter inimitably acted terror and irresolution before he pulled the trigger of his imaginary gun. Etia, as gorilla, charged upon all-fours, and fell dead at the man's feet, in the act of attempting to seize him with one hand.

Nothing short of an actual gorilla hunt could have been more realistic, and it made such an impression upon Du Chaillu that he could not close his eyes in sleep during the remainder of the night, the dance having been kept up until nearly morning.



THE GORILLA DANCE.

THE CANNIBAL QUEEN TEMBANDUMBA.

THE history of the cannibal queen Tembandumba, of the Congo country, as related by Du Chaillu, is one of the most remarkable and thrilling ever placed on record. Donji, who was

a captain in the army of the great King Zimbo, of the Jaga tribe, had a daughter by his wife Mussasa, whom he named Tembandumba. On the death of King Zimbo his empire was divided into petty principalities among his officers, one of which was governed by Donji. He having also died, his wife Mussasa continued his enterprises and conquests. She was a skillful warrior and extremely cruel and bloodthirsty. She gave her daughter the education of a warrior; and these two women, at the head of their army, were always the first to charge the enemy and the last to retreat. Mussasa was so struck with her daughter's courage, wisdom, and endurance, that she gave her command of half the troops. Tembandumba, having gained several victories, and now confident of her superior genius, no longer deigned to listen to her mother's advice. A lioness in war, she became a tigress in passion; savage in her wantonness—at once voluptuous and bloodthirsty—she admitted a crowd of lovers to her arms, and killed them with the cruelest tortures as soon as her lusts were satisfied. Her mother having remonstrated with her respecting these excesses, she openly rebelled, and proclaimed herself queen of the Jagas. Following now in the footsteps of the great Zimbo, she determined to turn the world into a wilderness. She would kill all the animals, burn all the forests, and destroy all vegetable food, so that the only sustenance of her subjects should be the flesh of man, and his blood their drink.

In a furious harangue to Amazon warriors she commanded that all male children, all twins, and all infants whose upper teeth appeared before their lower ones, should be killed by their own mothers. From their bodies an ointment should be made in the way which she would show. The female children should be reared and instructed in war; and male prisoners, before being killed and eaten, should be used for purposes of procreation, so that there might be no future lack of female warriors. Having concluded her harangue, this young woman seized her own child, which was feeding at her breast, flung him into a mortar, and pounded him to a pulp. She threw this into a large earthen pot, adding roots, leaves, and oils, and made the whole into an oint-

ment, with which she rubbed herself before them all, telling them that this would render her invulnerable, and that now she could subdue the universe. Immediately her subjects, seized with a savage enthusiasm, massacred all their male children, and immense quantities of this human ointment were made.



TEMBANDUMBA LEADING HER WARRIORS IN BATTLE.

Tembandumba wished to found an empire of Amazons, such as we read of as existing among the Scythians, in the forests of South America, and in Central Africa. She not only enjoined

the massacre of male children ; she forbade the eating of woman's flesh. But she had to conquer an instinct in order to carry out her views ; she fought against nature, and in time she was subdued. As she grew older she became more cruel, more lustful, and more capricious. She embraced a lover one day, and dined off him the next. But finally she fell in love with a young man named Culemba, a private soldier in her army. He was strong and finely proportioned ; cruel, bloodthirsty and remorseless. He possessed all the arts of flattery and insinuation. He studied the nature of this extraordinary woman, and gained such influence over her that she married him publicly, and gave him the half of her throne and kingdom.

In the course of time she began to tire of married life. She yawned sometimes, and Culemba knew that such yawns meant danger to him ; she had begun to study his beautiful form as a gourmand rather than as a lover. He hesitated no longer, but inviting her to a grand feast, he entertained her magnificently on the bodies of roasted infants and palm-wine served in the skulls of her enemies. She drank the wine and died on the spot.

Culemba displayed such violent grief, being scarcely restrained from killing himself upon her body, that no one supposed he had poisoned her. She was buried on a high hill, where a large vault was excavated and divided into several cells, which were furnished with the finest mats and skins. Her favorite drinks and dishes were placed there. Clothed in her warrior's dress, she was buried sitting on her throne in a commanding attitude. Her body was accompanied to the grave by an army ; a herd of victims were sacrificed ; the musical instruments made a sound like thunder ; and above all rose the cries of the unhappy Culemba, who succeeded to the throne.

EXECUTION OF WOMEN ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT.

WHILE Du Chaillu was among the Bakalai people he was made a witness of many barbaric sights, but none that affected him so much as the following : At the village of Goumbi, an old friend of Du Chaillu's, named Mpomo, was taken violently ill, and his condition was very much aggravated by the unearthly noises

made by the natives to drive the devil out of him. The poor fellow could not survive the effects of the disease and noises combined, and after a short illness he died. On such occasions it is the custom of the dying man's head wife to throw herself by him on the bed; then, encircling his body with her arms, she sings to him songs of love and pours a torrent of endearing phrases into his ears, while the friends standing near utter wailings of a very mournful character. Such a scene is always touching. After a husband dies the wives sit upon the ground throwing



GROUP OF WOMEN AT THE GRAVE OF A DEAD HUSBAND.

moistened ashes and dust over their bodies, and shave their heads and rend their clothes.

On the day Mpomo was buried proceedings were begun to discover the persons who had bewitched the poor fellow. A great doctor was brought from up the river, and for two nights and days the village was in an uproar of excitement. At last, on the third morning, when the turmoil was at its height—when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers, the doctor assembled them about him in the

center of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers. Every man and boy was armed, some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes, and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was wrapt in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. After a certain devilish ceremony the infernal doctor commanded silence, while he said :

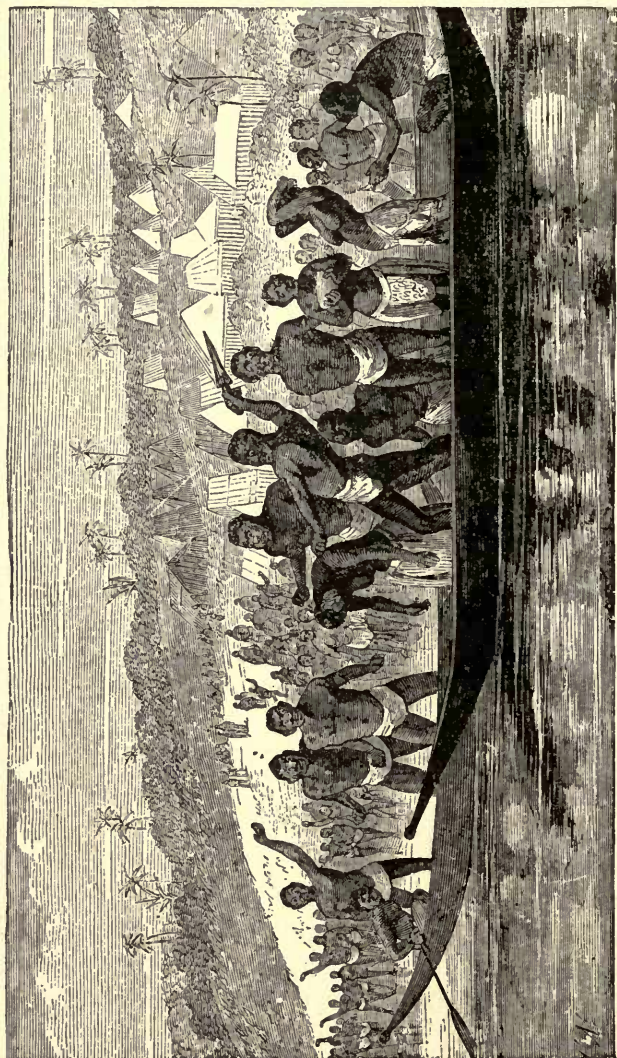
“ There is a very black woman, who lives in a house (describing its location) ; she bewitched Mpomo.”

Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when the crowd, raving and screaming like so many infuriated beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, who was the sister of Du Chaillu's guide and friend, Adonma. Waving their weapons over her head, they bore her away to the water-side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the diabolical doctor again.

The ceremony was repeated as before, and the doctor accused another woman, who was likewise seized. He continued his accusations until half-a-dozen poor wretches were brought to judgment, which was execution by beheading. A large canoe was next brought, in which the victims were placed, with the executioners, doctor, and several armed persons. The poison-cup, called *mboundon*, was handed to each. Poor Okandaga was a picture of despair as her brother handed the chalice to her ; the cries she uttered were pitiful to hear, for life was lovely to her, and innocence only rendered her more sensitive to her fate. All, however, were forced to take the poison, which, in a moment, produced an intoxication, when the headsmen began their bloody work, literally hacking off the heads of the accused with a short knife, which was so light that several strokes were required to complete the horrible butchery. After their heads were stricken off, the bodies were cut into small pieces and scattered over the water, a ceremony which is supposed to destroy their power to work evil in their spiritual condition.

A NATION OF DWARFS.

WHILE traveling in the Apingi country, Du Chaillu heard that



BEHEADING THE VICTIMS OF WITCHCRAFT.

there was a village of the Obongos, or dwarfed wild negroes, not far distant, and he decided to visit these singular specimens

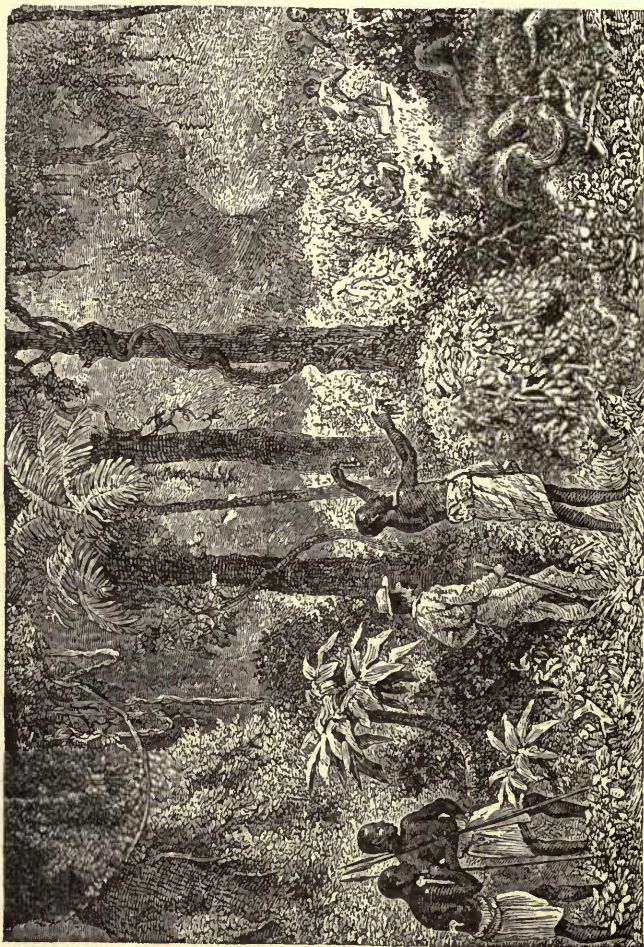
of humanity. His guides advised him to take a small party, so as to make but little noise, for the dwarfs were very wild and would run as soon as they saw a stranger. Securing a few guides, he set out and in due time came upon a dwarf village, in a secluded part of the woods, consisting of twelve singular little huts constructed of the branches of trees. But the inhabitants had observed the approach of the strangers and fled.

Leaving the abandoned huts, they continued their way through the forest; and presently, within a quarter of a mile, they came on another village, composed, like the first, of about a dozen ill-constructed huts, scattered about, without any regular order, in a small open space. The dwellings had been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. Approaching with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates, the Ashango guide held up a bunch of beads in a friendly way; but all this care was fruitless, for the men had gone when they came up. Their flight was hurried. Hastening to the huts, they luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter being hid in one of the huts.

The little holes which served as doors were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees, with their foliage, stuck in the ground. Du Chaillu finally succeeded in approaching the trembling creatures, their powers of motion seeming to be paralyzed by fear. One of the old women, in the course of a short time, lost all her shyness, and began to ridicule the men for having run away. She said they were as timid as the nchende (squirrel), who cried "que! que!" and she twisted her little body into odd contortions with such droll effect that they all laughed. But when Du Chaillu attempted to measure her with his tape-line she imagined it was some sort of a snake, and trembled so violently that he was compelled to desist until her fears were again quieted.

During subsequent visits to the little people he succeeded in measuring several of them, and found that they averaged about

4 feet 3 inches in height. Their color was a dirty yellow, and their eyes had an untameable wildness about them that was remarkable. They held no intercourse with other tribes, but



DU CHAILLU APPROACHING THE DWARF VILLAGE.

intermarried among themselves, frequently sister with brother, so as to keep their families together. Their foreheads were exceedingly low and narrow, and their legs were very short in

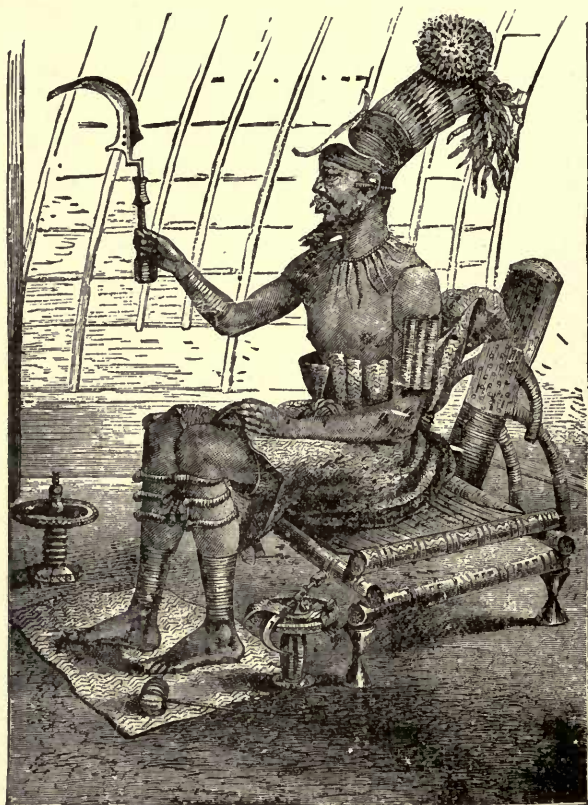
proportion to their bodies ; the palms of their hands were white. Their arms, legs, and breasts were thickly covered with hair, which grew in curly tufts like that on their heads. They plant nothing, and depend partly for their vegetable food on roots, berries, and nuts, which they find in the forest ; indeed, the men spend most of their days and many of their nights in the woods, and their excessive shyness is probably due in part to this fact. Their appetite for animal food is more like that of a carnivorous beast than that of a man. They trap leopards, wild boars, antelope, and monkeys, and devour the carcasses like ravenous animals. Their traps were placed so thickly around their villages that on several occasions Du Chaillu had his legs caught in them.

These dwarfs are entirely unlike those encountered by Stanley on the Congo river. The latter were fierce and desperate cannibals, while those seen by Du Chaillu were very timid and mild, and, though exceedingly fond of meat, were never known to eat human flesh.

The Akka tribe of dwarfs, who inhabit a country several hundred miles west of Gondokoro, are also described as being cannibals, but not fierce like those seen by Stanley. Col. Long, previously mentioned as one of Gen. Gordon's staff officers, led an expedition into this country in 1875, and captured several of these people. One of them, a female, was at first very much alarmed, and refused to eat for several days, assigning as a reason that if she became fat the white man would eat her. She was entirely naked except a small covering of leaves before and behind, even less extensive than the fig-leaf covering mentioned in the Bible. When she saw that the white man did not intend to eat her she grew tamer, and eventually became very docile and communicative. Her people live in the high jungle grass, and are armed with little spears with which they attack and slay the elephant and other game ; but they very rarely engage in war with other tribes. They are about the same size as the dwarfs described by Stanley and Du Chaillu.

THE GREAT KING MUNZA.

THE Akkas have been conquered by King Munza, of the Monbuttoo tribe, and are now his subjects. This African monarch is second in power and wealth only to Mtesa, of Uganda, but is grossly addicted to cannibalism. A distinguished traveler who



THE GREAT KING MUNZA.

recently visited his country, and was received with royal honors by the king on his throne, says :

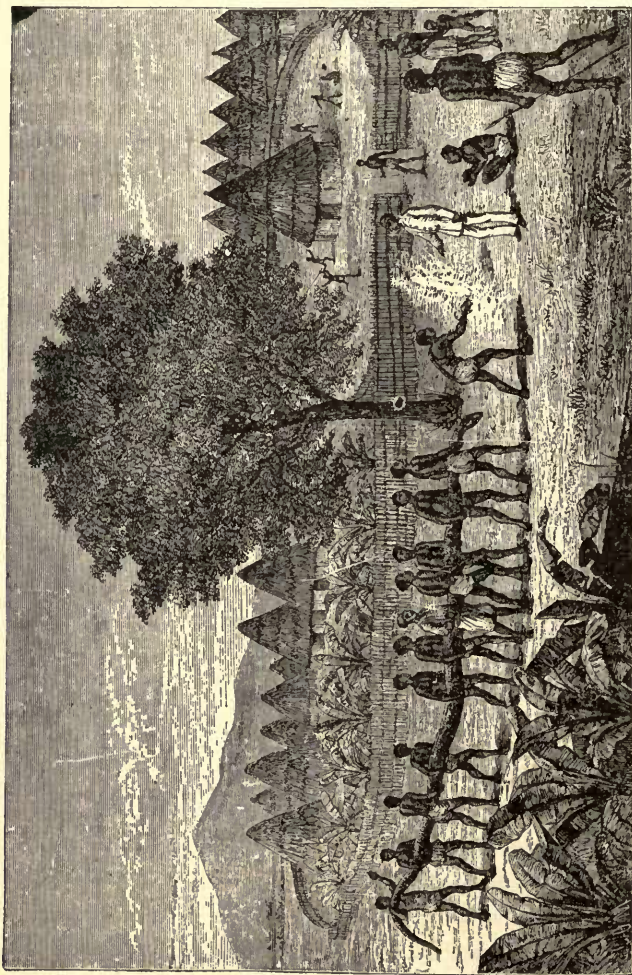
“I was intensely interested in gazing at the strange weird-looking sovereign, of whom it was commonly reported that his daily food was human flesh. With arms and legs, neck and

breast, all bedizened with copper rings, chains, and other strange devices, and with a great copper crescent at the top of his head, the potentate gleamed with a skimmer that was to our ideas unworthy of royalty, but savored far too much of the magazines of civic opulence, reminding one almost unavoidably of a well-kept kitchen ! His appearance, however, was decidedly marked with his nationality, for every adornment that he had about him belonged exclusively to Central Africa, as none but the fabrications of his native land are deemed worthy of adorning the person of a king of the Monbuttoo.

“ Agreeably to the national fashion, a plumed hat rested on the top of his chignon, and soared a foot and a half above his head ; this hat was a narrow cylinder of closely-plaited reeds ; it was ornamented with three layers of red parrots’ feathers, and crowned with a plume of the same ; there was no brim, but the copper crescent projected from the front like the vizor of a Norman helmet. The muscles of Munza’s ears were pierced, and copper bars as thick as the finger inserted in the cavities. The entire body was smeared with the native unguent of powdered cam-wood, which converted the original bright brown tint of his skin into the color that is so conspicuous in ancient Pompeian halls. His single garment consisted of a large piece of fig-bark impregnated with the same dye that served as his cosmetic, and this, falling in graceful folds about his body, formed breeches and waistcoat all in one. Around the king’s neck hung a copper ornament made in little points which radiated like beams over his chest ; on his bare arms were strange-looking pendants which in shape could only be compared to drumsticks with rings at the end. Halfway up the lower part of the arms and just below the knee were three bright, horny-looking circlets cut out of hippopotamus-hide, likewise tipped with copper. As a symbol of his dignity, Munza wielded in his right hand the sickle-shaped Monbuttoo scimitar, in this case only an ornamental weapon, and made of pure copper.”

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

AFTER leaving the country of the dwarfs, while hunting wild pigs one day, in thick, tangled grass, in company with several of



BRINGING THE SNAKE INTO CAMP.

his men, Du Chaillu met with an adventure of a peculiar character, and which made a lasting impression on his mind. They had been out several hours, when, hearing the grunts of a herd

of pigs, they sprang behind trees to await their approach. In his haste Du Chaillu stumbled over some large object lying in his path, and looking down, he was horrified to see an immense serpent of the boa species snugly coiled up beside the roots of his tree. The thing was in a state of stupefaction, consequent upon having eaten too heavy a dinner. It scarcely moved, and did not raise its head. Securing a heavy cutlass, carried by one of his men, at a single blow he cut the reptile almost in two, when it began to squirm in a most horrible fashion, and soon ejected a small deer which it had swallowed.

After killing the serpent they proceeded with the hunt, and having secured sufficient game, returned to a neighboring village to spend the night. Just before dark, Du Chaillu was astonished to see a party of his men approaching with the dead snake in their arms; they had brought it to camp for the purpose of having a grand feast, as they consider the flesh of the serpent superior to any other kind of meat.

In 1867 Du Chaillu returned to America, where he published a history of his wonderful adventures, which elicited the profound attention of the civilized world. Since then he has traveled and lectured extensively in the United States, and has also written much for the press. During the years 1872-73 he traveled through Sweden, Norway, Lapland and Finland, returning to New York in 1873, where he has since resided.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF VICTORIA FALLS. (See page 337.)

THE WORLD'S WONDERS.

THE POLAR REGIONS.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE restless spirit of man, though limited to a definable compass of action, is yet boundless as the universe. Over his small sphere no danger checks the mad ambition of his curiosity, and chafing under the restraints of this earth, he creates new worlds in which to continue his search for the unknowable. Whether in Tropic heat or Polar cold, through the fogs and fens of lurking death, or the roseate and jocund beams of inviting salubrity, the beacon of his ambition is at all times equally bright, and causes him to tread dangerous paths with heart as proud as when he walks the easy road of safety.

The rigors of the distant North, around which gather the perpetual mists of secrecy, where Ithuriel guards, with flaming spears of polar light, the regions of eternal ice and boding night, do not quench the noble resolution of man, who must knock at every door that encloses one of nature's secrets ; even Ithuriel's spears are fended by the bold knights of discovery, who charge on until they fall before the walls which forever limit the footsteps of mankind. Many, yea ! many, go out upon the highway to the bleak and barren North, no more to return to relate around the fireside of happy homes their adventures on the frozen

wastes, or to tell of the fierce light which flashes around the northern sphinx; yet they have not died in vain, for the glory that crowns the human race is composed of the daring deeds of the heroic few. Like a king who sends his armies into battle under brave leaders, who return again laden with the trophies of signal victory: by this he fortifies his throne and gathers fresh honors for his royal name. So is it with the nation that bids farewell to her heroic sons who seek new fields to explore; their deeds are the trophies of a greater victory, for the honor falls upon all alike, and makes men proud of their nativity. What is life, save as we estimate it for results accomplished? It is but a span at most, but may be made glorious and fruitful by sacrifice. Therefore, he who gives his life in an undertaking to contribute to the sum of human knowledge, has lived usefully and dies heroically. If one die in such an effort, let another hero take his place until the long procession at length shall give from its ranks a victor. So shall all great things be accomplished, and so shall the North Pole be reached.

A SUMMARY OF POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

It is a singular fact that Iceland and Greenland were inhabited and comparatively well-known countries before America was discovered by Columbus. However, as to the discovery of America, this honor belongs to Columbus only as the second discoverer, for the American coast as far south as Long Island was known to the Sea Kings of Norway in the 9th and 10th centuries. In the year 1000 a Norwegian, with a crew of Icelanders, landed on the coast of Massachusetts, which he named Vinland. They also established colonies on the Greenland coast and on Spitzbergen, which remained highly prosperous for several centuries. Ruins of once magnificent churches may yet be seen along the coast of Greenland. The Icelanders and Northmen were the first arctic explorers. But as these colonies finally perished, though from what cause we know not, no trace of the discoveries made by these people was communicated to Europe, so that Columbus has the honor, in no wise detracted by the Norwegian explorers, of having discovered America.

In 1497 John and Sebastian Cabot landed in Labrador and projected a voyage to the North Pole, but they did not penetrate further than $67^{\circ} 30' N.$, which is about half-way up Davis Strait. This was the first effort ever made to reach the North Pole.

In 1500–1502 the Cortereal brothers made three voyages, extending as far as $60^{\circ} N.$, but they resulted in nothing but disaster and loss of life. Fifty years later Sir Hugh Willoughby was sent out by the Moscovy Company to find a north-east passage to Cathay and Indis. He was driven back by ice, after reaching Nova Zembla, to the mouth of the Arzina in Lapland, where he and his crew perished after experiencing untold sufferings. This was the first effort ever made to find a north-west passage.

In 1576–8 Martin Frobisher made three voyages to the north-west for scientific investigations, but beyond discovering the entrance to Hudson and Frobisher Straits, leading into Hudson Bay, his trips were without importance. These were the first voyages to the arctic regions for scientific purposes.

In 1585–7 Davis made a trip to the far north, where he discovered the strait which bears his name, and surveyed a considerable portion of Greenland coast, and added more important accessions to a knowledge of the Polar Sea than any of his predecessors. William Barentz made three voyages in this direction in 1594–6, but perished during the third on Icy Cape, without adding anything material to what was already known of the arctic regions.

In 1607 Henry Hudson was sent out by the Moscovy Company with orders to steer directly for the North Pole, but after advancing to lat. 80° his further progress was barred by an impassable barrier of ice. He therefore returned, but made another voyage a year later in quest of a north-west passage to India, but was again forced to abandon the effort. Still entertaining hope of success, he set sail for the third time, but again finding his way impeded by ice, he returned, and sailing westward and searching along the American coast, discovered Hudson Bay, and wintered on one of the islands in the mouth of the bay. In the spring of 1611 he started north again, but his

progress was beset with storms, the provisions gave out, the crew mutinied, and finally a portion of the mutineers returned to England without Hudson, whom they had set adrift to perish.

In 1616 Baffin explored the bay which bears his name and entered the mouth of Lancaster Sound. His survey was very exact and for a period of fifty years no navigator penetrated beyond him. In the meantime, however, two Russian expeditions were sent out, but beyond first observing the variations of the magnetic needle, their voyages were without results.

In 1741 Behring set sail from a Russian harbor in Kamtchatka, discovered the strait which is named for him, but died before he added anything new to polar discoveries. In 1760 Shalaroff, another Russian, attempted a north-west passage, but he perished from starvation, together with all his crew. Two more Russian expeditions were started from North Siberia, one under Andreyeff, the other under Capt. Billings, but they bore no fruits worthy of mention. It was not until 1820-'23 that any effort was made to reach the North Pole by sledges, when Von Wrangell and Anjon undertook to make the journey in that way. They proceeded as far as lat. $70^{\circ} 51' \text{ N.}$, long. $152^{\circ} 25' \text{ W.}$, and reported an open sea in the distant north, which precluded further operations with sledges.

Hudson Bay was still considered as being a great outlet toward the northwest, and in 1743 the British Parliament offered a reward of \$100,000 to any one who should accomplish a north-west passage through it. Expeditions now followed one another almost annually, but generally without any beneficial results. In 1769-73 Samuel Hearne made three overland journeys, in one of which he discovered Coppermine River and traced it to its mouth. In 1773 Capt. Phipps (Lord Mulgrave) went as far north as Hudson had reached. Capt. Cook followed in 1776 on his last expedition, but he only reached lat. $70^{\circ} 45'$.

In 1789 Mackenzie, in a land expedition, discovered and traced to its mouth the great river which was named in his honor. In 1818 two more expeditions were dispatched to find a north-west passage: one of these was commanded by Capt. Ross and Lieut.

Parry, and the other under Capt. Buchan and Lieut. (Sir John) Franklin, but they encountered so much ice in lat. $80^{\circ} 34'$ that one of the vessels was badly shattered, forcing them to return. In the following year Lieut. Parry started again really to determine whether Lancaster was a sound or a bay, a question of so much dispute among geographers at the time. He approached so near the magnetic pole that his compass became useless, but he sailed on and passed the 110th meridian, thereby entitling him to a reward of \$25,000 which Parliament had offered for this achievement.

In 1819 Sir John Franklin set out on an overland journey to explore the north coast of America, and was followed by Lieut. Parry in 1821, with an understanding that the two expeditions would co-operate, should the latter reach the north coast. Franklin made a foot journey of 856 miles through such intense cold that the mercury in their thermometer froze in the bulb. In July, 1820, they traveled 500 miles further and went into winter quarters at Fort Enterprise; here they remained until the following year and then started again, paddling along the shore in canoes a distance of 550 miles, and ascended Hood River. Their supplies were now completely exhausted, and to sustain life, they were compelled to eat their old shoes and scraps of leather straps; two of them, however, died of starvation, but the others managed by eating rock mosses, to reach York Factory, the place of starting. Lieut. Parry was unable to find Franklin, nor did he make any important discoveries, but returned home in 1823, only to reorganize another expedition. Franklin also equipped another, while two others were fitted out, one by Capt. Beechey and the other by Capt. Lyon. All of these were despatched in different directions, but each was expected to report at Point Turnagain, where they might co-operate or render mutual assistance. Parry was most unfortunate, for his progress was continually interrupted by vast fields of ice, by which one of his two vessels was sunk. However, during this expedition Parry devised a contrivance whereby the compass may be made to work perfectly under all circumstances, thus obviating a most serious

difficulty in Arctic navigation. This was accomplished by simply placing a small circular plate of iron near the compass. Neither of the other three expeditions made any discoveries, nor did any of them meet, but each party met with great difficulties and experienced intense suffering.

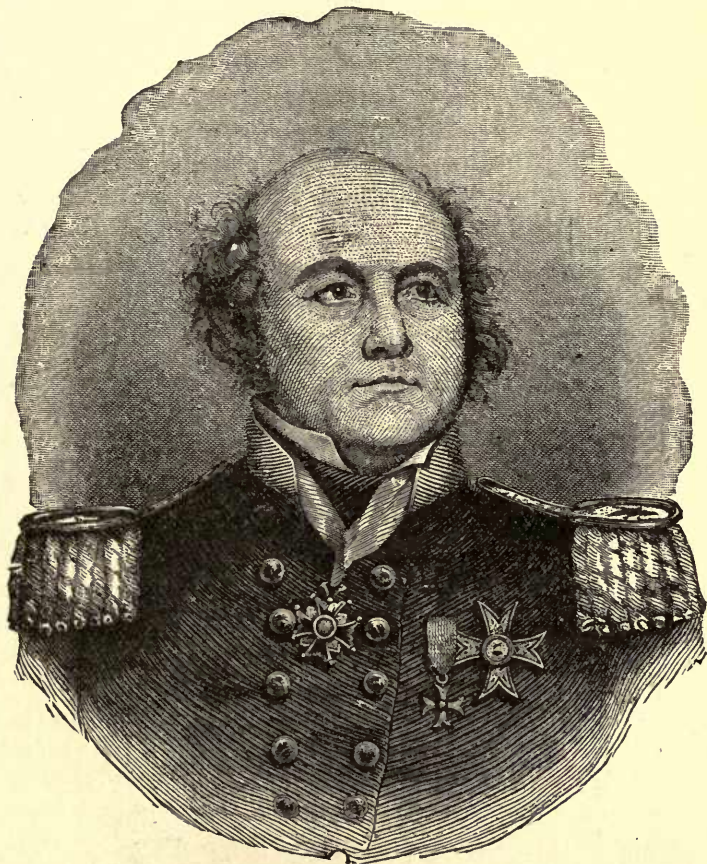
In May, 1829, Capt. Ross set sail in the steamer victory, with the purpose of reaching the North Pole, if possible, but chiefly to make scientific investigations at all eligible points. This was the first voyage to the north ever undertaken in a steamer, and it served to prove the advantages of this mode of navigation over sails. Ross explored 300 miles of new coast, and by leaving his vessel and taking to the sledges, he reached lat. $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and long. $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ w., at which spot he fixed the position of the true magnetic pole. Scurvy appeared among the crew in such a virulent form that he had to abandon his ship, and wander about for nearly two years in a hopeless state, many of the men dying, and all suffering from cold and hunger. They were finally picked up by a vessel which returned them to the Orkney Islands.

In February, 1833, Capt. Bock was sent out in search of Ross, but shortly afterward, learning of his friend's safety, continued on toward the north for nearly two years, but his voyage was without results except the discovery of Victoria Land. On May 27, 1847, Dr. Rae, sent out by the Hudson Bay Company, completed the entire survey of the north coast of America, with the exception of Fury and Hecla Straits.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THIS brings us to the explorations of the celebrated Sir John Franklin, whose eminent services and tragic death in the Polar regions merit more than a passing notice. This distinguished explorer was born at Spilsby, Lincolnshire, England, April 16, 1786. He was the youngest son of a respectable yeoman, who was compelled to sell his estate and engage in trade. John was intended for the clerical profession, but had such a consuming desire to follow the sea that, after a short voyage to Lisbon, his father procured his admission to the navy as midshipman, at the age of 14 years. He accompanied his cousin, Capt. Flinders, on

an expedition sent out by the English government to explore the coast of Australia, but the vessel in which they sailed proved unseaworthy, and they were transferred to the ship *Porpoise*, but their condition was by no means improved, for that vessel was



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

wrecked August 18, 1803, about 200 miles from the Australian coast, and Franklin and his companions were barely saved from drowning by escaping to a sand-bank 600 feet long, on which they remained fifty days at the imminent risk of starvation, before relief reached them from Port Jackson. On reaching Eng-

land, he joined the ship of the line *Bellerophon*, and in 1805 took part in the battle of Trafalgar as signal midshipman. Of the 40 persons who stood round him on the poop, only seven escaped unhurt. He also served in a similar capacity in the war of 1812-15 with the United States, and was promoted to the command of a vessel which engaged our forces at New Orleans, where he boarded one of our small boats and captured her; he was slightly wounded, and for his gallant act was promoted to Lieutenant. In the year 1818, the British government fitted out an expedition to attempt a passage to India by crossing the Polar sea north of Spitzbergen, in which Franklin was given command of the *Trent*, one of the two vessels sent out. He was forced to return after reaching latitude 80° on account of the injuries received by his companion-vessel, the *Dorothea*. In 1819 he was appointed to command an expedition which set out to travel overland from Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean, and make a survey of the American coast. He returned to England and shortly after was made post-captain and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1823 he published, "Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in 1819-22," and in August of the same year married Eleanor Porden. In 1825 he was appointed to the command of another expedition to the Arctic Ocean. On the day assigned for his departure his wife was lying at the point of death; she begged him not to delay on her account, and gave him a small silk flag which she requested him to hoist when he should reach the polar sea. She died the day he sailed. He returned home in September, 1827, and in March following married Jane Griffin, who was afterward the celebrated Lady Franklin. In the same year he published his "Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea—1825-27," and in the following year was knighted and received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University, and the gold medal from the Geographical Society of Paris. In 1836 Franklin was made governor of Van Dieman's Land, in which office he continued until 1843, when the Colonial Legislature voted an increase in the governor's salary; Sir John refused to accept it, but secured it for

his successor, Long; afterward, the colonists, in remembrance of his great and beneficent services, voted a contribution of \$8,000, which was sent to Lady Franklin to assist in paying the expenses of the search for her missing husband.

The greatest ambition of Franklin's life was to discover a northwest passage, and in this desire he was much encouraged by the confidence in which he was held by the English public and government as well. On May 19, 1845, he sailed again for the North in the good steam screw propeller *Erebus*, accompanied by a similar vessel, the *Terror*, commanded by Captain Richard Crozier. A tender, carrying provisions, bore them company as far as Davis Strait, where stores were landed sufficient to last the expedition for three years. On July 26, 1845, the two steamers were sighted by a whale ship in lat. $74^{\circ} 48'$, and long. $66^{\circ} 13'$, about the center of Baffin's Bay, anchored to an iceberg, awaiting an opening into Lancaster Sound. This is the last time either of the vessels was ever seen. So much anxiety was felt for their safety after the expiration of three years, that in 1848 three expeditions were sent out to search for them. These meeting with no success, in 1850 three more expeditions were dispatched, but these, too, returned without finding any trace of the lost explorers. In 1849 the British government offered \$100,000 to any private exploring party, from any country, who should render efficient aid to the missing crews. Under this stimulus no less than eight other expeditions, consisting of twelve vessels in all, started in search of Franklin; one of these was sent by the United States government, chiefly through the influence of Henry Grinnell; the English government equipped another; the Hudson Bay Company another; while Lady Franklin sent one entirely at her own expense, and bore two-thirds of the expense of another; while a final expedition was equipped by public subscription, this last one being commanded by Sir John Ross.

Capt. Shepherd Osborne, in charge of the Hudson Bay expedition, came upon the first traces of the missing explorers on the 23d of August, 1850. These traces were found scattered over a

space of several miles in the vicinity of Beechey island and Cape Riley, and consisted of empty tin cans, the embankment of a house, with carpenter's and armorer's working places, and finally the graves of three men who belonged to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, which bore date of the winter 1845-6. Other expeditions visited the same grounds and explored 675 miles of hitherto undiscovered coast, but without finding any further traces, nor were any



SIR EDWARD BELCHER'S FLEET FROZEN UP IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

documents found giving indications of the condition or intention of the missing men. Sir John Ross came to the conclusion that the Franklin party had been murdered in Wostenholm Sound by Esquimaux. This opinion was supported by Capt. McClure, who, in August, 1850, discovered a flat brass button in the ear of an Esquimau chief, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river. This chief admitted that it had been taken from the ear of a white man who had been killed, but he could not tell the place where the murder was committed.

In April, 1852, five vessels were despatched under command of Sir Edward Belcher, and in the following year five more expeditions were sent in search of Franklin. One of these was fitted out by Mr. Grinnell of New York and Mr. Peabody of London, and was commanded by Dr. E. K. Kane, who had acted as surgeon, naturalist and historian of the former Grinnell expedition under DeHaven. One of these expeditions very fortunately found and rescued McClure and his ship's company, who had been buried in the ice since the summer of 1850, three years. These returned home with Belcher, abandoning their ship, and were thus the first and only ship's company who ever entered Behring Strait and returned to Europe by Baffin Bay. Thus was established at last the great fact of a continuous water passage between Baffin Bay and Behring Strait, parallel with the American coast. In the spring of 1854 no less than five vessels were abandoned in the ice and their crews had to return home in the vessels of other search parties.

In 1854 Dr. Rae met a party of Esquimaux who had in their possession various articles of silverware belonging to officers of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. These Esquimaux related that in 1851 they saw a company of forty white men dragging sledges and going where they might kill deer, their ship having been crushed in the ice. They purchased a few provisions from the natives, and showed evidences of great destitution. At a later date, the same summer, were found the corpses of about thirty persons and some graves on the American shore, and five dead bodies on an island near it. Of the bodies on the island one was supposed to be an officer, as a telescope was slung about the neck. These men had undoubtedly been driven to cannibalism before they perished, as there were on each the evidences of the fleshy portions having been cut away. Dr. Rae found guns, watches, various scientific instruments, clothing, etc., among the natives who had taken them from the dead bodies. Mr. Anderson found similar traces of the lost party in 1855, and conversed with natives who declared that the men had died of starvation.

Dr. Kane, the American explorer, left New York in the

Advance, May 30, 1853. The expedition which he commanded was sent out with the double purpose of finding the Sir John Franklin party, and to test a theory which Dr. Kane had long entertained, viz: that there was somewhere between the North Pole and 80° N., a vast open sea and a milder climate than was to be found some degrees further south. He hoped to reach this clear water and continue north on it until the goal was reached. He established his winter camp at Rensselaer harbor, and during the continuance of day light excursions were made into the interior of Greenland in which 800 miles were traversed. Kane's winter harbor was further north than that of any previous expedition.

The crew was much enfeebled by the long winter, and it was not until April that Dr. Kane started on a sledging tour to the north. The extreme severity of the weather defeated his prime purpose, but he was rewarded by the discovery of some remarkable natural wonders, which he named the Three Brothers Turrets, Tennyson's Monument, and the great Humbolt Glacier. He returned to his vessel May 14th, and six days later started upon another journey, in which they attained the lat. $79^{\circ} 45'$ and long. $69^{\circ} 12'$, and discovered two prominent capes which were named Joseph Leidy and John Frazier. On June 30th two of Kane's officers, accompanied by an escort, left on another excursion, but upon reaching Humboldt Glacier four of the party were stricken blind and had to be sent back. The others pushed on until July 31st, when they sighted open water, which they called Kennedy Channel.

Dr. Kane was ill much of the time, and the cold was so severe that there was no prospect of releasing his vessel; so in August he abandoned her and pushed on overland to Upernavik, where he arrived without losing any of his party, but not without enduring indescribable sufferings. Fears for Kane's safety had induced the United States government to send out two vessels for his relief, the *Release* and *Arctic*, commanded by Capt. Hartstene. He reached lat. $78^{\circ} 32'$ when his further progress was barred by impassable barriers of ice. Returning he found Kane and his

crew at Upernavik, and with them reached New York in the fall of 1855. In a scientific point of view Dr. Kane's voyage was the most important one that had ever been made to the arctic regions.

In 1857 Lady Franklin resolved to send another vessel, at her own expense, in quest of her lost husband. The screw steamer *Fox*, formerly a pleasure yacht, was purchased and fitted up for the purpose and the command given to Capt. Francis McClintock.

This steamer left Aberdeen, July 1st, for Lancaster Sound, but she was caught in an ice pack, nearly opposite the channel entrance to Baffin's Bay, and held for eight months. The moving pack had in the meantime carried her back a distance of 1395 miles southward. She was refitted at Holsteinborg and started again, this time being unusually successful, for with comparatively little trouble she reached Port Kennedy in Franklin Strait, and there went into winter quarters. On March 1st McClintock met a party of Esquimaux near Cape Victoria, who told him that several years before two ships, with white crews, had been crushed in the ice and sunk in deep water off the northwest shore of King William Land. The crews went away to a great river, where they all died of starvation. This was all he could learn from them. McClintock then followed the south and west coast of King William Land and found several traces of the lost explorers near Cape Herschel. A skeleton, with European clothing lying near by, was found, and a few miles further he came upon a boat, fitted to a sledge, in which were two more skeletons. Some remnants of tents, three small cairns and one larger one was found. Displacing some stones of the larger one, the first and only record of the unfortunate Franklin party was found. It was only a bit of paper dated May 28, 1847, announcing that all were well, and that a small party had four days previously left the ships. On the margin of this slip was another memorandum, written in a different hand, dated April 25, 1848, stating that Sir John Franklin had died June 11, 1847, and that the total loss by death up to that time had been nine

officers and fifteen men. The crews of both vessels, all told, originally numbered 129 souls. McClintock's discoveries finally decided the fate of the Franklin Expedition.

Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, a member of Dr. Kane's party, and an enthusiastic believer in the existence of an open polar sea, succeeded, by the aid of private subscriptions, in organizing an exploring party of fourteen men, with whom he embarked in the schooner *United States*, from Boston, July 6, 1860. Hayes entered Baffin Bay, August 20, and added to his crew three Danes, and three Esquimaux hunters, and secured sledge dogs for the winter's work. He harbored at Port Foulke, and during the winter made several sledge journeys northward. April 3, 1861, he reached lat. $81^{\circ} 35'$, long. $70^{\circ} 30'$, beyond which the ice was so rotten as to make further progress impossible. This was the most northerly point that had ever been reached, and from a lofty headland he looked out upon what he believed was an open polar sea. Having no boat he was obliged to return, and as his vessel was already becoming badly broken by the ice he had to make his way back to Boston, where he arrived in October, 1861.

In 1860 Capt. Charles F. Hall left New London, Connecticut, in a whale ship, which landed him on the west coast of Davis Strait. From thence he prosecuted a search for the remains of the Franklin party in sledges. He found no trace of them, however, though he did discover relics of the Frobisher expedition, made 300 years before. Hall returned to the United States September 30th, but in 1864 he again sailed for the arctic regions with only two Esquimaux companions. He landed on the coast of Hudson Bay and thence journeyed to King William Land, where he found many relics of the Franklin party, and from a number of Esquimaux obtained indisputable evidence that the explorers had died of starvation, but not until they had accomplished the northwest passage. Capt. Hall spent five years among the Esquimaux, learning their language and acclimating himself to the arctic regions, and then returned to the United States in 1869 to organize another expedition.

A German expedition was sent out from Bremen in 1868, which reached lat. $81^{\circ} 5' N.$, long. $60^{\circ} W.$, but accomplished nothing of importance; and an expedition despatched by the Swedish government in the same year had no better success. In 1869 Dr. Hayes made a trip to Upernavik to make preparations for a journey which he hoped to undertake the following year. He made a short voyage in the steamer *Panther*, but added no new discoveries. The German government sent out two vessels in 1869, one of which was wrecked in Sabine Bay, and the crew almost perished on an iceberg, where they had taken refuge. The other vessel returned within the year with nothing new to report. Several other expeditions started from the continent of Europe in 1869, but none of them made any important discoveries.

In 1871 four more expeditions started from Europe, but only one succeeded in gaining any honors. Two Austrian lieutenants, Payer and Weyprecht, sailed from Tromsø, Norway, in a small sailing vessel, and proceeded due north of Nova Zembla and entered an open ocean in which navigation was only slightly impeded by light and scattering ice. Dr. Petermann, the German geographer, regards this discovery as of the greatest importance, since the two lieutenants must have penetrated into the open sea and thus found the only free passage to the pole.

The other European expeditions of '71 were attended with no important results. It was in this year that Capt. Hall organized, by the aid of Congress, an expedition which departed from New York June 29th, in the steamer *Polaris*, of about 400 tons.

For nearly two years no important news was received from Hall, but as yet there was no alarm felt for his safety, as he expected to be absent three years. On April 29, 1873, the British steamer *Tigress* struck an ice floe in lat. $53^{\circ} 35' N.$, long. $35^{\circ} W.$ On this floe were found Capt. Tyson, one of Hall's officers, and eighteen members of the *Polaris* expedition, who had been 196 days on the ice, and had drifted nearly 2,000 miles. They reported that while landing provisions from their vessel, which was fast in the ice, the floe broke up and separated them from the ship, and rapidly drifting southward, they saw her no more

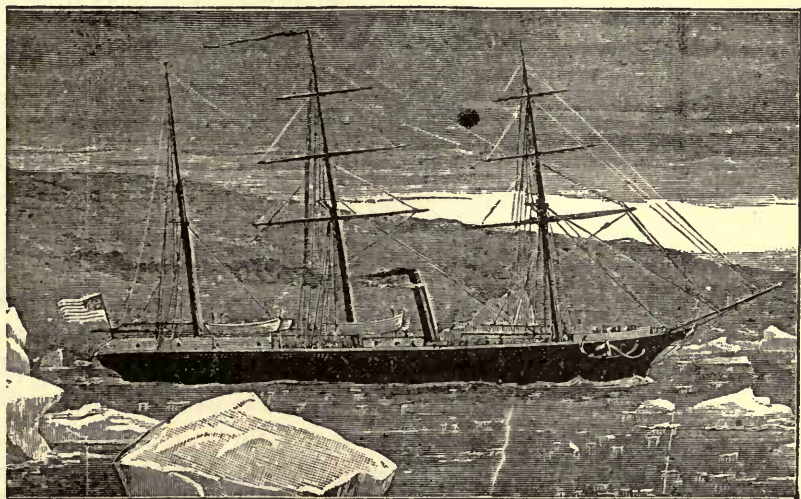
They also reported that Capt. Hall had suddenly taken sick and died on November 28, 1871. The command then devolved on Capt. Buddington, who resolved to return, and on August 2, 1872, the *Polaris* turned southward, but drifted with the ice into Baffin Bay, where Tyson left her. The *Polaris* was so seriously injured by the breaking floe, that it was only by extraordinary exertion and the use of steam pumps that she was prevented from foundering. She was kept afloat during the night, however, and on the following morning was run aground in Kane's Life Boat Cove, where she was abandoned. Here they remained encamped, waiting for the ice to break up, until June 3, 1873, when they loaded their small boats with provisions and started on the waters of Smith Sound for the south. On June 23 they sighted a vessel, which proved to be the *Ravenscraig*, of Dundee, Capt. Allen, a Scotch whaler. The explorers were picked up and landed at Dundee on September 19, 1873.

The reported loss of the *Polaris*, by Capt. Tyson, caused the government to send out the steamers *Juniata* and *Cabot*, under Lieutenant DeLong, to search for them, but they had gone only a short distance beyond St. Johns when the news of the rescue was received from a passing vessel, when the expedition at once returned. In a future chapter further notice will be made of the unfortunate *Polaris* and the treacherous death of Capt. Hall.

The next expedition was organized in 1877, by Lieutenant Geo. W. DeLong, of the United States Navy, the expenses of which were provided by James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. A suitable vessel was found in the steamer *Pandora*, which was put in prime condition for a contest with arctic cold and dangerous icebergs, and then renamed the *Jeannette*, for Mr. Bennett's sister. She put into Havre, after all repairs were made, from which port she sailed July 15, 1878, for San Francisco. Here the expedition was recruited from the navy, some of the officers being then in service in Chinese waters, so that a delay of nearly one year was unavoidable. On the 8th of July, 1879, the *Jeannette* departed with her select crew for Lawrence Bay, Lieut. DeLong's intentions being to attempt a passage to

the pole through the open water found north of Nova Zembla by the Austrian lieutenants, Payer and Weyprecht.

On the 19th of January, 1880, the *Jeannette* was caught between two ice-floes and severely strained by the enormous pressure, but the resistance she offered told how wonderfully strong had been her timbers and bracings. But on June 12, 1881, in lat. $77^{\circ} 14' 20''$, long. $156^{\circ} 7' 30''$ E. she was caught again and this time crushed so badly that she sank on the following afternoon, but not until all provisions had been removed. The party



THE JEANNETTE.

were in no wise discouraged by the disaster, for they had food in abundance, also boats and sledges. So buoyant, indeed, were their spirits that a concert was given on the evening the *Jeannette* sank. Camp was pitched not far from where the vessel was crushed, and here the party remained in general good health for a few days, arranging the loads for sledge transportation. On June 15th the order to march was given, three cutters and two whale-boats being taken, in which to carry supplies. They marched southward with the hope of reaching the New Siberian Islands, and from thence make their way to the Siberian coast.

The horrors of this dreadful march to open water, separation of the boats in a gale, loss of Lieut. Chipp's boat and crew, are all fresh in the public mind. So also is the sad death of DeLong and so many of his party near the Lena Delta, where frost and starvation overwhelmed them; then the closing chapter of this most unfortunate expedition, the finding of the dead bodies and bringing them from their far resting places in the bleak wastes of Siberia's eternal winter, back to their homes in America and graves in native soil. The escape of Melville and his boat-crew is the only result of the *Jeannette* expedition that is not extremely painful.

On the 19th of June, 1878, Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, of the Third United States Cavalry, set sail in the *Eothen* in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his party. The vessel and crew were both small, but resolution brought the expedition a success which its most earnest promoters had hardly anticipated.

They proceeded directly for King William Land, upon reaching which they went into winter quarters to await the disappearance of snow, so as to prosecute their search for traces of the fated party more easily. Eight months in tents at Camp Daly served to inure Schwatka and his men to the severe climate, and in April he set out with sledges to search for relics of the Franklin expedition. Reaching the Netchillik country, he interviewed several of the old natives, from whom he gathered considerable information. One of these people described the finding of several bodies near Richardson Point, and the ornaments which he himself had taken from them, consisting of a gold watch and watch-chain, gold ring, gold earrings, pipes, tobacco, and a number of silver watches. These bodies were all in a tent-covered boat; a number of them bore evidences of having been eaten by their comrades, for many of the bones had been cut with knife and saw.

Between Franklin Point and Collinson Inlet, Schwatka found the graves of two white men, and on the following day was found the camp which Capt. Crozier and his command had made after

abandoning the vessels, *Erebus* and *Terror*. Next Lieutenant Irving's grave was found and near it a silver medal. They were now in a district fruitful with relics of the unfortunate party, and discovered in several weeks of search the remains of no less than thirty members of the expedition, all of which were re-buried with the exception of one entire skeleton, which, together with numerous relics, was brought back to the United States, and afterward turned over to the English Government. This skeleton proved to be the remains of Lieut. Irving.

We are now brought to the last expedition undertaken in the Arctic regions, the horrors of which are fresh in the minds of all people. The foregoing resume of Arctic exploration is intended as a mere recapitulation of the heroic efforts directed toward discovering a Northwest Passage for the benefit of commerce, and the location of the North Pole for the benefit of science. We will now proceed to relate some of the dreadful experiences of Arctic travelers, as well also the incidents, amusing and otherwise, connected therewith, which will necessarily include a description of the wonders of that forbidden region. The Greely expedition must first be reported, because public interest now centers about the discovery of the survivors and dead of that woefully unfortunate party.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PURPOSES OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

THE frequent disasters that have overtaken expeditions sent to the Arctic regions, involving loss of life by cold and starvation, and intense suffering always, even when no fatalities occurred, have not in the least diminished interest in Arctic exploration, but on the other hand, seem only to incite renewed endeavor. Governments, reflecting popular desire, continue their efforts to gain honors by fresh discoveries in the almost inaccessible region, and each year serves to prove that civilization will not be content until the secrets and mysteries of the frozen North are yielded up to resolute explorers. The loss of the *Jeannette* only stimulated scientific curiosity, and a hundred daring travelers announced their desire to continue the search for the North Pole. New theories were immediately advanced to take the place of those that had been exploded.

The Signal Service Department, under Gen. Hazen, took great interest in Arctic research, and when some scientist proposed the establishment of international polar stations by which it was believed the Pole might be reached by gradual approaches, Gen. Hazen at once gave the scheme his unqualified sanction. The question was industriously agitated, until at length Congress, in 1880, voted an ample appropriation for equipping an expedition which was to proceed to certain specified points, as will hereafter appear, and establish permanent stations.

Lieutenant and Brevet-Major Adolphus W. Greely, assistant to the chief signal officer, was an enthusiast on arctic discovery,

and supported Gen. Hazen with all his influence in carrying the appropriation bill through Congress. Greely had seen some service and was a man of acknowledged bravery. He entered the volunteer service as a private in 1861, at the age of seventeen, joining a Massachusetts regiment, and served continuously until appointed, in March, 1867, a lieutenant in the 5th cavalry U. S.



LIEUT. ADOLPHUS W. GREELY.

regular army. He attained in the volunteer service the grade of captain and brevet-major for bravery exhibited at the storming of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, in which he was wounded three times, but still kept the field. After his appointment in the regular army he was attached to the signal service corps, where he served in the several capacities of inspector, constructor and superintendent of telegraph lines and as the official predict-

ing officer. At the time De Long was recruiting from the army list his crew for the *Jeannette*, Greely offered his services, and in fact, tried in every possible way to accompany the expedition, and was deeply chagrined at being refused.

When Congress passed the bill providing for the establishment of Polar stations, Gen. Hazen interested himself in procuring for Greely the appointment as commander of the expedition, in which effort he was successful.

The expedition, when organized, consisted of twenty-four officers and men, chosen from different branches of the army, as follows:

Frederick F. Kislingbury, second lieutenant Eleventh Infantry; acting signal officer; widower; two children.

James B. Lockwood, first lieutenant Twenty-third Infantry; acting signal officer; Washington D. C.; unmarried; is a son of Gen. Lockwood (retired) U. S. A.

Dr. Octavo Pavey, medical officer; married; wife's address, Maryville, Nodaway County, Mo.

Edward Israel, sergeant of Signal Corps; Kalamazoo, Mich.; unmarried; born at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Winfield S. Jewell, sergeant of Signal Corps; unmarried; born at Lisbon, N. H.

George W. Rice, sergeant of Signal Corps, Washington, D. C.; unmarried; born at Sidney, Nova Scotia.

David C. Ralston, sergeant of Signal Corps; unmarried; born at Bloomfield, Ohio.

Hampden S. Gardiner, sergeant of Signal Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.; married; born at Philadelphia.

William H. Cross, sergeant of general service, Washington, D. C.; born at Washington, D. C.

David L. Brainerd, sergeant of Company L, Second Cavalry; enlisted at New York City; born at Oswego County, N. Y.

David Linn, sergeant of Company C, Second Cavalry; enlisted at Philadelphia; born at Philadelphia.

Nicholas Nalor, corporal of Company H, Second Cavalry, enlisted at Cincinnati, Ohio; unmarried; born at Luxembourg, Germany.

Joseph Elison, corporal of Company E, Tenth Infantry; enlisted at Fort Wayne, Mich.; born in Germany.

Charles B. Henry, private of Company E, Fifth Cavalry; enlisted at Cincinnati; born at Hanover, Germany.

Maurice Connell, private of Company B, Third Cavalry; enlisted at Camp-on-Goose-Creek, Wyoming; born at Kerry, Ireland.

Jacob Bender, private of Company F, Ninth Infantry; enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Friedberg, Germany.

Wm. Whistler, private of Company F, Ninth Infantry; enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Carroll County, Ind.; father's address Monon, Indiana.

Henry Biederbick, private Company G, Seventeenth Infantry; enlisted at Cincinnati, O.; born at Waldeck, Germany.

Julius Fredericks, private of Company I, Second Cavalry; enlisted at Cleveland, O.; unmarried; born at Dayton, O.

Wm. A. Ellis, private of Company C, Second Cavalry; enlisted at New York City; born at Seneca Falls, N. Y.

R. R. Schneider, private of Company A, First Artillery; enlisted at Fort Columbus, New York harbor; born at Chemnitz, Germany.

Francis Long, sergeant of Company F, Ninth Infantry; enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Wurtembourg, Germany.

THE DEPARTURE.

LIEUTENANT GREELY sailed from St. Johns, N. F., July 7, 1881, on the steamer *Proteus*, and reached Disco Island, at Godhaven, two weeks later. Here he secured two Esquimaux interpreters, fourteen dogs, two sledges, and a large quantity of provisions, including several tons of walrus flesh and dried fish as food for the dogs. Several hundred pounds of white whale skin were also added to the store on account of its antiscorbutic properties. Sailing from Godhaven, the *Proteus* reached Upernavik on the 24th of July, and left there July 29, going north at full speed. Baffin's Bay, Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel were found remarkably free from obstructions. The season was very exceptional. There the *Proteus* in 1881 found open water;

the *Neptune* in 1882 and the *Proteus* in 1883 were driven back by immeasurable and impenetrable fields of ice. The Nares expedition in 1875 made the passage with great difficulty, battling with the ice continually and nearly losing their ships. They were twenty-one days in reaching Cape Frazer from Littleton Island, but the *Proteus* made the same distance in sixteen hours. The explorers passed Cape Constitution, Kane's highest point, and there they met with the first obstruction. On the 4th they steamed up to the solid main pack, extending right across the channel and appearing to be at least twenty feet thick. The *Proteus* had then reached the southwest part of Lady Franklin Bay, and was within ten miles of her destination. For seven days the vessel was moored to the ice and Lieut. Greely almost despaired of attaining his object. But the ice moved to the eastward, and the ship was forced at full speed until Discovery Harbor was reached, and there Lieut. Greely established his settlement, calling it Fort Conger, in honor of Senator Conger, of Michigan, who had been instrumental in passing the bill through Congress which authorized the expedition. The *Proteus* left the party well provided for at Fort Conger on August 18th, and arrived safely at St. John's.

The company at Fort Conger was well equipped for its exile. Stores of provisions sufficient to last two years were at hand. The house erected had double frames and measured 61 by 21 feet. In addition to stores and supplies about 140 tons of coal were landed. It was not doubted that the members of the expedition could be made as comfortable and as safe from atmospheric dangers as are the men of the Signal Service stationed on the summits of Pike's Peak and Mt. Washington, or the employes of the Hudson Bay Company stationed at Fort York, where a temperature of 60° is not uncommon.

Scientific work began at once. The formal observations of the international series, however, did not commence until August 1, 1882. They then continued for one year. The obligatory work was to include researches into meteorology, magnetism, the aurora, and astronomy. The voluntary or optional observa-

tions, which might be made without the Congress insisting upon them, embraced every department of natural science, including the temperature of the soil, snow and ice, evaporation, terrestrial magnetism, and galvanic earth currents in close connection with magnetic and auroral phenomena, hydrographical, spectroscopical and pendulum observations, as well as observations on atmospheric electricity, the growth and structure of ice, the physical properties of sea water, etc. Zoological, geological and botanical collections were to be accumulated, and though mere explorations was not forbidden, it was to be regarded as secondary to the proper work of the different parties.

THE HIGHEST POINT EVER REACHED.

DURING the two years that Greely remained at Fort Conger, he busied himself with the duties which had been entrusted to him, while the spirit of discovery possessed many of his companions, producing results of the most valuable character. The prime objects of the expedition were at no time neglected, but so admirably had the commander perfected his arrangements for scientific operations, that opportunity was left him and his officers to make a series of journeys, the happy results of which are modestly told in a dispatch sent by Greely to Gen. Hazen from St. John's, July 17, 1884:

“For the first time in three centuries England yields the honor of the furthest north. Lieut. Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd, May 13, reached Lockwood Island, lat. $83^{\circ} 24' N.$, long. $44^{\circ} 5' W.$ They saw from 2,000 feet elevation no land north, or northwest, but to northeast Greenland, Cape Robert Lincoln, lat $83^{\circ} 35'$, long. 38° . Lieut. Lockwood was turned back in 1883 by open water on North Greenland shore, the party barely escaping drift into the Polar Ocean. Dr. Pavy, in 1882, followed Markham's route, was adrift one day in the Polar Ocean north of Cape Joseph Henry, and escaped to land, abandoning nearly everything.

“In 1882 I made a spring and later summer trip into the interior of Grinnell Land, discovering Lake Hazen, some sixty by ten miles in extent, which, fed by ice-caps of North Grinnell

Land, drains Ruggles River and Weyprecht Fiord into Conybeare Bay and Archer Fiord. From the summit of Mount Arthur, 5000 feet, the contour of land west of the Conger Mountains convinced me that Grinnell Land travels directly south from Lieut. Aldrich's furthest in 1876.



LIEUT. LOCKWOOD AND SERGT. BRAINERD AT THE MOST NORTHERN POINT EVER REACHED.

“In 1883 Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd succeeded in crossing Grinnell Land, and ninety miles from Beatrix Bay, the head of Archer Fiord, struck the head of a fiord from the western sea, temporarily named by Lockwood the Greely

Fiord. From the centre of the fiord, in lat. $80^{\circ} 30'$, long. $78^{\circ} 30'$, Lieut. Lockwood saw the northern shore termination, some twenty miles west, the southern shore extending some fifty miles, with Cape Lockwood some seventy miles distant—apparently a separate land from Grinnell Land. Have named the new land Arthur Land. Lieut. Lockwood followed, going and returning, on an ice cape averaging about one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular face. It follows that the Grinnell Land interior is ice-capped, with a belt of country some sixty miles wide between the northern and southern ice-capes.

“In March, 1884, Sergeant Long, while hunting from the northwest side of Mount Carey to Hayes Sound, saw on the northern coast three capes westward of the furthest seen by Nares in 1876. The sound extends some twenty miles further west than is shown by the English chart, but is possibly shut in by land which showed up across the western end.

“The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and the retreat to Cape Sabine, were accomplished without loss of life, disease, serious accident, or even severe frost-bites. No scurvy was experienced at Conger, and but one death occurred from it last winter.”

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

THIS dispatch merely outlines the discoveries made, the importance of which can only be estimated when a fuller description is given. The altitude attained by Lockwood and Brainerd is four miles further north than any other explorer ever reached. This remote point was the summit of Lockwood Island, which is 2,000 feet above the sea, affording a wonderful and awe-inspiring view. The awful panorama of the Arctic which their elevation spread out before them, made a profound impression upon the explorers. The exultation natural to the achievement which they had accomplished was tempered by the reflections inspired by the sublime desolation of that stern and silent coast and the menace of its unbroken solitude. Beyond to the eastward was the interminable defiance of the unexplored coast—black, cold, and repellant. Below them lay the Arctic Ocean, buried beneath frozen

chaos. No words can describe the confusion of this sea of ice—the hopeless asperity of it, the weariness of its torn and tortured surface. Only at the remote horizon did distance and the fallen snow mitigate its roughness and soften its outlines; and beyond it in the yet unattainable recesses of the great circle they looked toward the Pole itself.

It was a wonderful sight, one never to be forgotten, and in some degree a realization of the picture that astronomers conjure to themselves when the moon is nearly full and they look down into the great plain which is called the Ocean of Storms, and watch the shadows of sterile and airless peaks follow a slow procession across its silver surface.

When further progress northward was barred by open water, and the party almost miraculously escaped drifting into the Polar Sea, Lieut. Lockwood erected, at the highest point of latitude reached by civilized man, a pyramidal-shaped cache of stone, six feet square at the base, and eight or nine feet high. In a little chamber about a foot square, half-way to the apex, and extending to the centre of the pile, he placed a self-recording spirit thermometer, a small tin cylinder containing records of the expedition, etc., and then sealed up the aperture with a closely fitting stone. The cache was surmounted with a small American flag made by Mrs. Greely. There were but thirteen stars in the field, as Mrs. Greely, finding the work rather wearing, had concluded to limit the stars to the number of the old Revolutionary flag.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

THIS lofty reach of the world was attained on the 13th of May, which hereafter will remain a memorable date, and the event will find record in all future works on Arctic geography. Parry, in 1827, reached lat. 79° ; Kane, $80^{\circ} 30'$ in 1854; Hayes, $81^{\circ} 30'$ in 1861; Hall, $82^{\circ} 16'$ in 1871; and Nares, $83^{\circ} 20'$ in 1876. These latitudes are given approximately. Lieut. Lockwood stopped at lat. $83^{\circ} 24'$, but saw and computed $83^{\circ} 35'$, which most northern land now known he called Cape Robert Lincoln. The journey to and from this point occupied fifty-nine days. It would seem

from accounts of it that even at a temperature of minus sixty-one degrees hares, lemmings, ptarmigan, snow-birds, snowy owls, polar bears, musk-oxen, and even vegetation exist and thrive. Grinnell Land was quite thoroughly explored. Lake Hazen, of either 600 or 3,700 square miles area (the dispatches are contradictory), was discovered therein. It would be interesting to know more of this fresh-water body and its inhabitants, if any. Nordenskjold discovered that late in the summer great rivers, formed of melted ice, with icy beds and banks, make travel in the north impossible without small boats. Lake Hazen is described as being fed by streams from the ice cap of northern Grinnell Land, and emptying into Weyprecht Fiord. It was discovered in April, when some open water was seen. Doubtless in August a much larger-sized lake, fed by innumerable large and swift-flowing rivers, would have been found. This lake, named after General Hazen, is the most northern fresh-water body on the globe, one-fourth the size of Lake Erie. Lying contiguously to it, and parallel with the United States Mountains, were two ranges named after Senator Conger and the late President Garfield. The highest land in the latter range, and indeed of all the country north of Disco Bay, was named Arthur Peak. It is 5,000 feet in height.

On the shores of Lake Hazen the remains of an Esquimau village were found, apparently the most northern habitation attempted by the Esquimaux. Here were evidences of possession by this people of dogs, sledges and iron. It would argue that at no distant period there was a beautiful valley about the lake, with an abundance of vegetation and game. That the rigors of the most northern climate are slowly advancing south is evident in the gradual retreat of the Esquimaux. From this high latitude they have been forced several degrees, and that for no lack of game. Add to this the migration of Icelanders to Manitoba, after becoming hereditarily inured to the climate through an ancestry dating back a thousand years. Of late the ice-flow south has been increasing, until in 1884 it exceeded the combined fields of any three years known. The bergs have augmented in

size, and this year were described as of enormous size, mountain-like, with valleys, rivers, and bays. The summers are growing so cool in the United States that the great cities, instead of being depopulated during alleged warm weather, are crowded,

It is revelant to note that in 1824 Scandinavian seal-men found an open winter, the snow melting as it fell. Kane, in the winter of 1851, recorded an average temperature of about minus 5°. The *Polaris* expedition during the winter of 1872-3 experienced a temperature of minus 40°. Dr. Hall asserts that the mercury froze. Lieutenant Greely, ten years later, records a mean thermometer of minus 41°, with a maximum of minus 62 and a half degrees—the lowest yet noted.

Among the many interesting discoveries of the party were some enormous glaciers. Many were found by Lieutenant Greely in the vicinity of Lake Hazen, the largest of which was named Henrietta Nesmith. This is the third prominent feature of the arctics named after women. The others are Lady Franklin Bay and Victoria and Albert Mountains. The largest glazier discovered, and perhaps in existence, was found beyond Lake Hazen, in Grinnell Land, toward the Polar Ocean, and was named after Agassiz. It resembled the great wall of China, and was at first so christened. It forms the southern ice cap of Grinnell Land, and is separated from the northern ice cap by sixty miles. Looking out on the Polar Sea, not far from this glacier, Lieutenant Lockwood saw the northern termination of Grinnell Land, which he named after Sergeant Brainerd, who followed him persistently and faithfully during the long arctic night. To the south the southern termination was seen, and called Cape Lockwood. Beyond was open water, and across that a new country, which was named after President Arthur. Grinnell Land, so thoroughly explored by the Greely party, may be called the land of glaciers. The Agassiz Glacier is now the most northern, and those of the Grand Tetons, in Wyoming, the most southern, known to North America. If these enormous ice mountains are increasing in size and number, it would not be too much to expect that the temperature of the entire continent is gradually lowering.

DISCIPLINE IN CAMP.

DURING their sojourn in the arctic regions the Greely party was subjected to a most salutary discipline. During the long arctic night the explorers lived in a house within a house. They breakfasted at eight, lunched lightly at eleven A. M. and nine P. M., and dined at four. Observations were taken daily in meteorology, astronomy, magnetism, sea temperatures, ice thicknesses, tidal motion, and velocity of sound at different temperatures. Military discipline, one hour's exercise per day, and a weekly bath were required of all. The living apartments were kept clean. National holidays were observed with an extra dinner, and an interchange of presents on Christmas. Thus the dread disease of scurvy, which wore out two ship's crews for Nares, was prevented, and a fairly contented life enjoyed.

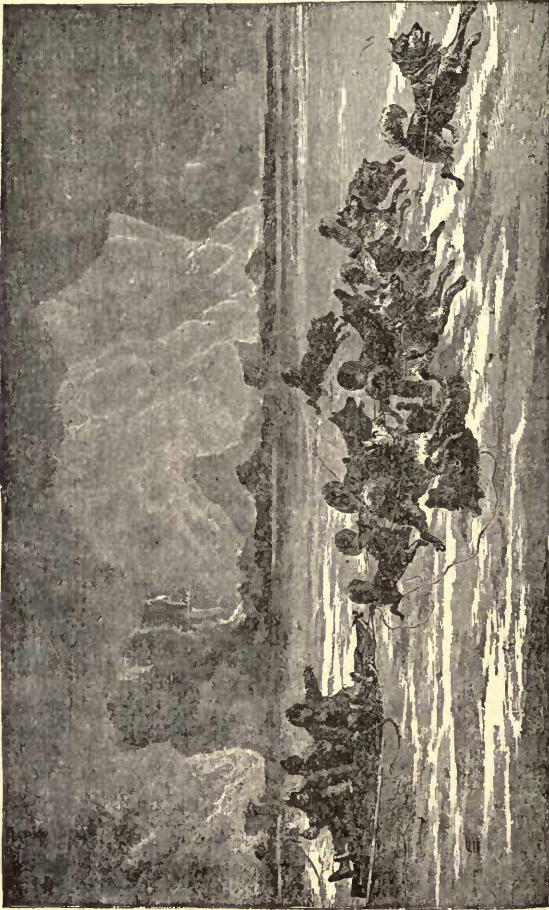
The men were allowed to grow full beard, except under the mouth, where it was clipped short. They wore knitted mittens, and over these heavy seal-skin mittens were drawn, connected by a tanned seal-skin string that passed over the neck, to hold them when the hands were slipped out. Large tanned-leather pockets were fastened outside the jackets, and in very severe weather jerseys were sometimes worn over the jackets for greater protection against the intense cold.

On the sledge journeys the dogs were harnessed in a fan-shaped group to the traces, and were never run tandem. In traveling, the men were accustomed to hold on to the back of the sledge, never going in front of the team, and often took off their heavy overcoats and threw them on the load.

The instructions issued by the government, by which Greely was to be controlled in the possibility of his having to retreat from Fort Conger, read as follows :

“ In case no vessel reaches the permanent station in 1882, the vessel sent in 1883 will remain in Smith's Sound until there is danger of closing by ice, and on leaving will land all her supplies and a party at Littleton Island, which party will be prepared for a winter's stay, and will be instructed to send sledge parties up the east side of Grinnell Land to meet this party. If

not visited in 1882 Lieut. Greely will abandon his station not later than September 1, 1883, and will retreat southward by boat, following closely the east coast of Grinnell Land until the relieving vessel is met or Littleton Island is reached."



LIEUT. GREELY'S DOG SLEDGE.

In accordance with these instructions, after spending two years at Fort Conger, Greely abandoned the station, August 9, 1883, and started, with his entire party, all of whom were in excellent

health, for Cape Sabine, which they reached after a dreadful journey of two month's duration.

On reaching Cape Sabine, Lieut. Garlington's record of the loss of the *Proteus* (which will be described hereafter), was discovered, and the poor fellows then learned that another winter, on short allowance, was before them. For eight months, between October 21, when the camp was established, and June 22, it seems Greely and his followers had only the scant allowance of food brought with them from Fort Conger; some supplies, much damaged, cached in 1875 by Sir George Nares at two or three points passed on the retreat; a small amount saved from the *Proteus* in 1882 (July 23), and landed by Lieuts. Garlington and Colwell on the beach.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE RETURN FROM FORT CONGER.

THE march from Fort Conger to Cape Sabine was replete with intense suffering and narrow escapes. Upon reaching Baird Inlet, on the 29th of September, Greely had to abandon his boats and was adrift for thirty days on an ice-floe in Smith's Sound. By rare good luck they were driven upon Cape Sabine on the 31st of October, 1883. A permanent camp was established here, and named Camp Clay, in honor of a nephew of the great statesman, who accompanied the expedition to Disco Island, but returned on the *Proteus*. They expected relief to reach them at this point, according to the promises made in his instructions from the government. Littleton Island is just across the Sound from Camp Clay, but owing to violent gales and ice, they were unable to make a crossing.

INDESCRIBABLE SUFFERING.

ALL the provisions brought with them from Fort Conger were fairly exhausted before the expedition reached Sabine Cape, so that when they went into camp, it was with the gloomiest pros-

pects possible before them. An occasional auk was killed, but very few were secured, as they usually fell in the water, where they could not be recovered, all the boats being lost. Seals, walrus, and ducks were plentiful and continually sporting in the sea before them as if to tempt and aggravate their hunger, for none of these could have been secured if killed. Their deplorable situation was rapidly destroying the minds of the men, weakened by the lack of food and strained by despair, and Greely realized the increasing necessity of securing relief at all hazards or giving up to fate. As a last resource, in which there was but the least gleam of hope, on November 2d, he detailed Corporal Joseph Elison and three others to attempt the recovery of the beef cached by Capt. Nares at Cape Isabella in 1879, distant thirty miles from camp. The weather at the time was terrible, but the threatened starvation made it absolutely necessary to obtain the food if possible. Sergeants Rice and Linn, and Privates Fredericks and Elison started with a daily ration of four ounces of meat, eight ounces of bread, a little tea and five ounces of alcohol for cooking purposes, with the temperature 35° below zero, the wind strong, the snow soft and the ice hummocky. In four days they had reached the cached meat and were on their return journey on the morning of November 6. They had left their rations and sleeping-bags at Cape Isabella, where they had encamped on the ice, and started with only a cup of tea, intending to subsist on the frozen meat and save the extra weight of sleeping-bags, provisions, and cooking-gear. They also intended to use the wooden barrels for fuel, and thus save their alcohol, and return to the ice camp for dinner. On their return Elison suffered with thirst and began to eat snow, against the orders and advice of the others. His hands and mits became wet, and, as a northwest gale was blowing, his hands were soon frozen. The snow had also caused his mouth and tongue to blister and he rapidly became weak. The men hurried into camp and then discovered that Elison had also frozen his feet. They cut his boots off and put him into the sleeping-bag, and restored the circulation in his hands and feet by friction. After a terrible night they continued on their



THE CAMP IN THE SNOW.

journey with the temperature at 25° below zero. Elison was unable to help haul the load, which had been increased by their sleeping bags and camp gear. His hands and feet were soon frozen, and Fredericks was obliged to help him along. Rice and Linn struggled manfully with the sled, but the whole party was soon forced by exhaustion to go into camp. The men passed another horrible night. They had no tent and their sleeping bags were frozen so stiff that it required an hour's work to unroll them. The men gradually worked themselves into their bags as the heat of their bodies thawed them out. A strong wind, drifting snow, and their exhaustion prevented them from restoring the circulation in their frozen companion. Words cannot describe the horrors of that night. When they broke camp they were obliged to abandon the meat or their companion, and they chose the former. Elison, noble fellow, begged them to leave him to die and save their meat and his starving companions. They left the meat cached on the ice and also a rifle as a mark, and pushed ahead to Eskimo Point, where they could secure shelter in their old camp. After reaching the camp they worked from 7 in the evening until 3 in the morning, and partially restored the circulation in Elison's hands and feet. They dried his clothes and made him warm tea, the only warm food they had been able to secure, the wind preventing them from lighting a fire. Early the next day Elison was able to walk, and was sent ahead while the others packed and hauled the sled. They soon overtook him, he having strayed from the road. His hands and feet were frozen and he was scarcely able to see. His cheeks and nose were also frozen. The men took turns at leading and helping him, while two hauled the sled. At last it required all three at the ropes, and they tied Elison's arms to the back of the sled and hauled him in that way. His legs were stiff and he would frequently fall and be dragged several yards before his cries were heard. Linn began to fail, and it was decided that Rice should push ahead while Fredericks remained with Elison and Linn. Rice, with a little frozen beef, started for assistance. The other men remained in their sleeping bags twenty-four hours,

when Sergeant Brainerd reached them and gave them some hot tea and soup and started back to hurry up the relief party, which arrived ten hours later. Lieutenant Lockwood and Dr. Pavy hauled Elison into camp, Fredericks and Linn walking. Elison's feet were frozen beyond cure and all his fingers and thumbs were lost. Linn never fully recovered from the exposure. Rice was unable to move for a day, and Fredericks was prostrated for



ELISON'S COMRADES ASSISTING HIM ON THE MARCH.

two days. Elison was carefully cared for and lived through the whole winter, receiving the best of rations and more than the others, and only died on July 8. His joy at his rescue and his terrible suffering were more than his weakened constitution could stand.

This calamitous failure to bring the meat from Isabella Camp plunged the already despairing party into more wretched woe; their few stores, though portioned out in exceedingly small

quantities, grew less until they were at last reduced to a soup made of boiled seal-skins, boots cut up fine and mixed with reindeer moss, rock lichens and small shrimps. They also made tea from the saxifrage and arctic willow, but in all this unpalatable and indigestible mixture there was very little nourishment, for the shrimps, which contained most substance, were least in quantity, as they were so small that it required more than 1,000 to weigh a pound, and the men were too weak to catch them. Famine stalked into the camp at length and began pointing its bony finger at the victims. Still, discipline was fairly maintained among the starving men. The rule of the camp was to allow no man to sleep longer than two hours at a time, this precaution being necessary to prevent torpor and death, the usual accompaniments of intense cold. The men were awakened only by rough means and were then made to shake themselves, and beat and stamp their feet to restore circulation, for it must be remembered that no fuel was procurable, and that there was nothing but alcohol left to cook with.

THE EXECUTION OF PRIVATE HENRY.

IN calamities such as now had overtaken the Greely party, stern character and heroism must become conspicuous; when death sits in judgment, the accused, if faint-hearted, is sure to quail, but there are others who will not cringe with obsequious fear, even before the monster though he were a thousand times blacker than Dante painted him. What better example of the heroic can be found than in the character of Joseph Ellison, begging his companions to leave him to die, that they might thereby be enabled to reach their starving comrades with meat.

On the other hand, the conduct of Charles B. Henry, in stealing rations from his fellow-sufferers, shows the weaker side of human nature, at a time when only the more heroic qualities are expected to manifest themselves. But let us remember that the pangs of excessive hunger, which had disordered the brain and enfeebled the frame, rendered these men scarcely responsible for their acts, and in considering the resorts to which they were forced at last, let it be with charity.

Starvation was setting its seal fast on the party; to save himself, Private Henry forgot his duty to his suffering comrades, and as early as November 1st he began stealing provisions from the scanty store. At first he was not suspected, though there was a suspicion that theft had been committed, and a threat was made by the men to kill any one they might detect in such an act.

On January 24th the party was near perishing from asphyxia, and several of its members were unconscious. Private Henry, during this terrible experience, was seen by one of the Esquimaux to steal some of the bacon from the stores. He soon afterward was taken ill from overloading his stomach, and vomited up bacon undigested. Investigation was had and Henry proved guilty, not only of this, but of several previous thefts. It was a terrible state of affairs. Henry's indignant comrades demanded his death. Over and over again he promised to reform, but this did not still the clamor for his life. Lieut. Greely remonstrated with the men, and all were quieted.

A LECTURE.

TAKING Henry in hand, Lieut. Greely represented to him the immensity of his offense and pointed out to him the necessity for concentrated action in the party if all would be saved. He was then placed under guard for several weeks, until increasing feebleness of the other members of the party rendered it necessary for them to avail themselves of his personal services. Shortly afterward he stole liquor from the stores and became intoxicated. Again his comrades clamored for his life, and again Lieut. Greely restrained them. June 5th he again stole and carried away some of the provisions. Lieut. Greely spoke firmly to him, and told him it would be policy for him to stop. Said the Lieutenant, "For God's sake, Henry, as you seem to have no moral sense, remember our lives depend upon our holding together!" With great earnestness Henry promised not to be guilty of theft again. But Lieut. Greely felt he could not trust him. After revolving in his mind their circumstances, he, on his own responsibility, issued a written order, now in possession of one of the survivors, commanding that Henry be shot on sight of

the commission of any more thefts of food. At this time the party had left, as a last resort, only pieces of seal-skin and such shrimps as they could procure. About June 6th, Henry went to the old winter quarters at Camp Clay, near Cape Sabine, and stole some of the last seal-skin, which was the only food left. He also took the last pair of boots in store. Being closely questioned by Lieut. Greely, he admitted his guilt. He was again ready with promises to do better.

THE SHOOTING.

His fate was upon him. He was, in the afternoon of that day, a little distance at the rear of the summer quarters, alone by himself. The written order for his execution was committed to three of the party. They were ordered to shoot him, encountering as little danger to themselves as possible, as Henry was the strongest of the party. Sadly the men departed on their terrible errand. Their comrades, left in the camp, turned their eyes to the ocean. In a few minutes the breeze bore to their ears the sound of two pistol shots. All were silent. Slowly, after a short interval, the men returned. The written order was handed to Lieut. Greely, and the horrible, but necessary, execution was over. Henry was never seen again alive.

The order for the execution was that afternoon read to the survivors, and all concurred in the justice and necessity of the act.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF HENRY'S EXECUTION.

UPON his return, Greely made the following official report of the execution :

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., August 11th.

To the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, through the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army:

SIR:—I have the honor to report that on June 6, 1884, at Camp Clay, near Cape Sabine, Grinnell Land, it became necessary for me to order the military execution of Private Charles B. Henry, Fifth Cavalry, for continued thieving. The order was given in writing, on my individual responsibility, being deemed absolutely essential for the safety of the surviving members of

the expedition. Ten had already died of starvation, and two more lay at the point of death. The facts inducing my action were as follows :

Provisions had been stolen in November, 1883, and Henry's complicity therein was more than suspected. March 24, 1884, the party nearly perished from asphyxia ; while several men were unconscious and efforts being made for their restoration, Private Henry stole about two pounds of bacon from the mess stores. He was not only seen by the Esquimau, Jans Edwards, but his stomach being overloaded, he threw up undigested bacon. An open investigation was held and every member of the party declared him guilty of this and other thefts. A clamor for his life was raised, but was repressed by me. I put him under surveillance until our waning strength rendered his physical services indispensable. Later, he was found one day intoxicated, having stolen the liquor on hand for general issue. A second time his life was demanded, but I again spared him. On June 5th, thefts of provisions on his part having been reported to me, I had a conversation with him, in which I appealed to his practical sense, pointing out what was necessary to our preservation. He promised entire reformation, but, distrusting him, I issued a written order that he should be shot if detected stealing.

On June 6th he not only stole part of the shrimps for our breakfast, but visiting, unauthorized, our winter camp, stole certain seal-skins reserved for food. I then ordered him shot. On his person was found a silver chronograph, abandoned by me at Fort Conger and stolen by him. In his bag was found a large quantity of seal-skin boots stolen a few days before from the hunter. Suspecting complicity on the part of several, I ordered his execution by three of the most reliable men. After his death the order was read to the entire party and concurred in by every member as being not only just, but essential to our safety. To avoid public scandal I ordered that no man should speak of this matter until an official report was made of the facts.

I have the honor to request that a court of inquiry be ordered, or a court-martial convened, should the honorable Secretary of

War deem either advisable. In this case I have thought it best not to ask for written statements of the surviving members of the party for appendices to this report, lest I might seem to be tampering with them. I have not asked, since our rescue, June 22, whether their opinions concurring in my action have changed or not, leaving such questions to your action, if deemed requisite. I naturally regret that circumstances imposed such a terrible responsibility upon me, but I am conscious I should have failed in my duty to the rest of my party had I had not acted promptly and summarily.

(Signed)

A. W. GREELY.

DEATH BY STARVATION.

It was a terrible thing to order the execution of a comrade who had borne with them the sufferings of an arctic winter without food or shelter, but the party could not allow their sympathies to affect justice at the expense of their own lives. The death of Henry was an inexorable necessity.

Starvation and cold had destroyed several of the party before Henry was executed, and after January 1, 1884, the death rate was appalling. Seventeen of the original twenty-five persons composing the expedition perished of starvation, the names of the dead recovered, with date of death, being as follows:

Sergeant Cross, January 1, 1884: Wedenck, an Esquiman, April 5th; Sergeant Linn, April 6th; Lieutenant Lockwood, April 9th; Sergeant Jewell, April 12th; Private Ellis, May 19th; Sergeant Ralston, May 23d; Private Whistler, May 24th; Sergeant Israel, May 27th: Private Henry, June 6th; and Private Schneider, June 18th. The names of the dead buried in the ice-foot, with the date of death (bodies not recovered), are as follows: Sergeant Rice, April 6, 1884; Private Bender, June 6th; Acting Assistant Sergeant Pavy, June 6th; and Sergeant Gardiner, June 12th.

Jans Edwards, one of Greely's faithful Esquimaux, while trying to harpoon a seal, broke through some newly formed ice on April 18th and was drowned. In the list of fatalities appears the name of Lieutenant Lockwood, to whose energies and ambitious

daring the United States owes the honor of having its standard planted nearer the North Pole than that of any other nation. How we should have rejoiced at his return and with gladness given him the welcome of a hero!

DEATH OF SERGEANT RICE.

THE death of Sergeant Rice, photographer of the Greely expedition, which occurred April 6th, was even more tragic than that of Sergeant Elison. The detail of men sent to Cape Isabella to bring supplies from the cache there, were forced to abandon their loaded sledge on the return, as previously related. Pen cannot picture the disappointment felt by those in the miserable camp when they saw the party return without food and dragging the almost lifeless body of Elison instead. They gave a true report of their misfortunes, of having been compelled to abandon the meat brought from Cape Isabella, about fifteen miles from camp, in order to save their companion from certain death. Starvation was now so near at hand that Sergeants Rice and Fredericks volunteered to bring the meat, which involved a journey of thirty miles through deep snow and a temperature of 40° to 60° below zero.

It was, at best, with them a struggle for life, so the two heroes set out for the deserted meat, weakened by the insufficient food which they had so long been compelled to subsist upon, but strong in heart and purpose. They took with them a sledge, rifle and hatchet, and provisions for a five days' journey, which allowance would force them to march at least six miles a day, a thing extremely difficult to do under the circumstances.

For three days the two brave fellows traveled, but without being able to find the meat, as it was, no doubt, now covered with snow. Enfeebled by scanty diet, and exhausted by excessive cold and exposure, Sergeant Rice was seized with a blood-flux, which so rapidly sapped his little remaining strength, that he speedily succumbed and died in his companion's arms.

The horror of this moment to Sergeant Fredericks is beyond description; alone in that awful field of sheeted desolation, with death clinging to his very bosom. The spirit of mercy seemed

never to have cast eyes even upon that horrible wilderness of woeful destitution, and all nature had apparently shunned the bleak expanse. Yet here was one of God's noblest creatures, battling the fiercest tide of misery, with death only for companion-



DEATH OF SERGEANT RICE.

ship—and lost! Poor Fredericks camped out alone that night, and stayed beside his dead comrade until he could dig a grave in the frozen earth with his hatchet, in which he interred with reverent respect the remains of a brave man, a noble friend, and a generous brother.

The profound grief felt at the loss of his comrade nerved Fredericks to greater effort, by suppressing hunger and cold, under his acute sufferings of heart. The little store of provisions, from which only one mouth was now to be fed, was drawn from more generously, and supplied strength and renewed hope, so that after three more days of wandering over the frozen plains, Fredericks at length found the camp again. His return without food plunged the party into despair, for the star of hope appeared now to set forever.

RESORT TO CANNIBALISM.

No one is able to decide what desperate resources should be availed of in dire extremity. There are recorded in the pages of history such extraordinary experiences in efforts to stay the ravages of starvation that, though we may recoil with disgust at such loathsome practices, we are none the better prepared to declare that under similar circumstances we should have been more circumspect or humane. The eating of snakes, bugs, worms, and reptiles of every species has frequently occurred, all shocking enough to our well-fed senses, but these must be forgotten in the recollection of well-authenticated cases which we have of cannibalism.

An English officer, during a successful campaign in the East, many years ago, expressed a wish for a well-cooked boar's head. On the following day his table was graced with what was represented to him as a native dish of the food that he desired, prepared with especial care by one of the most noted cooks of India. The officer ate with unusual relish, not neglecting to bestow most extravagant praise on the manner of cooking, and begged that the recipe for preparing boar's head might be given him. The reader may imagine his horror when the Englishman afterward received incontestable proof that he had dined off a slave's head, who had been killed for the purpose, instead of a boar, no such animal being known in that country.

It is, therefore, the loathsome thought, rather than any disgust in taste, which makes the very heart sick in contemplating a repast on human flesh. Who can say that this disgust is not

banished by overpowering hunger, like mirages of crystal waters rise before the vision of those suffering from thirst?

Is it really a matter for wonder that the Greely party, cast away and lost among the ice-crags and pitiless snows of a perpetual wilderness; freezing, starving, dying, with minds distorted by acute suffering, where all nature howled a requiem of despair, and desolation swept round their tattered tents like a ghoul hunting for victims; is it wonderful that, under such desperate circumstances, the surviving members of the Greely party should relieve their famine on the pulseless bodies of those lying under the snow? Self-preservation being, in truth, the first law of nature, every one must answer, "No."

The sense of shame—civilization's most enduring mark—did not abandon these brave men even in the last hour of their dreadful trial, for as hunger drove them to break their fast upon their dead comrades, they waited until the still watches of night and crept in half-bent attitudes to where the bodies lay; then, scraping back nature's winding sheet, they began the butchery. From arms, legs and bodies the pale flesh was stripped with keen blades and devour only as starving men can devour; but that, for grace, God was asked to look down with pity and forgiveness, we cannot doubt. Let us draw a veil of charity over this sad and wretched scene.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EFFORTS TO RELIEVE THE EXPLORERS.

DURING all the years that Greely was carrying out instructions and battling for honor and life, he was not forgotten by our Government or people. In 1882 a relief expedition was fitted out, according to promise, and dispatched for Littleton Island in the steamer *Neptune*. The relief party left St. John's with a large quantity of supplies July 8th, but on the 29th following found an impassable barrier of ice extending from Cape Sabine

to Cape Inglesfield, and after waiting until September 5th for an opening in the pack, (never being able to penetrate it further than lat. $79^{\circ} 20'$), returned to St. John's, warned by the formation of new ice, which was five inches thick, that the attempt to reach the colony must be deferred until another season. The winter quarters of Dr. Kane were nearly a degree further south than this. The *Release* and *Arctic*, in 1855, had their progress arrested in 78° and $32'$. Dr. Hayes' ship was frozen in a degree and a half south of the *Neptune's* furthest. The *Pandora*, in 1876, could scarcely more than enter Smith's Sound, although the *Alert* and *Discovery* came down from Lady Franklin Bay the same year. Capt. Hall, in 1873, with the *Polaris*; Sir George Nares, in 1875, with the *Alert* and *Discovery*; and Lieut. Greely, in 1881, with the *Proteus*, have gone beyond this barrier.

The *Neptune* left a few stores cached at Beebe, which is near the point selected on Littleton Island, and then hastened back to St. John's to escape the ice which was rapidly moving down.

One year later, June 28, 1883, another relief expedition, consisting of the steamer *Proteus* and whaler *Yantic*, sailed, commanded by Lieutenants Garlington and Conwell, for Fort Conger, hoping to reach that far north and distribute supplies from that point at the several caches southward to Cape Sabine.

This expedition met with swift disaster, for, a few miles above Cape Sabine, the *Proteus* was caught in the ice and crushed like an egg-shell. The crew barely escaped with their lives onto the ice, and were picked up by the *Yantic*, which returned with them to St. John's, thus marking a conspicuous failure.

The loss of the *Proteus* brought to light a most serious blunder. The landing of her stores at Littleton Island, or Cape Sabine, at the mouth of Smith Sound, before the ship herself encountered the perils of a heavy pack north of Cape Sabine, was of the utmost importance. Prudent Arctic navigators, under similar circumstances, have always endeavored to secure the safety of their food supply by getting the bulk of it on solid land as soon as possible after reaching their base of operations, and before running the extreme risk which is necessarily involved in

an attempt to penetrate any part of the great Polar pack. The experienced Arctic navigator, Leigh Smith, on his last voyage to Franz Josef Land, took the precaution to put a large part of his provisions ashore at the very earliest possible moment, so as not to be entirely at the mercy of the ice. The wisdom of this course was demonstrated only a few days later by the crushing and sinking of his ship. If the bulk of the *Proteus*' stores and the ready-made house which she had on board had been landed in



SINKING OF CAPT. LEIGH SMITH'S SHIP.

this way on Littleton Island or on Cape Sabine as soon as the ship reached either of these points, it would not have been necessary for Lieut. Garlington to seek safety at Upernavik, 800 miles away, and the lives of Lieut. Greely's party would not have been sacrificed after their arrival where they had a right to expect to find food and shelter.

It has been frequently asserted that Commander Garlington did not have the thorough confidence of his crew, in consequence of which there were serious dissensions on shipboard, amounting

to almost a mutiny. The orders issued from Washington appear to have been also misunderstood, so that there could have been no other result than failure anticipated.

THE THIRD RELIEF EXPEDITION.

THE ill results of the *Neptune* and *Proteus* expeditions did not wholly stifle public interest in the relief of Greely, though it did give rise to a pretty general impression that any further attempts would be an unjustifiable waste of public money. It may be safely asserted that not one person in a thousand believed Greely or any of his men had survived the winter of 1883-84, since it was known, from the instructions given him before sailing, that he must be traveling toward Cape Sabine destitute of provisions, and therefore must have perished. Nevertheless, the few who still believed or hoped that the party might yet be relieved, had sufficient influence to induce the Government to make another effort to reach the explorers.

Congress made an ample appropriation for the purpose, and the preparations for a third relief expedition were made with the utmost care. The English Government, which had taken very great interest in Greely, made an unconditional tender to the United States of the good steamer *Alert*, to assist in the search, a gift that evidenced the warm sympathy felt in England for the lost explorers. This steamer was the advance ship of Sir George Nares' expedition in 1875, and was specially fitted for voyaging amid ice-floes and ice-bergs. The United States purchased two other vessels, the *Thetis* and *Bear*, both of which, however, were much smaller than the *Alert*, but were strongly built and well suited for such service as they were now to be used for. These ships were brought to America and specially fitted for their voyage, being strengthened by every appliance and means known to modern engineering, while the comfort of the crews was equally provided for.

The command of the expedition was given to Commander W. S. Schley, who was placed in immediate charge of the *Thetis*, while Lieut. Emory was given command of the *Bear*, and Commander Coffin assigned to the *Alert*. Enlistment of volunteers

for the voyage was then begun, and the list of 140 men all told, was completed by the middle of April, 1884. No other expedition was ever so well equipped for an Arctic voyage as this one, and great expectations were aroused in consequence. Previous to starting, Commander Schley issued the following order to Lieut. Emory:

“Should you receive any information before my arrival that Lieut. Greely’s party, or any of them, have come as far South as Littleton Island, you are to seek the earliest occasion to reach them. This fact you will report to me in a communication to be left at Disco or Upernavik, or both places. Should you not hear at Disco or Upernavik of Greely or his party having reached Littleton Island, you may proceed beyond Upernavik, but you will not, under any circumstances, advance into Smith Sound until one of the other vessels of the Greely relief expedition shall arrive at Littleton Island.”

DISCOVERY OF THE GREELY PARTY.

THE *Bear* sailed from New York April 24th, the *Thetis* followed May 1st, while the *Alert*, being a steamer, and thus able to overtake the sailing vessels before they should reach Disco, deferred her departure until May 10th.

The ships made a favorable voyage, meeting with many obstacles, but none that seriously impeded their progress. On the 18th of June the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, in company with several whalers, passed into clear water off Cape York, and being now in a region where they might hope to find traces of the Greely party, colors were hoisted to attract attention. On Sunday, the 22d, both ships arrived at Cape Sabine and made fast to the ice, and parties were landed to scour the hills for records.

THE RESCUE.

THE *Bear*’s steam launch whistled at frequent intervals, hoping thereby to attract the attention of either the Greely party or Esquimaux, should there be any in the neighborhood. It happened that the welcome sound fell upon the ears of Sergeants Brainerd and Long as they lay in their torn and tattered tent,

only able to stir out by joint assistance. When Long got clear of the entanglement of the tent, which had been swept to the ground, he rose to his feet with great difficulty, and succeeded in clambering up to a rock that gave the most extensive view in that neighborhood. Brainerd went back to the tent, but Long remained, looking out searchingly in every direction for some strange object. At length he saw the unwonted sight of a large black object about a mile distant, which at first looked like a rock, but he knew there was no rock in that line. Suddenly the advancing steam launch changed its course, and Long recognized the approach of the rescuers. He came down from the rock, went toward the camp, raised the flag-pole and flag, which had been blown down during a gale, and held it for about two minutes, until his strength gave out, and it was blown once more to the ground.

The look-out from the steam launch had spied Long, and under a full head of steam drove through bursting billows with all possible speed toward the nearest point for landing, while Long tottered in the direction of the little vessel, falling at every few paces from sheer weakness, but rising again under the stimulating influence of hope, until at length, within nearly half a mile of the place where the tug had landed, he fell into the arms of Captain Ash, who was the first of the relief party to reach him. Brainerd was too weak to follow, and had to remain by the tent, where he prayed that the hope which had suddenly sprung into being might not prove the delusive dream of a chaotic mind.

Capt. Ash pushed on quickly toward the tent, with Commander Schley and five men, upon reaching which a sight met their gaze which beggars description.

Camp Clay, into which Lieutenant Greely and his entire party moved on November 1, 1883, was situated about five miles west of Cape Sabine, in a little cove, about the same distance from Cocked Hat Island. This site was selected because it was near the scattered provisions that they found there, and because there were plenty of small rocks near by with which to build the house, the party being too weak to transport them from any distance.

There was also a small lake, which supplied them with water up to the middle of February.

In May the party moved into the tent, at the place where they were found, on a slight elevation overlooking the former camp, and about two hundred and fifty yards to the eastward of it. This change was made owing to the summer thaw setting in and washing out their winter quarters.

The scene about the entire camp was one of the most wretched imaginable. Quantities of debris, old clothes, cans, camp utensils—everything but fuel and food—covered the ground. Valuable chronometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments were strewn about, showing the disregard that the poor fellows had come to have at the last for anything but life. The tent was an army wall-tent, nine by nine feet, and was pitched with its opening to the north-east.

The first words that gave signs of life to the rescuing party were those of Greely, who said, in a feeble voice, "Cut the tent." The front and western sides had blown down, and the poles were lying across three of the party, who were stretched out in their sleeping-bags, entirely too weak to lift the burden off. They had been in this condition sixty-two hours. Forty-eight hours more was the most that any of the party thought they could have survived under the circumstances.

The winter house was twenty-five by seventeen feet, with walls of small rocks, about six inches in thickness, piled to a height of three feet. Over the centre was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, forming a ridge pole, and canvass was stretched across this for a roof. Blocks of snow were banked on the outside to keep out the wind. The door was on the south side, and was about two-and-a-half by three feet, with a covered tunnel of the same size running out about twenty-five feet. There were no windows, and their only source of light during the dark, dreary winter nights was an Esquimau blubber-lamp. At the best it was a wretched hovel.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE DISCOVERY.

THE report of Commander Winfield Scott Schley, of the expedition under his command for the relief of the Greely party, was submitted to the Secretary of the Navy October 21, 1884. It cites the orders under which the expedition was organized, and then enters upon a graphic narrative of the events of the voyage.

Early in the evening of June 7, the ships *Thetis* and *Bear* reached Duck Islands, which locality Commander Schley terms "a desired outpost for advance into the more perilous dangers of Melville Bay." Violent gales, snow storms and dense fogs now prevailed, delaying further progress until the morning of June 11, when, open water having been observed through rifts in the fog to the northwest, the lines were cast off and the voyage was resumed.

The usual perils of Arctic navigation were experienced upon the northward journey from this point. Constant and anxious watch was kept for opportunities to make headway. Mile by mile a way was forced around obstructions and through dangerous and tortuous leads until, on the morning of June 18, the neighborhood of Cape York was reached. Here communication was opened with the natives, but no tidings of Greely's party could be obtained.

Littleton Island was reached on June 21, up to which time nothing had been heard of the objects of the search. The passage across to Payer Harbor was made on the afternoon of the 22d, during a heavy gale, and the vessels were moored to the ice-foot with ice-anchors. Parties were started at once to visit the cairns and caches at this point, in order that no opportunity should be lost to push northward if no tidings of Greely were to be found. Soon cheers were heard above the roaring winds by those on shipboard, but could not be located accurately. In a few minutes, seaman Yewell made his appearance, almost out of breath, and reported that Greely and his party were at Cape Sabine. He brought and delivered to Commander Schley records found by Lieut. Taunt in a cairn on Brevoort Island. The records had been chiefly prepared by Lieut. Greely in person and

were found to bear dates of eight and nine months previous. The latest paper, written Sunday, October 21, 1883, was as follows :

“My party is now permanently in camp on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the wreck cache cove, and the one to its west, distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.”

Shortly after Yewell's arrival, Ensign Harlow signalled from Stalknecht Island : “Send five men. I have found all Greely's records, instruments, etc.”

Lieut. Colwell was now instructed to proceed to the wreck camp cache, and if any of the party were alive, to inform them that their relief was at hand. Commander Schley followed in the *Bear*, leaving the *Thetis* with instructions to pick up the remaining searching parties, and then follow the *Bear*.

As the steam cutter reached the wreck camp cache, Lieut. Colwell and Ice-Masters Ash and Norman discovered Sergeant Long reclining on the rocks. Taking him into the cutter, and learning from him the location of the camp, they went to it and announced to Lieut. Greely the coming of relief. Ice-Master Norman returned to the steam cutter from the camp and took Long off at once to the *Bear*. Long was too weak to get on board himself, and was carried up the side by the crew and placed on a chair in the saloon. Full particulars having been learned from him in a few moments, Commander Schley, with Lieut. Emory, Ensign Reynolds, Dr. Ames and several of the crew of the *Bear*, went ashore and reached Greely's camp about nine, p. m. Lieut. Colwell now reported that he found the tent, covering the party, blown down on them and that he had partially raised it with the assistance of Ash and Norman, and had given the survivors some milk and beef extract. Signal was made to the *Thetis* to send more officers and men with Ensign Harlow and the photographic instruments ; also to send clothing, blankets, and stretchers. To this signal, Chief Engineer Melville, Dr. Green, Lieutenants Taunt and Lemly, and Ensign Harlow, of the *Thetis*, and Lieut. Usher, of the *Bear*, responded. These officers

were assigned various duties in connection with the removal of the living and the dead, their effects, etc. The doctors were left to administer stimulants to Lieut. Greely, Sergeant Elison, Sergeant Brainerd, Hospital-Steward Bierderbick, Sergeant Fredericks and Private Connell, who were found alive in this wretched tent.

All the survivors, except Long, were found in the tent, but Brainerd, Bierderbick and Fredericks subsequently emerged and insisted that they were strong enough to walk to the boat. It required but a short time to demonstrate their mistake, and they, with the others, were carried upon stretchers.

By 11 p. m. the survivors were so far strengthened by stimulants that all were removed to the ships—Lieut. Greely, Sergeant Brainerd, Hospital-Steward Bierderbick and Private Connell to the *Thetis*; Sergeants Fredericks and Elison to the *Bear*. The gale, which had blown all day, increased to a hurricane during the night. Work with boats, therefore, was both difficult and dangerous. With much difficulty the ships were kept head to the wind. The frequent squalls often drove them off, broadside to, and while in such position, without sail, their rails would be driven almost into the water. Although the shore was distant, at times, hardly one hundred feet, the boats would nearly swamp in traversing that short distance.

The work of exhuming the bodies of the dead for transportation to the United States was carried on under the orders of Lieut. Emory, and so energetically and promptly performed that the ships were able to start for Payer Harbor at four o'clock on the morning of June 23.

Commander Schley describes as follows the impressive scene inside Greely's tent:

“Lieutenant Greely was found in his sleeping bag, his body inclined forward and head resting upon his left hand. The Book of Common Prayer was open and held in his right hand. He appeared to be reading prayers to Private Connell, whose condition was most desperate and critical. He was cold to the waist; all sensation of hunger gone; was speechless and almost breathless;

his eyes were fixed and glassy. Indeed, his weakness was such that it was with difficulty he swallowed the stimulants given him by Drs. Green and Ames; his jaws had dropped, his heart was barely pulsating, and his body temperature very low.

“This tender scene of a helpless, almost famished officer consoling a dying companion, was in itself one that brought tears to the eyes of the strongest and stoutest of those who stood about them on the merciful errand of relief.

“Sergeants Brainerd and Fredericks and Hospital-Steward Bierderbick were extremely weak and hardly able to stand; they were no longer able to venture away from their camp to seek food, nor to prepare the simple diet of boiled seal-skin, nor to collect lichens, nor to catch shrimps, upon which they had to depend to a great extent to sustain life. Their faces, hands and limbs were swollen to such an extent that they could not be recognized. This indicated that the entire party had but a short lease of life—probably not more than forty-eight hours at most. This fact was recognized by them all, and had come to them from their experience during that long and desolate winter in watching their dying companions, as one after another passed away from among them forever.

“Poor Sergeant Elison was found in his sleeping bag, where he had lain helpless and hopeless for months, with hands and feet frozen off. Strapped to one of the stumps was found a spoon, which some companion had secured there to enable him to feed himself. His physical condition otherwise appeared to be the best of any of the survivors, and this may be attributed to the fact that each of his companions had doled out to him from their small allowance of food something to help him, on account of his complete helplessness to add anything to his own by hunting about the rocks for lichens or shrimps. He suffered no waste of strength by exertion incident thereto. This care of Elison was such as only brave and generous men, suffering with each other under the most desperate circumstances, could think of.

“Sergeant Long was very much reduced, though in somewhat better condition than some of the others. His office of hunter

for the starving party had made it necessary to increase slightly his pittance of food to maintain his strength, that he might continue the battle for food and life to the helpless. In his case, however, the effect of this continued effort had told its story in his wasted form. Shorter and shorter journeys were made in good weather, while in the frequent bad weather of that region his strength was so much impaired that when the joyful signal whistle was heard he had only enough left to stagger out to the rocks overlooking the water to see if the signal had proceeded from ships in sight. His first visit was a bitter disappointment, as he saw nothing. A second visit, fifteen minutes later, brought him within fifty yards of the *Bear's* steam-cutter and in view of the relief ships coming around Cape Sabine. When the steam-cutter ran into the beach where Long was seen he rolled down the ice-covered cliff and was taken into the cutter. He informed Lieutenant Colwell that the location of the camp was just over the cliff.

“In the case of Sergeant Ellison the medical officers were fearful from the first that his chances of life were very small. As soon as proper food was available and the digestive functions should be re-established fully, the healthful round of blood circulation would begin its distribution of new life to the injured parts, and inflammation would naturally occur. If Ellison's strength should increase more rapidly than the inflammation, amputation of the injured parts would perhaps save his life. Several days after his rescue, June 28, Dr. Green reported that Ellison was threatened with congestion of the brain. The symptoms increased rapidly until the poor fellow lost his reason. At Godhaven his condition was so critical that the surgeon of the expedition, after consultation, determined to amputate both feet above the ankle as the only chance of life left the sufferer. Disease, however, triumphed, and amid the bleak scenes that had surrounded him for three years in his heroic sacrifice, and within the desolate solitude of that region of everlasting ice and snow, surrounded by his sorrowing comrades, he passed away about three A. M. of July 7, three days after the amputation.

“Lieutenant Greely was physically the weakest, but mentally the most vigorous of his party. He had lain in his sleeping bag for weeks on account of his gradually failing strength. He was unable to stand alone for any length of time, and was almost helpless except in a sitting posture; all pangs of hunger had ceased; his appearance was wild; his hair was long and unkempt; his face and hands were covered with sooty black dirt; his body was scantily covered with worn out clothes; his form was wasted, his joints were swollen, and his eyes were sunken.

“His first inquiry was if they were not Englishmen, but when he was told that we were his own countrymen, he paused for a moment as if reflecting, then said, ‘And I am glad to see you.’

“The condition of his camp was in keeping with the scene inside the tent, desperate and desolate; the bleak barrenness of the spot, over which the wild Arctic bird would not fly, the row of graves on a little ridge, one hundred feet away, with the protruding heads and feet of those lately buried, a sad but silent witness to the daily increasing weakness of the little band of survivors; the deserted winter quarters in the hollow below, with its broken wall invaded by the water from the melting snow and ice above it; the dead bodies of two companions stretched on the ice foot that remained; the wretched apology for cooking utensils improvised by them in their sore distress, hardly deserving the name; the scattered and worn out clothes and sleeping bags of the dead; the absence of all food save a few cupfuls of boiled seal-skin scraps; the wild and weird scene of snow, ice and glaciers overlooking and overhanging this desolate camp, completed a picture as startling as it was impressive. I hope never again in my life to look upon such wretchedness and such destitution. The picture was more startling and more deeply pathetic than I had ever dreamed could be possible. In beholding it I stood for a moment almost unmanned, and then realized that if the expedition had demonstrated any one thing more than another it was that an hour had its value to at least one of that party. Stouter hearts than mine felt full of sorrow. Eyes that had not wept for years were moistened with tears in the solemnity

of that precious hour in the lives of that heroic little band of sufferers, until this moment so hopeless and helpless."

PREPARING THE DEAD FOR TRANSPORTATION.

A PORTION of the report is devoted to a detailed description of the exhuming of the dead and the preparation of the bodies for transportation. In reference to the condition of the bodies Commander Schley says:

"In preparing the bodies of the dead for transportation in alcohol to St. John's, it was found that six of them—Lieutenant Kislingbury, Sergeants Jewell and Ralston, Privates Whistler, Henry and Ellis—had been cut, and the fleshy parts removed to a greater or less extent. All other bodies were found intact. When the bodies of the dead were exposed in preparing them the identification was found to be complete. Some of them could be recognized by aid of a picture taken with us from home; others, whose features had decayed, were identified by other characteristics. I am therefore satisfied that no mistake was made in this important matter, which so impressed us from the beginning."

Maurice Connell was so exhausted by starvation that when found he was delirious and remained wholly unconscious for several days after his rescue. When aroused by the rescuers he wildly exclaimed: "For God's sake let me die in peace." A transfer of the survivors to the *Thetis* and *Bear*, which lay off shore about 300 yards, was attended with great difficulty. There was a terrific gale blowing from the southwest. A heavy sea was running and a formidable ice nip was apparently inevitable. Lieut. Greely and the other six survivors had to be transferred from their camp to a steam launch and whaleboat in their sleeping bags, and while steaming from land to the ships the destruction of the whole party at one time seemed certain. The sea swept furiously over them. At length they were safely placed on board the rescuing squadron, where every possible preparation had been made to insure their recovery.

THE DEAD.

AFTER removing the survivors, the rescuing party turned their attention to recovering the dead bodies, which lay under the snow and ice, some in marked and others in unmarked graves. Twelve of the victims were dug out of their ice-beds and carried to the *Thetis*, where they were dressed in becoming winding sheets, preparatory to bringing them back to the green hills of their birth for honored burial.

The *Alert* had become separated from her companion vessels in a gale, and was not, therefore, present at the recovery, but the three were again united, on the return journey, off Wilcox Head. Upon arriving at Upernavik, July 2d, Commander Schley dispatched the *Alert* and her tender, the *Loch Garry*, to Godhaven, while the *Bear* and *Thetis* remained, the former to coal and the latter to shift her broken rudder. At Godhaven the *Alert* repaired some of her broken machinery, and buried one of the Esquimaux who had accompanied Greely. The vessels started south together on the 10th of July, but on the 15th, when off the coast of Newfoundland, the steel barrier which bound the *Alert* and *Loch Garry* together, parted three times in a gale, and the former had to finally be cast adrift.

July 17th the *Bear* and *Thetis* dropped anchor off St. John's at 9, A. M., and Commander Schley immediately telegraphed Secretary Chandler the results of his successful search as here given, and also the following further particulars of his voyage :

“The channel between Cape Sabine and Littleton Island did not close, on account of violent gales, all winter, so that 240 rations at the latter point could not be reached. All of Greely's records and all the instruments brought by him from Fort Conger are recovered and are on board. From Hare Island to Smith's Sound I had a constant and furious struggle with ice in impassable floes. The solid barriers were overcome by watchfulness and patience. No opportunity to advance a mile escaped me, and for several hundred miles the ships were forced to ram their way from lead to lead, through ice varying in thickness from three to six feet, and when rafted, much greater.

“The *Thetis* and the *Bear* reached Cape York June 18th, after a passage of twenty-one days in Melville Bay, with two advance ships of a Dundee whaling fleet, and continued to Cape Sabine. Returning seven days later, we fell in with seven others of this fleet off Wostenholme Island, and announced Greely's rescue to them, that they might not be delayed from their fishing grounds nor be tempted into the dangerous Smith's Sound in view of the reward of \$25,000 offered by Congress. Returning across Melville Bay we fell in with the *Alert* and *Loch Garry* off Devil's Thumb, struggling through the ice. Commander Coffin did admirably to get along so far with the transport so early in the season before the opening had occurred. Lieut. Emory, with the *Bear*, has supported me throughout with great skillfulness and unflinching readiness in accomplishing the great duty of relieving Lieut. Greely. The Greely party are very much improved since the rescue, but were critical in the extreme when found and for several days after. Forty-eight hours' delay in reaching them would have been fatal to all now living. The season north is late and the coolest for years. Smith's Sound was not open when I left Cape Sabine. The winter about Melville Bay was the most severe for twenty years. This great result is entirely due to the unwearied energy of yourself and the Secretary of War in fitting out this expedition for the work it has the honor of accomplishing.

“W. S. SCHLEY, Commander.”

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

On the 17th of July Lieutenant Greely sent another dispatch to Gen. Hazen, in which he says: “Learning by scouting parties of the *Proteus* disaster, and that no provisions had been left for us from Cape Isabella to Sabine, moved and established winter quarters at Camp Clay, half-way between Sabine and Cocked Hat. An inventory showed that by daily ration of four-and-a-half ounces of meat, seven ounces of bread and dog biscuits and four ounces miscellaneous, the party would have ten days' full rations left for crossing Smith Sound to Littleton Island. Unfortunately, Smith Sound remained open the entire winter,

rendering crossing impracticable. Game failed, despite daily hunting from early February. Before the sun returned only five hundred pounds of meat had been obtained. This year minute shrimps, sea-weed, sassafras, rock lichens, and seal-skins were resorted to for food, with results as shown by the number of survivors. The last regular food was issued May 14. Only 150 pounds of meat left by Garlington compelled me to send in November four men to obtain 144 pounds of meat at Isabella. During the trip Elison froze solid both hands and feet, and lost them all, surviving, however, through our terrible winter and spring until July 8. The survivors owe their lives to the indomitable energy of Capt. Schley and Lieut. Emory, who, preceded by three and accompanied by five whalers, forced their vessels from Upernavik through Melville Bay into North Water at Cape York, with the foremost whaler. They gained a yard whenever possible, and always held it. Smith Sound was crossed and the party rescued during one of the most violent gales I have ever known. Boats were handled only at imminent risk of swamping. Four of us were then unable to walk, and could not have survived exceeding twenty-four hours. Every care was given us. I saved and bring back copies of meteorological, tidal, astronomical, magnetic, pendulum, and other observations; also pendulum, Yale, and standard thermometers; forty-eight photographic negatives, a collection of blanks and photographic proofs. Esquimaux relics and other things were necessarily abandoned. The *Thetis* remains here five days probably.

(Signed)

“GREELY, Commanding.”

The following dispatch was sent in reply to the above:

SIGNAL SERVICE, July 17.

Lieut. A. W. Greely, St. Johns:

Our hearts are overflowing with gladness and thanks to God for your safety, and in sadness for those who without fault of yours are dead. Your family are well and in San Diego. Your dispatches are most satisfactory, and show your expedition to have been in the highest degree successful in every particular. This fact is not effected by the disaster later.

W. B. HAZEN.

HOW THE BODIES WERE PREPARED.

WHEN the dead bodies were brought on board the *Thetis*, they were all, at first, laid out in the forecabin, and a screen was placed in front of them, to prevent a close examination being made by the sailors. They were left in this position for twenty-four hours, when half of them were transferred to the *Bear* after dark. Under ordinary circumstances the disagreeable task of packing away the bodies would have been considered unfit for officers and left to the seamen, but on this occasion, in order to obtain greater secrecy, commissioned officers were specially detailed for this duty. On the *Thetis* they were Surgeon Green, Ensign Harlow, and Chief Engineer Melville, and on the *Bear*, Dr. Ames and Lieut. Cross. They cut off all the clothing and sewed the corpses up in sheets. Then the limbs and bodies were tightly enveloped in muslin bandages, which were also sewn up, and the heads and faces were all concealed in like manner. The only article of clothing which was not removed was a woollen skull-cap worn by each. They left that on because they were afraid to remove it. After being thus prepared, the bodies were placed in iron tanks and covered with alcohol. The bodies were removed from the tanks and placed in the iron caskets by officers also, and no others saw them. Thus prepared, they were brought to St. Johns, and there Capt. Schley ordered iron caskets to be made for their reception. He therefore sent the following telegram :

“ ST. JOHNS, July 18.—To Hon. Wm. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy : Iron caskets for the dead will be delivered July 25. As soon as remains are transferred to them I will sail for New York, advising you when ready. A week's rest for officers and men, after the incessant labor and perils of the past sixty days, is most grateful to them. Your telegram and that of the Acting Secretary, Admiral Nichols, gave us great satisfaction. Please accept our thanks for them. In respect to the memory of the dead on board, flags of the ships will fly at half-mast during my stay.

(Signed) “ W. S. SCHLEY, Commander.”

The news of the rescue was cabled to England on the day the squadron put into St. Johns, and produced a very great sensation among all classes of people. A meeting of the London Balloon Society was called on the same evening to take action upon Capt. Schley's brave work, and reported the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That in the accomplishment of the work of the relief of Lieut. Greely and the survivors of his noble party a boon has been conferred on mankind.

“Resolved, That this society congratulates Lieut. Greely and his noble comrades upon their magnificent achievement in the Arctic seas, in having proceeded further north than all other Arctic explorers.

“Resolved, That this society hereby order a gold medal commemorating this event specially struck, and presented to Lieut. Greely.

“Resolved, That Lieut. Greely be hereby elected a life member of this society.”

The resolutions were seconded and carried unanimously, amid the greatest furore ever witnessed in any of the meetings of the Balloon Society.

Immediately after the above action Capt. Pfound's proposed and Sir William Wheelhouse seconded the following resolution:

“Resolved, That this society cable to the President of the United States the following message: ‘To Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, Washington, D. C.: The Balloon Society of Great Britain tenders through you to the people of the United States and to Lieut. Greely and the other gallant American citizens who participated in this noble task, its congratulations upon the accomplishment of the work of reaching an unequalled Northern latitude.’”

Following this action the Royal Geographical Society called a meeting on the 19th, and adopted similar congratulatory and laudatory resolutions.

MEETING BETWEEN GREELY AND HIS WIFE.

ON August 1st the Greely relief squadron reached Portsmouth Harbor, bearing the dead and survivors of the expedition, and

was met by the North Atlantic squadron of United States men-of-war, with Secretary Chandler on board the flag-ship *Tennessee*. What a scene, as the noble weather-beaten ships, moving as if instinct with life, and bearing home the six living and the twelve dead heroes, steamed slowly around old Fort Constitution and dropped anchor in the harbor. The grim men-of-war, drawn up to greet them, displayed all their bunting; their decks were alive with officers in gold lace; their yards were manned by gallant tars who cheered right lustily, and their guns roared deep-mouthed welcome, while the strains of the familiar old melody, "Home Again," played by the band of the *Tennessee*, brought tears to many eyes. And then what greetings, what embraces, what fervent "God bless yous," and what deep, undemonstrative joy! Secretary Chandler gathered the commanding officers of the relief squadron around him in the cabin of the flag-ship, while Commander Schley arranged for the long-looked-for meeting of Lieutenant Greely and his wife. It was a dramatic scene of pathos and joy. Mrs. Greely had but just arrived in Portsmouth, and had been at once taken on board the *Thetis*, where her husband was. Lieutenant Greely had not been informed that his wife was about to come on board, and a few moments before her arrival, in conversation with Commander Schley, the hero said he did not expect to see her, as she probably had not been able to reach there so soon. When the Secretary's barge was seen to leave the *Tennessee*, with Mrs. Greely and her two brothers, Messrs. G. O. and C. A. Nesmith, sitting in the stern sheets, Commander Schley said to Lieutenant Greely: "Lieutenant, I would like to see you in my own cabin for a few moments." This was to engage Lieutenant Greely's attention until a peculiar signal given on the boatswain's whistle indicated that Mrs. Greely was on board. With trembling steps she descended to the cabin door, and just at the instant she entered Commander Schley left the room, leaving the long-separated couple alone. Lieutenant Greely was sitting with his back to the door, but when Commander Schley so abruptly left him, he turned, and at the same instant saw his wife enter. There was one wild exclamation

of joy, smothered by a frantic embrace, and what followed none know but those two. Later in the afternoon the mother of Lieut. Greely arrived from Newburyport, and there was another affecting meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Greely and the latter's brothers were seated in Commander Schley's cabin, alternately crying, laughing and embracing. Old Mrs. Greely suddenly entered and threw her arms around her son's neck, saying only, "My son! my son!" Lieutenant Greely spoke no word save "Mother!" Fearing the excitement would be too much for his shattered constitution, Commander Schley entered the cabin and directed the conversation into less emotional channels.

The great land demonstration in honor of the return of the survivors took place in Portsmouth on Monday, the 4th. Commander Schley, Lieut. Emory, and Commander Coffin, with the crews of the *Thetis*, the *Bear* and the *Alert*, a body of naval cadets and apprentices, a battalion of marines, and the naval brigade of the North Atlantic squadron, formed a superb procession, which was reviewed by the survivors from the balcony of the Rockingham House. As the crews of the relief squadron passed, Lieut. Greely bowed very low and seemed to look his gratitude to the men who had so recently rescued him from an arctic grave. The scene was affecting, and much emotion seemed to pervade the entire throng. In a carriage following those of the officers of the relief squadron, rode Secretary Chandler, General Hazen, Commodore Wells, and Acting Admiral Luce. These gentlemen received a tribute of applause. The marching of the long procession was very fine, and the manœuvres of the battalion of marines from the squadron were brilliant.

In the evening an enthusiastic meeting of the citizens, at which a large number of distinguished persons were present, was held at the Music Hall. The official welcome of the city of Portsmouth was extended to the surviving members of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, who were not, however, allowed by their physicians to attend the gathering. Secretary Chandler reviewed the history of the expedition and the rescue, and paid a glowing and well-deserved tribute to the noble work of

Commanders Schley and Coffin and Lieutenant Emory. A letter of grateful and heartfelt acknowledgment from Lieutenant Greely was read, and other speeches were made by Mr. S. J. Randall, Senator Hale, Commanders Schley and Coffin, Lieut. Emory and General Butler.

The *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert* arrived in New York on the 7th, bearing the bodies brought from Cape Sabine to be reclaimed by the relatives and friends. On the following day they were transferred with imposing ceremonies from the *Thetis* and *Bear* to the barge *Chester A. Arthur*, and thence conveyed to Governor's Island.

UNPLEASANT FACTS.

THE bodies were saluted by the Government troops and then sent to their friends in the several places of their residences for burial. Up to this time there were no suspicions of any disloyal act having been committed by any member of the expedition, nor had the breath of rumor circulated any story save that of heroism and endurance. But ere many days had elapsed after the funeral ceremonies were completed, some member of the relief squadron intimated that Private Henry had not died of starvation, as first reported, but that he had been officially executed. This was at first denied, but afterward admitted in a report made by Lieut. Greely, already quoted. This news produced considerable excitement, though no one spoke condemnatory of Greely beyond expressing an opinion that he should have stated the facts at once in his general report to Secretary Chandler. But the little surprise thus created was quickly overshadowed by a rumor that the Greely party had been guilty of cannibalism. This created a profound sensation, notwithstanding an emphatic denial made by Lieutenant Greely himself. It was then remembered that he had opposed any removal of the dead bodies from their original burial places, by saying: "Often in talking over what seemed to be inevitably our fate, the men all expressed the wish to be buried on the verge of the great Polar Sea, by whose shores they had met their death. Out of deference to the solemn wishes of the dead I spoke against disinterring the bodies, and

for no other reason. Had I died I should have wished a grave in the North."

He said again: "Why did we not allow poor Elison to die, if we were so far past the line between humans and savages? Why did we share our food with him to the last?" These were manly words, and were, no doubt, sincere, for cannibalism may have been practiced without his knowledge; but, still the report grew apace, until it was definitely stated that Lieutenant Kislingbury's body had been partially devoured after his death. So specific were these statements, that the three brothers of the deceased, John F., Frank W. and William H. Kislingbury, decided to have the body exhumed from its resting place in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y., and an investigation made. Doctors Charles Buckley and Frederick A. Mandeville were engaged to make the examination. Accordingly the body was exposed on August 13th, and after performing the duties for which they were engaged, the two doctors made a sworn statement declaring that the flesh had been stripped from the limbs and the larger part of the body, reducing it almost to a skeleton of bare bones, weighing only about fifty pounds.

This statement set at rest all doubts of the dreadful resorts to which at least some of Greely's men had been driven, and reports began to increase until several other bodies were exhumed, some of which bore unmistakable marks of the knife, while others did not. There is also the best of evidence that the body of Private Henry was eaten, for his headless remains were found a mile from Greely's camp, and some of his bones were bare and scattered, but no official investigation was held to determine the full extent to which cannibalism was carried. Quite enough became known, however, through investigation, to shock the moral sense of those who cannot be brought to a proper consideration of what starvation might force men to do.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

IN the light of subsequent events we feel justified in saying that had the relief expedition succeeded in reaching Fort Conger, or in making caches of supplies where they could be found along

the line of retreat, the whole party might have returned alive, with the story of the most successful Arctic expedition that ever spent three winters in the "Land of Desolation." The arrangements for the comfort and security of the men left nothing to be desired, and Lieutenant Greely's management was in the highest degree judicious. There was no sickness in the party. The men were kept in good health and spirits by active employment, and such amusements as were possible under the circumstances. Lieutenant Greely and Dr. Pavy occasionally gave the men lectures on various subjects, and each man was allowed to celebrate his birthday by choosing the dinner, of which all partook. No jealousies or dissensions marred the harmony of the little band. The discipline was of necessity rigid, but kind. A sense of fraternity and common dependence ruled the spirits of all. Even the failure to receive supplies and news from home does not appear to have made the men despondent. It is impossible to read of their quiet heroism, their manly self-control, without admiration for the noble qualities they displayed, and profound sorrow that so few of them have survived to share in the plaudits of the world.

The unstabled character of Henry is the only blot that stains the brilliant crew that sailed with Greely, which, however, is almost wiped out by the marvelously heroic Elison, who offered his own life freely that his comrades might live. But they were all heroes, save the one weak brother, and their bright example is a wealth of glory for all America. Disaster and death did not rob them of the grand success which they attained, nor does any fact connected with their desolate camp in the frozen region of Sabine diminish the glorious honors which they earned. The Greely Expedition must stand as the most successful ever made to the Arctic regions up to the year 1884.

WONDERS OF THE ARCTIC WORLD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MYSTERY, FABLE AND MARVELLOUS FACTS.

THE wonders of Nature are distributed throughout all space, except that there is no space, for all conceivable distances in the apparent void are inhabited by atoms of life; airy motes, yet living, and performing the duties of their several spheres according to creation's law. So, in the hyperborean regions of perpetual ice, where freezing cold repels every effort at exploration, there, also, animal life teems, though with less diversification than in tropical climates.

The mystery which surrounds the impenetrable region of the North Pole is embalmed in numerous stories and wild theories, in which goblins, ghouls, and ice-sprites figure conspicuously. There sits a siren, wrapped in a mantle of snow, decorated with glittering icicles and her hair sparkling with frost spangles, crooning a lay which the north wind sings so monotonously in winter. Her voice is husky, but her eyes are bright as Venus shining over a waste of sleet on a cold, clear night. The light of her eye attracts explorers, who follow as it recedes, until drawn within the magnetic circle of her power, she sends a shiver of death through them, and they become spirits of her frost realm. There is also a phantom ship, manned by a phantom crew. Her rigging hangs thick with jagged ice, and the shrouds are clothed with snow. The silent men are muffled in overcoats white with frost, while their hair and beards are hoary, but not with age. This phantom vessel appears in the offing to Arctic travelers, and is the sure precursor to fatal calamity. These and other wild stories are told of the mysterious North to deter ad-

venturers from seeking to penetrate the forbidden fields of nature.

Of the theories respecting the North Pole the most singularly interesting is that advanced by John Cleves Symmes, an American, who, in a wonderfully plausible manner, argued that the earth is hollow, open at the poles, and capable of being inhabited within. He both lectured and wrote extensively on this theory, but though his arguments were well conceived, and not without a measure of consistency, yet some of his claims appeared so absurd that he made few converts. His theory of concentric spheres, however, was pretty well received by many scientists, which had the effect of preserving his name among the list of noted men.

It will be remembered by readers of the Greely Expedition, that Lockwood and Brainerd, upon reaching the greatest altitude ever attained by man, found a current setting in so strong toward the north that they were compelled to turn back, to avoid being caught in the drift and carried irresistibly away into the unknown, although their nearest approach to the North Pole was four hundred miles. This is an important fact, explainable only upon two hypotheses, viz: that there is a current which sweeps constantly toward and around the pole, where a warmer climate exists; or that a fissure or verge in the earth attracts the waters to that spot, as Symmes maintained. The former, it must be confessed, is altogether the more reasonable, and must, therefore, be popularly accepted. There is another almost equally important fact, however, which tends materially to confuse all theories respecting the North Pole, except that of Symmes, which is, that, after reaching 80° North, there is a gradual increase of temperature and a corresponding increase of animal life. Symmes' theory is that this warmth is the result of the electrical force of the inner earth expending its effect on the atmosphere adjacent to the pole. This theory, though, is combatted by the discovery that the cold toward the North Pole is not nearly so intense as that which surrounds the South Pole, and the yet further and still more important fact, that the lowest temperature is not found at either pole, but in the neighborhood of Yakoutsch, Siberia. We are there-

fore lost in an inextricable confusion of conflicting facts, which must be left to future discoveries, or forever remain an unanswered problem, a mystery of mysterious nature.

Scientists, whose most ambitious flights of speculation can hardly go back of the withered age of time, assert, by a process of analogous reasoning, that climatic change is due to glacial formation ; that the earth shifts about on its axis to maintain its equilibrium, which is destroyed through a gradual process of ice formations at its poles. As a result of this shifting movement, one portion of the earth is submerged as the other rises, the change being so gradual, however, as to be perceptible only after ages of observation and comparison. There are evidences that at one time nearly all of North America was under water, at which period South America must have been of much greater extent than it is now, and must also have had a very different temperature. Then, as North America gradually rose, by reason of heavy glaciers collecting at the South Pole, South America was slowly being submerged, thus reversing their climates and undergoing the most radical changes, which are partially explained by geologic and fossiliferous formations and remains found on mountain tops and in deep valleys. The remarkable ruins of temples found in Greenland indicate most conclusively that that country must have had a comparatively mild climate at one time, favorable to agriculture and a high state of civilization, while now it is a desolate waste from the intense cold which prevails. Further proofs of a reversal of climate, from warm to cold, in the Arctic region, seems to be found in the extinct animal life of Northern Siberia, unless it can be accounted for on the Symmes' theory. This is now the coldest district of the earth, but along the rigorous coast are numerous remains of the mammoth, elephant, rhinoceros, and other equatorial beasts. The change of temperature seems to have been so sudden that they were overwhelmed before being able to retreat to a warmer climate, unless their remains were drifted there by currents in the Arctic Ocean from a warm country near the pole, as claimed by Capt. Symmes and his supporters. The mammoth may possibly

have existed in a cold region, for it was clothed with a heavy coat of long hair, but, on the other hand, being an herbaceous animal, or, certainly a vegetable feeder, it could hardly have sustained life in a cold region, no more than the elephant and rhinoceros, which we know do not exist beyond the tropics. These wonders only increase the appetite for exploration, since in them we discover what very pigmies we are in knowledge, and how little are the wonders of nature comprehended in our short grasp of intellect.

HISTORY OF THE SYMMES THEORY OF THE EARTH; OR, A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD.

OWING to the interest in this subject, revived by the recent discoveries of the Greely expedition, we present here a history of the Symmes theory.

Capt. John Cleves Symmes, author of the startling theory of concentric spheres, was born in New Jersey about 1780, and died at Hamilton, Ohio, in 1829. He received a good common English education, which he afterward greatly improved by reading books of travels and explorations. In 1802 he entered the United States Army as ensign, and served until after the close of the war with Great Britain in 1812, being promoted in the meanwhile, for gallantry and good conduct, to the office of captain. Some time after the close of the war he resigned his commission and retired to private life, devoting most of his time until his death to the study of his pet theory. According to this theory the earth is globular, hollow, and open at the poles. The diameter of the northern opening is about two thousand miles, or four thousand miles from outside to outside. The south opening is somewhat larger. The planes of these openings are parallel to each other, but form an angle of 12° with the equator, so that the highest part of the north plane is directly opposite the lowest part of the south plane. The shell of the earth is about one thousand miles thick, and the edges of the shell at the openings are called verges, and measure, from the regular concavity within to the regular convexity without, about fifteen hundred miles. The explorers who furnish facts for the support of this theory

seem, none of them, to have had the remotest conjecture of it. The facts are admitted, and it cannot be urged against its author that he has marshalled in its support fictitious premises. His arguments, drawn from the facts, may be erroneous. Yet it is true that many of them which have not as yet been otherwise satisfactorily explained are easily accounted for upon his theory. Modern explorers have added much to our knowledge of the Arctic regions which corroborates the arguments of Captain Symmes. The most of them have found an open sea. They tell of immense flocks of birds and migrating animals going north in winter. They speak of warm currents of air and water coming from the north.

Spitzbergen, on the south side of the verge, is a bleak, barren country, while, to the northward, plants, flowers, and trees are found. This island is upon or partly within the verge, and the north part would lie within and be warmer than the southern portion of the island.

Driftwood is found in great quantities upon the northern coasts of Iceland, Norway, Spitzbergen, and the Arctic borders of Siberia, having every appearance of a tropical production. Trees of large dimensions and of different kinds are found, some in a good state of preservation. Vegetables of singular character, and flowers of peculiar fragrance and color, unknown to botanists, are sometimes found in this drift. These could not be the production of the cold Arctic regions, nor is it probable they were drifted thither by the Gulf Stream or by submarine currents, for their specific gravity would make this impossible. Besides, they are not found along the southern coasts of these localities, as they would be if borne north by the Gulf Stream along through the Atlantic.

Eminent modern scientists, Darwin among others, declare that the climate of the Polar regions, as far as explored, is the same now that it always has been, yet the farther north we penetrate in greater abundance are found vestiges of elephants, tortoises, crocodiles, and other beasts and reptiles of a tropical climate. These are found in greatest abundance along the banks of rivers

flowing from the north, seeming to prove that there is, somewhere beyond the frozen belt not yet penetrated by man, a warm country, with climate and productions similar to those of the tropics. Along the borders of Siberia the remains of tropical animals are so commonly found as to constitute a considerable source of commerce. In Asiatic Russia there is not a single stream or river on the banks or in the bed of which are not found bones of elephants, or other animals equally strange to that cli-



DISCOVERY OF THE FROZEN ELEPHANT.

mate. In 1799 a fisherman of Tongoose, named Schumachoff, discovered a tremendous elephant—perfect as when, a thousand years before, death had arrested its breath—encased in a huge block of ice, clear as crystal. This man, like his neighbors, was accustomed, at the end of the fishing season, to employ his time in hunting for elephant tusks along the banks of the Lena River, for the sake of the bounty offered by the government; and while so employed, in the ardor of his pursuit, he passed several miles beyond his companions, when suddenly there appeared before his

wondering eyes the miraculous sight above alluded to. But this man was ignorant and superstitious, and instead of hastening to announce his wonderful discovery for the benefit of science, he stupidly gazed upon it in wonder and awe, not daring to approach it. For five successive seasons from the time when he first discovered it, did Schumachoff make stealthy journeys to his crystallized monster, never finding courage sufficient to approach it closely, but simply standing at a distance, once more to feast his eyes on the wonder, and to carry away in his thick head enough of terror to guarantee him nightmare for a whole month of nights. At last he found the imprisoned carcass stranded on a convenient sand-bank, and boldly attacked it, broke the glittering casing, and roughly despoiling the great beast of its splendid tusks, hurried home and sold them for fifty roubles, leaving the well-preserved bulk of elephant meat, a thousand years old, yet juicy and without taint, to be devoured by wolves and bears, or hacked to bits by the natives as food for their dogs.

The most common objection to the Symmes theory is, that, if it were true, the sun could not possibly light and warm the interior of the world. But the sun's rays, passing over the dense, cold air of the verges, would be refracted many degrees, probably not less than ten or fifteen, and would thus produce abundant light and heat throughout the whole interior. In fact, eminent scientists declare that the refracted light and heat of the sun's rays would probably be so intense that the interior would be uninhabitable except around the vicinity of the verges.

Another popular objection is, that the law of gravitation would be overturned. How, says the objector, could bodies be attracted alike to both the outer and inner surfaces of the earth? But this objection may be explained. All we know of gravitation is, that a body let fall above the surface of the earth is drawn toward the centre; but whether the cause exists there or above the surface, we know not. It would be difficult to prove, also, that bodies in the interior, as well as upon the exterior, surface, when let fall, would not tend to the surface in each case. The matter of the earth, like a great magnet, may attract to itself all bodies coming

within its influence, as well upon the concave, as upon the convex, surface.

Whether there is any truth in the Symmes theory or not, enough has come to light since its promulgation to prove that its author was correct in his views of a warmer climate and an open sea near the Pole; and the mysterious current, flowing toward the north, which almost carried Lieut. Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd away from the known regions of the earth, at the most northern point ever reached by man, may be the stream that will carry some future bold explorer into the summer lands of the earth's interior. Who can say that this may not be so?

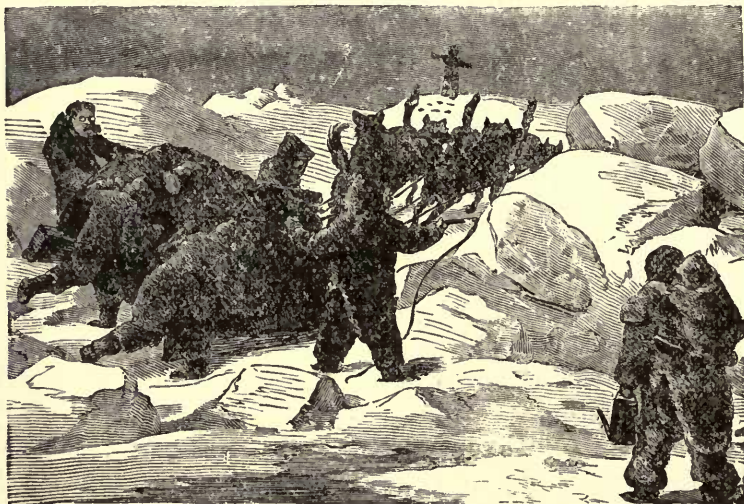
Time, the great revealer of secrets, will alone determine whether this startling theory is true, in whole or in part, and whether its author was a visionary enthusiast, or a profound philosopher whose name will be honored among men, like that of Franklin or Newton, as a benefactor of his race, and an honor to the country which gave him birth.

ESQUIMAU DOGS.

ARCTIC travel would be impossible without Esquimau dogs, Reindeer may be used as far north as 70° , possibly further, but they cannot stand travel nearly as well as dogs, and are more difficult to manage. The true Esquimau dog is neither domestic nor savage, but a hybrid in character, with little or none of the characteristics of our faithful animals so fond of man. They do not appreciate kindness nor attempt any familiarities with their masters, but rather repel any effort made to fondle them. The sledges used in traveling at the far North, are light, though strongly made, about eight feet long by three wide, capable of supporting a load of a thousand pounds. The runners are usually iced by pouring water on them, which is allowed to freeze. This is done preparatory to starting on a journey, and should this ice become detached from any cause, or worn off by passing over stones, a stop is made at once to ice the runners again. Each dog is expected to draw seventy-five pounds of weight, though in extreme cases they could pull twice that amount, but it is best not to overload them. They are hitched to the

sledge by means of a single trace attached to a breast-strap, but instead of becoming entangled in running, a dozen dogs to a single sledge will spread out in fan-shape and thus keep their traces from fouling. The outside worker thinks his place is harder than any other, so, after pulling in that position for a time, as he considers it his duty to do, the outside dog will slack up and skillfully run under several traces and reappear near the centre of the group, without having created the least confusion.

Every pack of dogs has a boss, or king, usually the largest and



LIEUT. SCHWATKA'S SLEDGE TRAVELING OVERLAND.

fiercest among them, who takes upon himself the duty of regulating the conduct of all his comrades. This ruler is never lazy, and sees to it that, while traveling, none of his subjects shirk their work. He keeps his eyes about him, and whenever he discovers a dog slacking his trace too much, the king jumps on him and administers such a sound thrashing, that it is rarely necessary to repeat it. Around the camp, too, this dog-king exacts obedience and will not permit an unnecessary amount of fighting. When there is more than one pack of dogs in camp, each keeps strictly to itself, for if one dog ventures to visit another pack, he

is at once set upon and whipped or killed, unless his own companions rush to his assistance, in which case a dreadful fight takes place, that hardly terminates before many dogs are fairly cut to pieces, for it is quite impossible to separate them even though clubs be used with cruel effect.

A pack of ten dogs will draw a load of 1,000 pounds ninety miles a day and show little signs of fatigue. Before starting on a long journey, they are kept without food for three or four days, until they are ravenously hungry and extremely gaunt, and while traveling they are fed sparingly on frozen meat which is bolted without chewing. When in flesh or his hunger is satisfied, the Esquimau dog is very lazy and becomes easily fatigued, though more sociable. It is astonishing the amount and character of food they will eat when voraciously hungry. In one respect they are like an ostrich, being ready to swallow anything that may be thrown to them. Dr. Kane, while fast bound in the ice near Cape Grinnell, makes the following entry in his journal respecting the voracity of his dogs :

“More bother with these wretched dogs ; worse than a street of Constantinople emptied upon our decks ; the unruly, thieving, wild-beast pack ! Not a bear’s paw, or an Esquimau cranium, or basket of mosses, or any specimen whatever, can leave your hands for a moment without their making a rush at it, and, after a yelping scramble, swallowing it at a gulp, I have seen them attempt a whole feather-bed ; and here, this very morning, one of my Karsuk brutes has eaten up two entire birds’-nests which I had just before gathered from the rocks ; feathers, filth, pebbles, and moss—a peckful at the least. When we reach a floe, or berg, or temporary harbor, they start out in a body, neither voice nor lash restraining them, and scamper off like a drove of hogs in an Illinois oak-opening.”

Though active under the excitement of hunger, Esquimau dogs are not driven merely by words, but must be industriously stimulated with a whip, in the handling of which a novice would punish himself more than the dogs. Kane describes it as follows :

“The whip is six yards long, and the handle but sixteen inches,—a short lever, of course, to throw out such a length of seal-hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego driving sledge; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but to accompany the feat also, with a resounding crack. After this, you find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to



DR. KANE'S SHIP AND SLEDGE PARTIES.

entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head over heels into the snow.

“The secret by which this complicated set of requirements is fulfilled consists in properly describing an arc from the shoulder, with a stiff elbow, giving the jerk to the whip-handle from the hand and wrist alone. The lash trails behind as you travel, and when thrown forward is allowed to extend itself without an effort to bring it back. You wait patiently after giving the

projectile impulse until it unwinds its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks to tell you that it is at its journey's end. Such a crack on the ear or forefoot of an unfortunate dog is signalized by a howl quite unmistakeable in its import.

"The mere labor of using this whip is such that the Esquimaux travel in couples, one sledge after the other. The hinder dogs follow mechanically, and thus require no whip; and the drivers change about so as to rest each other."

EFFECTS OF AN ARCTIC NIGHT ON DOGS.

DRS. KANE and Hayes carried with them to the Polar regions several large Newfoundland dogs, partly as an experiment, but chiefly for the faithful companionship they would afford. It is true that a dog can live wherever man can support life, but these sagacious animals are more susceptible to brain affections and succumb more readily to a life of inactivity than man. The effects of an Arctic night on his Newfoundland dogs is thus related by Dr. Kane:

"This morning at five o'clock—for I am so afflicted with the insomnium of this eternal night, that I rise at any time between midnight and noon—I went upon deck. It was absolutely dark; the cold not permitting a swinging lamp. There was not a glimmer came to me through the ice-crusts window-panes of the cabin. While I was feeling my way, half puzzled as to the best method of steering clear of whatever might be before me, two of my Newfoundland dogs put their cold noses against my hand, and instantly commenced the most exuberant antics of satisfaction. It then occurred to me how very dreary and forlorn must these poor animals be, at atmospheres of plus 10° in-doors and minus 50° without—living in darkness, howling at an accidental light, as if it reminded them of the moon—and with nothing, either of instinct or sensation, to tell them of the passing hours, or to explain the long-lost daylight.

"The mouse-colored dogs, the leaders of my Newfoundland team, have, for the past fortnight, been nursed like babies. No one can tell how anxiously I watch them. They are kept below, tended, fed, cleansed, caressed and doctored, to the infinite

discomfort of all hands. To-day I gave up the last hope of saving them. Their disease is as clearly mental as in the case of any human being. The more material functions of the poor brutes go on without interruption; they eat voraciously, retain their strength, and sleep well. But all the indications beyond this go to prove that the original epilepsy, which was the first manifestation of brain disease among them, has been followed by a true lunacy. They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearying perseverance.

"They fawn on you, but without seeming to appreciate the notice you give them in return; pushing their heads against your person, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Their most intelligent actions seem automatic: sometimes they claw you, as if trying to burrow into your seal-skins; sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off howling as if pursued, and run up and down for hours.

"So it was with poor Flora, our 'wise dog.' She was seized with the endemic spasms, and, after a few wild, violent paroxysms, lapsed into a lethargic condition, eating voraciously, but gaining no strength. This passing off, the same crazy wildness took possession of her, and she died of brain disease in about six weeks. Generally they perish with symptoms resembling locked-jaw in less than thirty-six hours after the first attack."

In another portion of his Journal, Dr. Kane announces the death of his favorite dog by suicide; this dog appeared to be seized with a fit, but coming out of this he was still somewhat delirious, and went into the water, where he drowned himself like a human distracted by a burden of insupportable woe.

There is so much of identical character between Arctic dogs and wolves that they are very properly assigned to a family origin. The oblique position of the wolf's eye is common among Esquimau dogs. Kane had a slut, one of the tamest and most affectionate of the whole of them, who had the long legs and compact body, and drooping tail, and wild, scared expression of the eye, which some naturalists have supposed to characterize the wolf alone. When domesticated early—and it is easy to

domesticate him—the wolf follows and loves you like a dog. That they are fond of a loose foot proves nothing. “Many of our pack,” says Kane, “will run away for weeks into the wilderness of ice; yet they cannot be persuaded when they come back to inhabit the kennel we have built for them only a hundred yards off. They crouch around for the companionship of man.” Both animals howl alike, and their footprints are very similar, while there are well-authenticated instances of their interbreeding. The dog is to the Esquimaux what the horse is to us,



ESQUIMAU DOGS.

if not, indeed, a more valuable friend; yet these faithful creatures are subjected to a treatment unreasonably cruel. The poor dogs are driven hundreds of miles on a pitiful allowance of frozen food, and when they return to camp their hunger is so great that they attack and devour almost anything that can be bolted, when they are beaten off with dreadful blows of ax or hatchet. Capt. Hall mentions a fact as not uncommon, of the Esquimaux brutally whipping their dogs just before starting on a journey, merely to excite and “warm them

up." Capt. Hall relates the following as illustrative of Esquimaux cruelty and superstition :

"The old woman, E-vit-shung, gave a specimen of her treatment of her own dogs, which was amusing though severe. She found them one day asleep when tied up to the rocks, as was often necessary to prevent their cutting with their teeth into the oil-drugs and meat ; a valuable drug had just been almost entirely ruined. This, however, was not the cause of E-vit-shung's fearful pounding. When she arrived where some of the dogs were constantly kept fast to the rocks by long thongs, she stopped and commenced pelting one of the largest with stones. Every time she made a throw she spoke to the dog as though he could comprehend Innuït speech. What she did say amounted simply to this :

" 'Here you are, old dog, and all the rest of you, sleeping and basking in the hot sun's rays all day, and at night wide awake, howling, barking, and crying, keeping me and all others about from getting any quiet sleep ; and now, old fellow, I am giving you these stones for pay. As for the rest of you brutes, I will give you some another time.' Her throws were of some account so far as this goes : she hit every time, and made the dog cry wofully. Each time she picked up a stone and held it in her hand the dog watched her closely. Several false-throw motions were first made by the old woman, and when the dog ceased dodging out would fly the huge stone from her hand, hitting him on the head, nose, or other parts of the body. My laughing so heartily was from the business-like manner in which the old lady addressed the dog during the severe castigation she was administering to it. If E-vit-shung can whip Innuït dogs a long time after they have done their evil work, and make them understand just what their chastisement is for, then either she has a supernatural power or the Innuït dogs are intelligent beings, moral agents, so to call them."

LIFE AND HABITS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

THERE is not a more singular people on the earth than those living within the arctic belt ; nomadic, and yet all their resources

are taxed to procure a living ; always pressed for food, and yet wonderfully hospitable ; true barbarians, but none the less peaceable and clever. How different from other indolent and improvident races. In the hot climates nature yields a prodigal supply of nourishing fruits, and tempers the winds so generously that clothing is even unnecessary, thus fulfilling all the conditions to inspire effeminaey and languor. Away in the chilly North nature withholds her gifts of food and warmth, and then with hard and pitiless niggardness, she drives such chilly blasts as if life within her sphere had angered her. Under a glinting sky of frost,



TYPES OF ESQUIMAUX.

within an unbroken landscape of inexpressibly lonesome desolation, the Esquimaux makes his home and lives, despite the rigor and barren waste of his nameless country.

These wonderful children of eccentric creation are controlled by no law, either written or traditional, and acknowledge accountability only to their own conscience, and yet they are orderly and given little to crime. They have patriarchs in their tribes who give advice but never assert authority. Esquimaux children render singular obedience to their parents, even after reaching maturity, which proceeds from a remarkable fraternal devotion,

for there is no such thing as punishment of a male child by its parents. Females, however, fare badly, whether babes, maidens, or wives, for it is considered quite proper to control the female sex with an iron hand. In former times, at least among some of the Esquimau tribes, it was customary for the parents to smother all their girl babies except one. Girls are married before they reach twenty, a thing not difficult to do, owing to their scarcity and the polygamous practices of the men. As soon as a man dies his widows are almost immediately appropriated by others, so that there are neither old maids nor widows among the Esquimaux. Another convenient custom which they practice is to exchange wives when, for any reason, the consorts of a man who is about to set out on a journey cannot accompany him. There are always other women who will take their places, and thus a clever exchange is effected. So is the borrowing of wives very common.

An exchange of children is also sometimes made, while the giving away of infants is an ordinary occurrence. Children are rarely weaned before they reach seven or eight years of age, though they begin eating meat at one year. Marriage among these savages is purely and entirely a matter of convenience, as love is a feeling unknown to them. Wives are usually purchased for a trifle, and after being taken to their husbands' igloos (huts), they are tattooed in the forehead with a character resembling the letter V. Others tattoo themselves for ornamentation, but without regard to definite figures, straight lines being mostly made, and these confined principally to the chin.

Their dress is admirably adapted to the severity of their climate. With their two pairs of breeches made of reindeer or seal-skin, the outer one having the hair outside and the inner one next the body, and their two jackets—of which the upper one is provided with a great hood—with their water-tight seal-skin boots, lined with the downy skins of birds, and their enormous gloves, they bid defiance to the severest cold, and even in the hardest weather pursue their occupations in the open air whenever the moon is in the sky, or during the doubtful meridian twi

light. The women are perfect in the art of making water-tight shirts, or "Kamleikas," of the entrails of the seal or walrus, which in summer serve to replace their heavy skin jackets. They also sew their boots so tight that not the slightest wet can penetrate, and with a neatness of which the best shoemaker in Europe might be proud. The dress of the two sexes is much alike, the outer jacket having a pointed skirt before and behind, but that of the females is a little longer. The women also wear larger hoods, in which they carry their children; and sometimes the inner boot has in front a long, pointed flap, to answer the same purpose.

The Esquimaux are no less skillful in the construction of their dome-shaped huts of a single room. These they make from blocks of frozen snow, which are cut out with knives made of walrus bone. These blocks are not more than two inches thick, and thus admit



ESQUIMAU WOMAN AND CHILD.

considerable light while serving well to keep out the wind. When more light is required, a small window is cut, over which a sheet of ice is placed, or a well-oiled piece of dried deer skin.

To secure warmth in specially severe seasons, which it seems they have a faculty of forecasting, the Esquimaux dig out a large space, deep enough to contain their huts, so that the dome will be even with the surface of the earth. To reach this underground habitation they dig a tunnel, usually about fifteen feet long, which first slants downward, then upward, where it enters the hut; the tunnel is so low that it can only be entered by

creeping on the hands and knees. As may be imagined, these huts are very warm, the temperature inside reaching 90° above, while outside it is 50° below zero. The igloo is lighted by a rude



INSIDE AN ESQUIMAUX IGLOO.

window, covered with a piece of scraped seal intestine instead of glass, and the smoke and gases are permitted to escape through a small hole at the top. In these furnaces the natives go almost

naked, the women invariably stripped to the waist, and when lying down to sleep even the garments covering the lower extremities are removed.

Matches, of course, are unknown among the Esquimaux, nor do they resort to friction to produce fire, as they have a much more admirable and expeditious means. They use two stones, one an oxide of iron, in appearance, and the other a milky-looking quartz; these are struck together in flint-and-steel fashion, over a tinder composed of the silky down of the willow-catkins, which is held on a lump of dried moss. Under favorable conditions, matches are but a small improvement over this native way of producing fire.

The Esquimaux subsist on an exclusively meat diet, and all eat like gourmands. Cleanliness is something which they do not appreciate, but in this they are excused by the rigor of their climate, which makes water both scarce and disagreeable. Usually they prefer uncooked flesh, though sometimes they boil their meat, but only for the soup it yields. Their mode of eating from a fresh carcass is ingeniously curious. They cut the meat in long strips, one end of which is introduced into the mouth and swallowed as far as the powers of deglutition will allow, then cutting off the portion left protruding from the mouth, they repeat the process of swallowing. It is not wholly unlike feeding a hungry dog with a fat piece of bacon tied to a string.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SEAL HUNTING.

THERE are several species of seals living in the Arctic waters, ranging in size from three or four feet in length, and weighing fifty pounds, to what is known as the large-bearded seal, which often measures twelve feet in length and weighs nearly one thousand pounds. In the capture of these animals the Esquimaux are wonderfully skilled, for they make a study of their habits until

every action is thoroughly understood. The Hispid species is most generally hunted, and it is almost the staple diet of the Esquimaux. When raw it has a flabby look, more like coagulated blood than muscular fiber, but cooking imparts to it a dark soot color. The meat is close-grained, but soft and tender, with a slight flavor of lamp-oil, yet during spring and summer the blubber, when fresh, is sweet and delicious. The summer season is



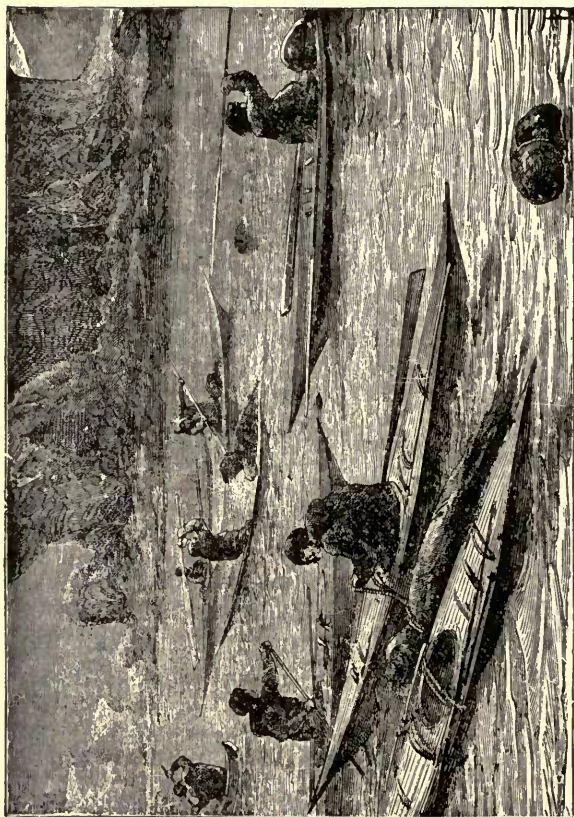
SAILORS KILLING SEALS WITH CLUBS.

also most favorable for hunting them, as the sun's glare so seriously affects their eyes that they are rendered almost blind. At such seasons they are often slaughtered with clubs, in great numbers, by the sailors of whale ships.

If an Esquimau has any reason to suppose that a seal is busy gnawing beneath the ice, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it, even in the severest frost, till he has succeeded in killing the animal. For this purpose he first builds

a snow-wall about four feet in height, to shelter him from the wind, and seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spears, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. But the most curious precaution consists in tying his knees together with a thong so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes, which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal, and sometimes using the "deep-kuttuk" in order to ascertain whether the animal is still at work below. This simple little instrument—which affords another striking proof of Esquimau ingenuity—is merely a slender rod of bone (as delicate as a fine wire, that the seal may not see it), nicely rounded, and having a point at one end and a knob at the other. It is inserted into the ice, and the knob remaining above the surface, informs the fisherman by its motion whether the seal is employed in making his hole; if not, it remains undisturbed, and the attempt is given up in that place. When the hunter supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear (to which the line has been previously attached), and as soon as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard—and the ice consequently very thin—he drives it into him with the force of both arms, and then cuts away with his "panna," or well-sharpened knife, the remaining crust of ice, to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out. The "neituk" being the smallest seal, is held, while struggling, either simply by hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck into the ice. For the "oguke," the line is passed round the man's leg or arm; and for a walrus, round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hummock of ice, in which position these people can, from habit, hold against a very heavy strain. A boy of fifteen is equal to the killing of a "neituk," but it requires a full-grown person to master either of the larger animals. This sport is not without danger, which adds to the excitement of success, particularly if the creature struck by the hunter be a

large seal or walrus ; for woe betide him if he does not instantly plant his feet firmly in the ice, and throw himself in such a position that the strain on the line is as nearly as possible brought into the direction of the length of the spine of his back and axis of his lower limbs. A transverse pull from one of these power-



ESKIMAUX HUNTING SEALS IN THEIR KYAKS, OR NATIVE BOATS.

ful animals would double him up across the air-hole, and perhaps break his back ; or, if the opening be large, as it often is when the spring is advanced, he would be dragged under water and drowned. When the water is clear of ice, the natives hunt the seals in their kyaks, which is not only exciting, but dangerous sport, as the seals often climb upon and upset the frail craft,

CAPT. HALL CAPTURES A SEAL.

KILLING seals by using harpoons is peculiar to the Esquimaux, whose patience is immeasurable; they will sit over a seal-hole for twenty-four hours, in the most terrific cold, without moving a muscle, awaiting the animal's appearance, and even if then unsuccessful in capturing it, they do not manifest any petulance. They declare that no white man can harpoon a seal, but Capt. Hall refuted this statement by a very clever capture which is related in his journals.

Being directed to a seal-hole—which, it must be remembered, is not really a hole, but an excavation made on the under side of the ice, shelved so as to admit the animal's body out of water, while a surface ice is still overhead—Hall took his seat over the spot and there remained for an hour without moving, awaiting signs of the seal's presence underneath. At length he heard a softly-breathing and slightly-scratching noise below the snow and ice. Raising himself cautiously to his feet, he lifted the harpoon over the spot, and with all his strength drove it down vertically; the blow was effective, for in a moment the line was jerked from his hand, but, “quick as a flash,” he says, “I seized it again, or I would have lost my prize, as well as the harpoon and line. The sealers far and near saw that I was fast to a seal, and although I called to *Nu-ker-zhoo*, ‘*kiete! kiete!*—come here! come here!—there was no necessity for it, for before I uttered a word he and all the others were making their way to me. Had I caught a whale there could not have been more surprised and happy souls than were these Innuits on finding I was really fast to a seal. Laughter, hilarity, joyous ringing voices abounded. Almost the last Inuit who arrived to congratulate me was my good friend *Ou-e-la*, accompanied by his dog, dragging a seal which he had just captured. Last of all came the young ladies, *Tuk-too* and *Now-yer*, with dogs and sledge, and a seal which *Ar-mou* had taken a little while before. All this time nobody had seen my seal, for it was flipping away down in salt water beneath the snow and ice, still fast to one end of my line while I held on to the other, *Nu-ker-zhoo*, with his *pelong* (long knife),

then cut away the snow, two feet in depth, covering the seal-hole, and removing still more with my spear, he chiseled away the ice-lining just above the hole. Soon the seal came up to breathe, and then the death-blow was given to it by a thrust of the spindle of the spear directly into the thin skull. The prize was drawn forth—a larger seal than either *Ou-e-la's* or *Ar-mou's*. Again the air resounded with shouts and joyous laughter. It was the first case among them of a white man's success in harpooning."

Another method of killing seals is to place a screen of canvas on a sledge, and cautiously push it toward the wary animals until



SHOOTING SEALS FROM BEHIND A SCREEN.

within range, and then shoot them through a hole near the center of the screen, made for that purpose, the hunter remaining concealed behind the screen.

HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR.

As the Polar bear is as great a seal-hunter as the Esquimaux, one of the usual methods employed by the latter to catch bears is to imitate the motions of the seal by lying flat on the ice until the bear approaches sufficiently near to insure a good aim; but a gun is necessary to practice this stratagem with success. The Esquimaux have another ingenious mode of capturing the

bear by taking advantage of the well-known voracity of the animal, which generally swallows its food without much mastication. A thick and strong piece of whalebone about four inches broad and two feet long, is rolled up into a small compass, and carefully enveloped in blubber, forming a round ball. It is then placed in the open air at a low temperature, where it soon becomes hard and frozen. The natives, armed with their knives, bows, and arrows, together with this frozen bait, proceed in quest of the bear. As soon as the animal is seen, one of the natives discharges an arrow at it; the monster, smarting from this assault, chases the party, then in full retreat, until, meeting with the frozen blubber dropped in his path, he greedily swallows it, and continues the pursuit—doubtless fancying that there must be more where that came from. The natural heat of the body soon causes the blubber to thaw, when the whalebone, thus freed, springs back, and frightfully lacerates the stomach. The writhing brute falls down in helpless agony, and the Esquimaux, hurrying to the spot, soon put an end to his sufferings.

A SAVAGE CONTEST.

DR. KANE, while wintering in his vessel, in 1854–55, witnessed a most interesting fight between his dogs and a large Polar bear, with a four-months cub that had invaded the deck in quest of food. Hearing a racket above his head, he ran out of the cabin with his six-shooter, in time to see his native dogs engaging a medium-sized she-bear which was at bay but recklessly slinging the dogs right and left. The Polar bear does not hug, but snaps somewhat like a dog and occasionally uses its paws with telling effect. In the fight which was now progressing, the bear acted always on the defensive, and waiting until a dog ventured near enough, she would seize him by the neck and fling him several yards with a barely perceptible motion of the head; one of the dogs was thrown entirely over the deck, a distance of twenty-five feet, onto the snow and ice below. The dogs were fairly vanquished very soon, when, without a sign of fear, the bear proceeded to turn over beef barrels and ram her nose into the meat. Dr. Kane lodged all the bullets of his pistol in her side, while his



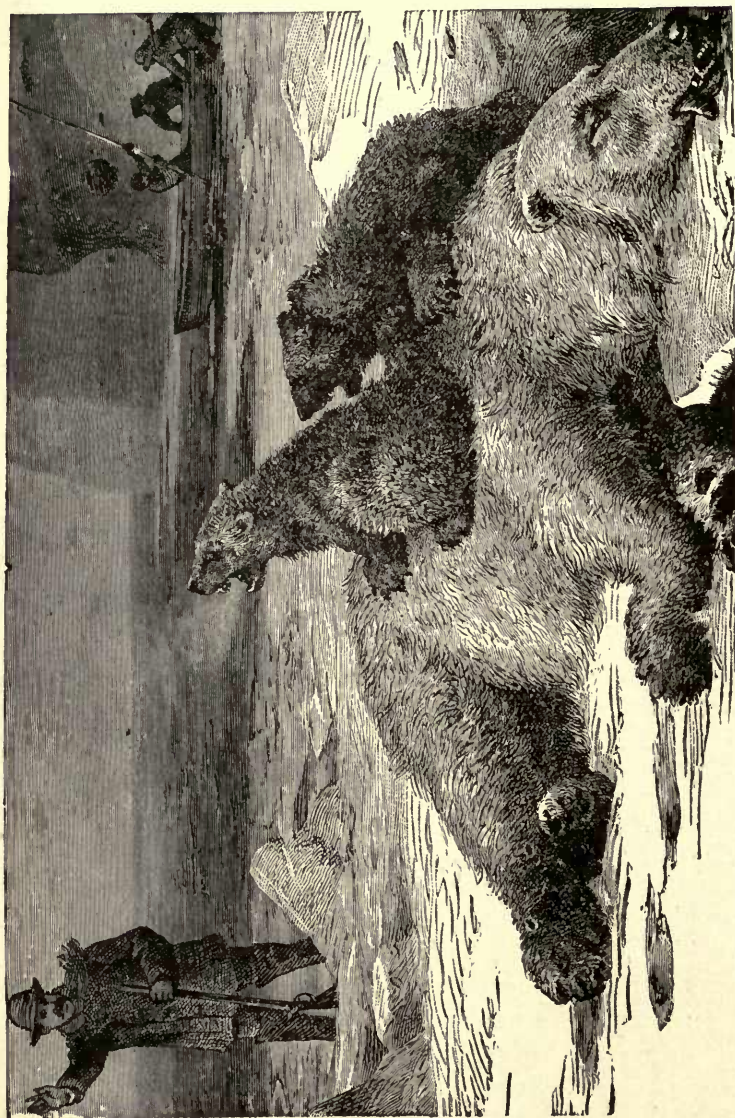
FIGHT BETWEEN THE BEAR AND DR. KANE'S DOGS.

companion wounded her with a Webster rifle, but even this produced little or no effect, for she continued tearing down barrels of beef which made triple walls to the store-house, and thus mounting the rubbish, seized a keg of herrings and made off. Reaching the ice, however, the bear was again beset with dogs, which worried her by running around and snapping at her heels, until, to ward off her enemies, she again came to bay, and as before, placed the cub between her hind-feet and bade defiance. More guns were brought, with which she was dispatched only after six more bullets had pierced her body. When dressed, she proved to be exceedingly lean, and without a particle of food in her stomach. But bears furnish much more palatable food when in a lean condition than when fat, for the impregnation of fatty oil through the cellular tissues makes a well-fed bear nearly uneatable.

ANOTHER BATTLE WITH A BEAR.

SOME members of Dr. Kane's expedition had another exciting contest with a bear and her cubs, while journeying by sledge toward Cape Jackson. Upon being pursued, the bear fled, but the little ones, being unable either to keep ahead of the dogs or to keep pace with her, she turned back, and, putting her head under their haunches, threw them some distance forward. The cubs, safe for the moment, she would wheel round and face the dogs, so as to give them a chance to run away; but they always stopped just as they alighted, till she came up and threw them ahead again; they seemed to expect her aid, and would not go on without it. Sometimes the mother would run a few yards ahead, as if to coax the young ones up to her, and when the dogs came up she would turn on them and drive them back; then, as they dodged her blows, she would rejoin the cubs and push them on, sometimes putting her head under them, sometimes catching them in her mouth by the nape of the neck.

For a time she managed her retreat with great celerity, leaving the men far in the rear. They had engaged her on the land-ice; but she led the dogs in-shore, up a small stony valley which opened into the interior. After she had gone a mile



THE DEAD BEAR AND HER CUBS.

and a half, her pace slackened, and, the little ones being jaded, she soon came to a halt.

The men were then only half a mile behind ; and, running at full speed, they soon came up to where the dogs were holding her at bay. The fight was now a desperate one. The mother never went more than two yards ahead, constantly looking at the cubs. When the dogs came near her, she would sit upon her haunches and take the little ones between her hind legs, fighting the dogs with her paws, and roaring so that she could have been heard a mile off. "Never," said one of the men, "was an animal so distressed." She would stretch her neck and snap at the nearest dog with her shining teeth, whirling her paws like the arms of a windmill. If she missed her aim, not daring to pursue one dog lest the others should harm the cubs, she would give a great roar of baffled rage, and go on pawing, and snapping, and facing the ring, grinning at them with her mouth stretched wide.

When the men came up, the little ones were perhaps rested, for they were able to turn round with the dam, no matter how quick she moved, so as to keep always in front of her. The five dogs were all the time frisking about actively, tormenting her like so many gad-flies ; indeed, they made it difficult to draw a bead on her without killing them. But Hans, the Esquimau, lying on his elbow, took a quiet aim and shot her through the head. She dropped and rolled over dead without moving a muscle.

The dogs sprang toward her at once ; but the cubs jumped upon her body and reared up, for the first time growling hoarsely. They seemed quite afraid of the little creatures, which fought so actively and made so much noise : and, while tearing mouthfuls of hair from the dead mother, they would spring aside the minute the cubs turned toward them. The men drove the dogs off for a time, but were obliged to shoot the cubs at last, as they would not quit the body.

AN UGLY VISITOR IN CAMP.

In the latter part of June, 1854, Dr. Kane sent out a party of his men from the brig, to scale the Great Glacier, from which an observation was hoped to be gained. The men were gone nine

days, but were forced to return before accomplishing their object, on account of the destruction of their provisions by bears, which beset them in great numbers. At one place where the party camped, toward midnight their slumbers were interrupted by an intrusive visitor, no less important than a bear, which, setting aside formality, pushed open the tent cover and walked in to inspect the commissaries. Scratching and growling, the animal was not long in awakening his hosts, who, however, were hospitable only through sheer necessity. As they sprang up, only to confront the vicious head of bruin, their excitement and



A SOCIABLE BEAR.

fear increased amazingly, for all the guns had been left on the sledge outside. Lucifer matches and burning paper failed to disturb the intruder, who took up a position at the tent entrance and began stuffing himself with the carcass of a seal which had been shot the day before. One of the party, at length, managed to cut a hole in the tent, through which he crawled out and secured the guns, with which bruin was speedily despatched.

As the Polar bear is frequently found above a hundred miles from the nearest land, upon loose ice steadily drifting into the sea, it seems but fair to assign him a place among the marine animals of the Arctic zone. He hunts by scent, and is constantly

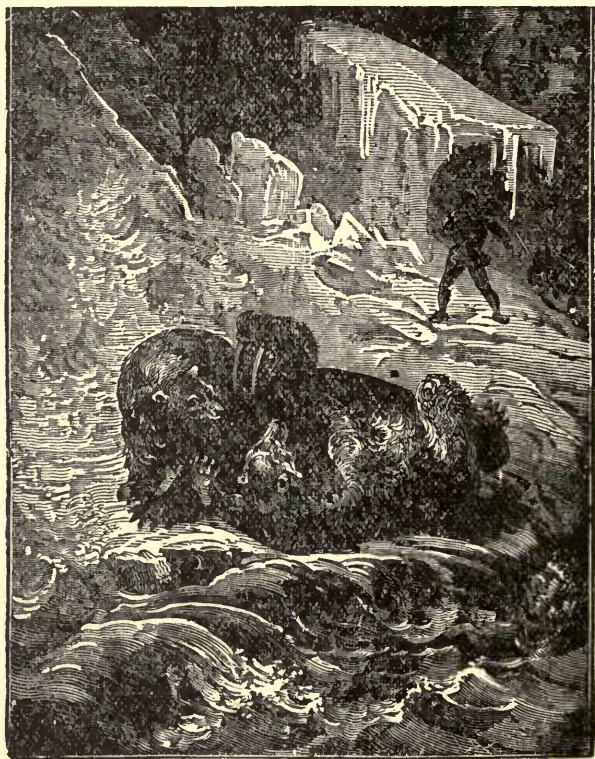
running across and against the wind, which prevails from the northward, so that the same instinct which directs his search for prey also serves the important purpose of guiding him in the direction of the land and more solid ice. His favorite food is the seal, which he surprises by crouching down with his forepaws doubled underneath, and pushing himself noiselessly forward with his hinder legs until within a few yards, when he springs upon his victim, whether in the water or upon the ice. He can swim at the rate of three miles an hour, and can dive to a considerable distance. Though he attacks man when hungry, wounded, or provoked, he will not injure him when food more to his liking is at hand. Sir Francis McClintock relates an anecdote of a native of Upernavik who was out one dark winter's day visiting his seal-nets. He found a seal entangled, and while kneeling down over it upon the ice to get it clear, he received a slap on the back—from his companion, as he supposed; but a second and heavier blow made him look smartly round. He was horror-stricken to see a peculiarly grim old bear instead of his comrade. Without taking further notice of the man bruin tore the seal out of the net and began his supper. He was not interrupted, nor did the man wait to see the meal finished, fearing, no doubt, that his uninvited and uncereemonious guest might keep a corner for him.

Extreme hunger will sometimes prompt polar bears to attack a walrus, but the contest thus invited most commonly proves fatal to the bear, for, armed with the strongest and sharpest of weapons, the walrus is a dreadful fighter, while his skin is so thick and tough that even the powerful jaws and claws of a bear can scarcely produce any impression upon it. A walrus will frequently whip or kill several bears in a single combat, using his sharp ivory tusks with fearful effect. Such a battle presents a grand and awful spectacle, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

ADVENTURES WITH THE WALRUS.

Few arctic animals are more valuable to man, or more frequently mentioned in polar voyages, than the walrus, which, though allied to the seals, differs greatly from them by the development of the canines of the upper jaw, which form two

enormous tusks projecting downward to the length of two feet. The walrus is one of the largest quadrupeds existing, as it attains a length of twenty feet, and a weight of from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. In uncouthness of form it surpasses even the ungainly hippopotamus. It has a small head with a remarkably thick upper lip, covered with large pellucid whiskers or



FIGHT BETWEEN BEARS AND A WALRUS.

bristles; the neck is thick and short; the naked gray or red-brown skin hangs loosely on the ponderous and elongated trunk; and the short feet terminate in broad fin-like paddles, resembling large ill-fashioned flaps of leather.

Timorous and almost helpless on land, where, in spite of its formidable tusks, it falls an easy prey to the attacks of man,

the walrus evinces a greater degree of courage in the water, where it is able to make a better use of the strength and weapons bestowed upon it by nature. Many instances are known where walruses, which never attack but when provoked, have turned upon their assailants, or have even assembled from a distance to assist a wounded comrade.

Like the seals, the walrus is easily tamed, and of a most affectionate temper. This was shown in a remarkable manner by a young walrus brought alive from Archangel to St. Petersburg in 1829. Its keeper, Madame Dennebecq, having tended it with the greatest care, the grateful animal expressed its pleasure whenever she came near it by an affectionate grunt. It not only followed her with its eyes, but was never happier than when allowed to lay its head in her lap. The tenderness was reciprocal, and Madame Dennebecq used to talk of her walrus with the same warmth of affection as if it had been a pet lap-dog.

That parental love should be highly developed in animals thus susceptible of friendship may easily be imagined. Mr. Lamont, an English gentleman whom the love of sport led a few years since to Spitzbergen, relates the case of a wounded walrus who held a very young calf under her right arm. Whenever the harpoon was raised against it, the mother carefully shielded it with her own body. The countenance of this poor animal was never to be forgotten: that of the calf expressive of abject terror, and yet of such a boundless confidence in its mother's power of protecting it, as it swam along under her wing, and the old cow's face showing such reckless defiance for all that could be done to herself, and yet such terrible anxiety as to the safety of her calf. This parental affection is shamefully misused by man, for it is a common artifice of the walrus-hunters to catch a young animal and make it grunt, in order to attract a herd.

Though affectionate under certain conditions there is no more savage animal on earth than a mad walrus, nor is there one more to be feared in close contest. They have a ferocious aspect distinguishable in no other animal.

AN EXCITING WALRUS HUNT.

DR. KANE describes a walrus hunt in which he participated with two of his men, Myouk, an Esquimau, and Morton, who were well acquainted with the habits of the animal. They took with them three sledges, one of which was taken to a cache in the neighborhood, while the other two, drawn by nine dogs, went off toward the open water, twelve miles from the brig. As they came to the sea, the two hunters would from time to time remove their hoods and listen intently for the walrus' voice.

After awhile Myouk became convinced, from signs or sounds, which were inappreciable to Morton or Kane, that walruses were sporting not far off, under a thin formation of ice. As they approached nearer they heard the characteristic bellow of a bull of the awuk species. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff; very round and full, with its barks or detached notes repeated rather quickly seven to nine times in succession.

The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps; and, guided by an admirable knowledge of ice-topography, wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations recently-frozen ice-spots, but surrounded by firmer and older ice.

When within half-a-mile of these the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool: Morton, on his hands and knees, following Myouk. In a few minutes the walruses were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff which might have been heard for miles. Two large, grim-looking bulls were conspicuous as leaders of the group.

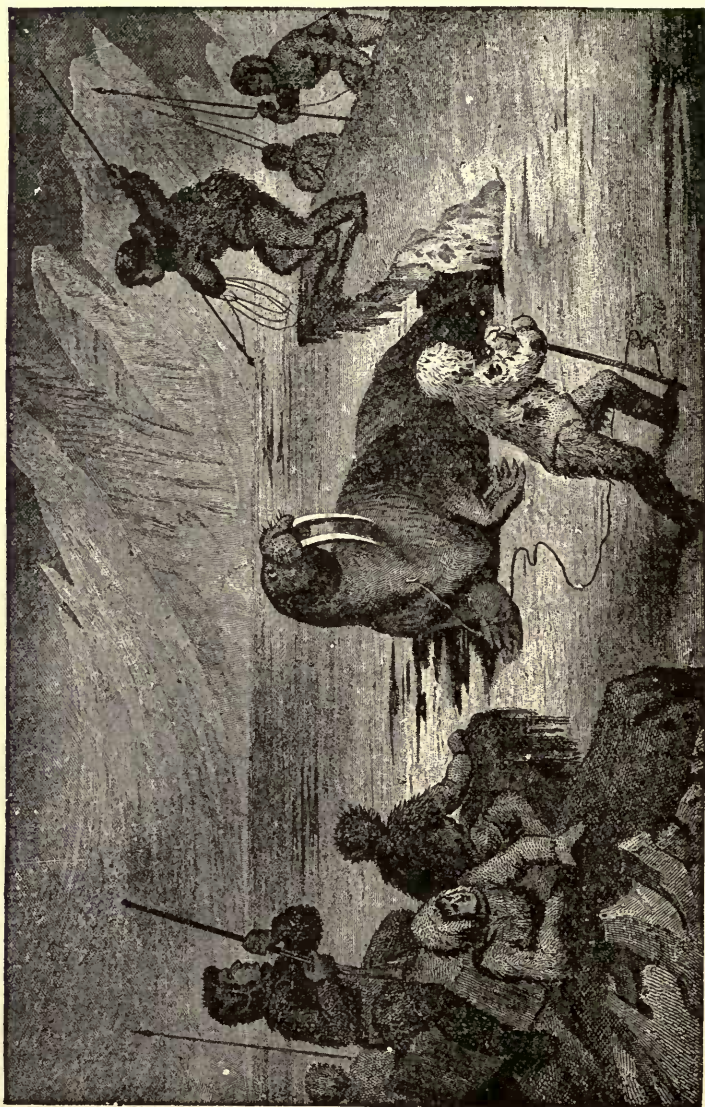
Now for the marvel of the hunting-craft. When the walrus is above water the hunter is flat and motionless. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to

know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool the walrus were curvetting in. Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to awaken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely by a socket upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or, as sailors would say, "doubled in a bight." It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon; the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is within a couple of fathoms directly before him; Myouk rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the dripping brine from his arched neck; Myouk throws up his left arm, while the animal rises breast high to fix one look before plunging below again, but as he poises the harpoon is buried under his left flipper.

Down now the wounded walrus buries itself deep under water, while Myouk runs with desperate speed from the scene, playing off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. As he runs he seizes a small piece of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and by a sudden movement drives it into the ice; to this he secures his line, pressing it down close to the ice surface with his feet.

Now comes the struggle. The hole is dashed in mad commotion with the struggles of the wounded beast; the line is drawn tight at one moment, the next relaxed; the hunter has not left his station. There is a crash of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walruses, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited and seemingly terrified: the other, the female, collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field: and on the instant Moyouk has changed his position, carrying his coil with him and fixing it anew.

He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet in diameter about the very spot he left.



THE BATTLE WITH THE WALRUS.

As they sink once more he again changes his place. And so the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

The instinct of attack which characterizes the walrus is interesting to the naturalist, as it is characteristic also of the land animals, the pachyderms, with which he is classed. When wounded he rises high out of the water, plunges heavily against the ice, and strives to raise himself with his fore-flippers upon its surface. As it breaks under his weight, his countenance assumes a still more vindictive expression, his bark changes to a roar, and the foam pours out from his jaws till it froths his beard.

Even when not excited, he manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steepes of ice and land which would be inaccessible to him without their aid. He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The battle between the walrus and Dr. Kane, Morton and Myouk, lasted for over four hours, during which the desperate animal rushed continually at them, tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks and showing no fear whatever. He received upward of seventy lance wounds before giving up the contest, and even then remained hooked to the ice with his tusks, vanquished only by death.

To land this huge animal required no little skill, for its weight was fully two thousand pounds, perhaps more. Incisions were made on both sides of the neck, through which a line of sealskin was passed, and a pulley made in the ice, by which it was dragged out, several Esquimaux assisting.

HALL'S BATTLE WITH A WALRUS.

DURING the winter of 1864, Capt. Hall participated, with several Esquimaux, in an exciting walrus hunt; indeed, the pursuit of this animal is always exciting, for it is in the water what the tiger, or elephant, is on land, a beast of extraordinary viciousness and power, capable of destroying even small ships, should its energies be so directed. Several dogs were taken with the party to assist

in attacking, as they are very serviceable for diverting the attention of the walrus, and thus affording the harpooners good opportunities to approach and throw their deadly instruments. The walrus feeding grounds, which had recently changed, were now in a newly formed field of ice that had been detached from shore and was grinding in broken floes. Here they could be seen sporting, coming up under the ice with such force as to throw fragments many feet into the air. To cross over this moving field, broken here and there, leaving fissures between, was a hazardous undertaking, but the promise of rare sport gave the party courage to brave all dangers. For scores of miles to the north and south, the drifting floe was grinding its uneven face against the firm but jagged front on which Hall stood. Mounting a high ridge of ice, he saw, as far as the eye could reach seaward and up and down the bay, a boundless field slowly moving onward toward the south, but crushing to atoms miles and miles of massive ice; now rearing up mountains on mountains, now plowing up acres into high ridges.

One of the Innuits, who had joined him, was unable to reach a large walrus which rose in a small water-space five fathoms off, for the "squeezed, rolling crunching mass" was working between the floes. He gave a quick signal to those on the drifting floe, and his companions ran rapidly toward the walrus; but just as he had his harpoon raised, the animal disappeared in the water. Hall then directed their steps toward the loose pack which the others had already gained, to reach which the sharp eye of the Inuit quickly discovered the only possible crossing. A quick run, a few steps over sludge and powdered ice, leap from this trembling block to that one, and a final leap to the driving floe, brought the two safely over.

Walruses could now be seen in every direction; some butting up ice-fragments from the solid main, some with heads through the butted holes, and some with their bodies half distended upon the ice. The hunters now began their exciting work. In one direction two Innuits were under full run for the same blowing walrus, the dogs running around them. Suddenly the two men

stopped, for the walrus had become alarmed and gone down. In another direction an excited group of Esquimaux was seen, one throwing a lance, another holding onto a line, for a walrus had been struck. With some difficulty Hall gained this group, but only to find the ice reddened with blood without any further appearance of the animal. He soon learned that a very large walrus had been harpooned and lanced almost to death, but that the harpoon had slipped out, leaving the lance-head, so that the animal had escaped.

Hall hastened to a second group of Innuits, who were as busily occupied as the first, and in a few moments found himself pulling away with others on a line which was fast to a large walrus. After a few pulls, the half-killed animal came up in a flouncing, tumbling way. He was furiously mad. He had not only been harpooned, but lanced and lanced again and again, so that at every blow, quarts of thick dark blood were thrown up, scattering itself about, painting the ice, the dogs, and the party with a crimson hue.

A hard death did this one die. He fought desperately, but steel and sinewy arms, under the control of cool, courageous hearts, finally conquered. As often as he came up to blow, he was met by the lance of the harpooner, who thrust it quick and deep into the heart and *churned* away until the walrus withdrew by diving under the ice and flippering away to the length of the line. Then, at each new appearance, he would fasten his long ivory tusk (one had been broken off, probably in some fight), upon the edge of the ice, and turning his blazing, yet blood-shot eyes around, would dash at his nearest enemy, the very incarnation of madness; failing to do injury, after each futile blow, he would dive down again, drawing the line with great rapidity after him. When he came up to breathe, which he did several times through different holes, resting with his tusk hooked onto the edge of the ice, he expelled through his white-walled mouth a frightful stream of hot life-blood, and as the hungry dogs rushed up fearlessly to the very fountain whence the luscious, savory gore issued, the dying walrus quickly raised his head and struck

it forward with tremendous force, though to little purpose, as the dogs were too quick dodging the blows. *Shoo-she-ark-nook* at last cut a gash in the neck with his *pelong* (long knife) and thrust the point into the very marrow of the spine.

A fresh opening was now made in the ice, and to this the carcass was towed. Then the line, made fast to the tough skin on the nose, was taken to the point of a small hummock five fathoms distant, and back again through a hole in the same tough skin. With this purchase, five of the party pulled away on the line, gradually sliding the carcass upon the ice. It weighed about 2,200 pounds.

THE REINDEER.

THE reindeer, though an Arctic animal, is confined chiefly to Labrador and Northern Siberia, where it roams in vast herds, both wild and domestic. In Northern America it is called "Caribou," but they are not nearly so numerous there as in Lapland, Norway and Siberia, where they are used extensively for draught purposes, and also ridden, though it never makes an easy riding animal. When it walks a peculiar clattering noise is heard a considerable distance, the cause of which is a matter about which travelers and naturalists are not agreed.

Its antlers are very different from those of the stag, having broad, palmated summits, and branching back to the length of three or four feet, and frequently weighing as much as twenty-five pounds. It is remarkable that both sexes have horns, while in all other deer species the male alone possesses these weapons.

The female brings forth in May a single calf, rarely two. The offspring is small and very weak for the first few days, but develops strength so rapidly that in a month it has even ceased nursing and finds its own food.

The reindeer gives very little milk—at the very utmost, after the young has been weaned, a bottleful daily; but the quality is excellent, for it is uncommonly thick and nutritious. It consists almost entirely of cream, so that a great deal of water can be added before it becomes inferior to the best cow-milk. Its taste is excellent, but the butter made from it is rancid, and hardly to be eaten while the cheese is very good.

The reindeer's food consists almost wholly of moss, which lies deep under the snow. Nature has provided this animal with such a marvelous instinct that however deeply his food may be covered by snow he unerringly finds it by smelling along the surface.

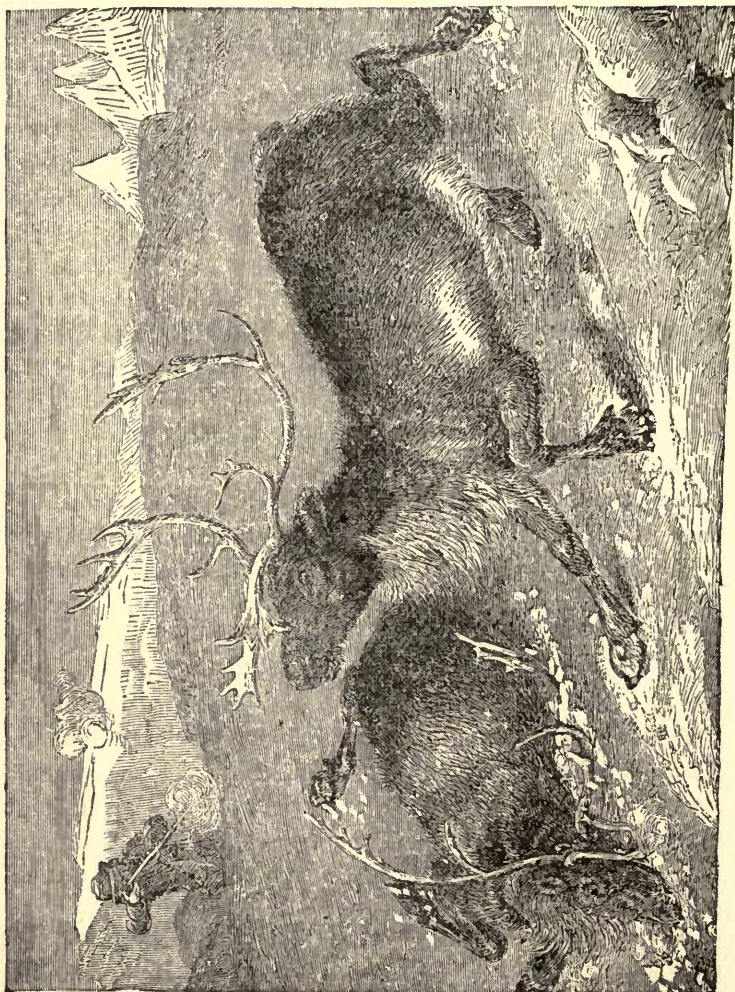
The reindeer attains an age of from twenty to twenty-five years, but in its domesticated state it is generally killed when from six to ten years old. Its most dangerous enemies are the wolf and the glutton, or wolverine, which belongs to the blood-thirsty marten and weasel family, and is said to be of uncommon fierceness and strength. It is about the size of a large badger, between which animal and the pole-cat it seems to be intermediate, nearly resembling the former in its general figure and aspect, and agreeing with the latter as to its dentition. No dog is capable of mastering a glutton, and even the wolf is hardly able to scare it from its prey. Its feet are very short, so that it cannot run swiftly, but it climbs with great facility upon trees, or ascends even almost perpendicular rock-walls, where it also seeks a refuge when pursued.

When it perceives a herd of reindeer browsing near a wood or a precipice, it generally lies in wait upon a branch or some high cliff, and springs down upon the first animal that comes within its reach. Sometimes, also, it steals unawares upon its prey, and suddenly bounding upon its back kills it by a single bite in the neck. Many fables worthy of Munchausen have been told about its voracity; for instance, that it is able to devour two reindeer at one meal, and that when its stomach is exorbitantly distended with food, it will press itself between two trees or stones to make room for a new repast. It will, indeed, kill in one night six or eight reindeer, but it contents itself with sucking their blood, as the weasel does with fowls, and eats no more at one meal than any other carnivorous animal of its size.

Besides this voracious enemy the reindeer has two others, both of which are a species of gad-fly. One of these deposits its eggs in the back of the animal, where a larvæ soon develops, producing a bad sore. The other lays its eggs in the reindeer's nose, where the larvæ bore their way into the fauces and under the

tongue of the poor animal, producing intense pain, followed by emaciation and sometimes death by exhaustion from suffering.

The Samoyeds of Northern Siberia own vast herds of reindeer



HUNTING THE REINDEER.

by which their wealth is estimated. While thousands of domesticated reindeer roam over the tundras of Siberia, under the charge of herders, thousands of wild ones share the same region. These

latter furnish the Samoyeds with hunting sport which they indulge in throughout all the long winter months. There are two ways of taking the animal, and both equally popular. One is by making a large corral on the snow-plains, which is approached by wide converging wings. One or more domestic reindeer are tied in the center of the corral, after which a wild herd is driven toward the enclosure, which they enter through the wings, and are then quickly slaughtered. Reindeer are easily driven, notwithstanding their shyness, for they keep together like sheep and do not run very far before stopping to graze. This habit is taken advantage of by Samoyeds, not only to capture them in corrals, but also to drive them into rivers, where men previously posted on shore and in boats armed with lances, easily despatch hundreds without trouble.

THE MUSK-OX.

ONE of the most remarkable quadrupeds of the high northern regions is the musk-ox, which by some naturalists has been considered as intermediate between the sheep and the ox. It is about the height of a deer, but of much stouter proportions. The horns are very broad at the base, almost meeting on the forehead, and curving downward between the eye and ear until about the level of the mouth, when they turn upward. Its long, thick, brown or black hair hanging down below the middle of the leg, and covering on all parts of the animal a fine kind of soft ash-colored wool, which is of the finest description, and capable of forming the most beautiful fabrics manufactured, enables it to remain even during the winter beyond 70° of northern latitude. In spring it wanders over the ice as far as Melville Island, or even Smith's Sound. They are exclusively confined to the New World now, though that they were at one time numerous in Siberia is attested by the great number of fossil remains of the animal still to be found there. Its legs are short, but it runs with much speed and climbs lofty precipices like the Rocky Mountain goat. They go in herds of twenty or thirty, but are so scarce as to be seldom met with. Dr. Kane, in all his travels in the Arctic regions, did not see a single herd, though he obtained an excellent specimen

from some Esquimaux, which he stuffed and presented to the Smithsonian Institute. Schwatka was more fortunate, however, for he met with several and his party was for sometime sustained on their flesh. Capt. Tyson, of the *Polaris*, also mentions several successful hunts for musk-oxen, which he describes as affording little sport. When attacked by dogs they form in a circle with their heads all pointed outward, and thus stand and suffer themselves to be shot.



HUNTING MUSK-OXEN.

ANOTHER FIGHT WITH MUSK-OXEN.

THE Inuits hunt the musk-ox with great success, by taking advantage of the stubborn character which this animal exhibits. Capt. Hall was a witness of an Esquimaux attack on a herd of musk-oxen, which he describes as being very exciting. A herd of nine being discovered, the Innuits slipped their dogs from the sledges and made ready for a big fight. As the dogs went bounding and barking toward the herd, the animals stopped quickly and formed a circle, with their heads outward and horns prepared to receive the charge. Here they stood defiantly until one of the Esquimaux hunters advanced with a long lance to

within twelve feet of a large bull and then threw it with such precision that the animal received the weapon in its shoulder; maddened by the pain the bull plunged desperately at the man, barely grazing his fur jacket with its sharp horns. To prevent further mischief, Capt. Hall shot the infuriated bull. Usually, a herd of musk-oxen will brave any danger, but in this instance, at the sound of the gun all except two broke away over the hills and escaped. These two stood their ground, each throwing his massive head up and down between his fore feet, rubbing the tips of his horns, which were already almost as sharp as needles. This is their habit when in open ground, but if there are any rocks near by they sharpen their horns on these. It was a grand sight to see the two bulls at bay, fire shooting from their eyes and their tails lashing from side to side like lions before charging. The dogs kept running round the bulls, sometimes snapping at their heels and so distracting their attention that the Innuits were enabled to advance close enough to use their lances. The contest was very much more exciting, because more dangerous, than a Spanish bull-fight, and for a time, Capt. Hall had great fears for the safety of the men, but they were skilled in such fighting. Gradually the Innuits contracted the circle they had formed around the animals, until at last they threw their lances with such accuracy and fatal effect that the bulls charged blindly, only to rush upon other lances, which speedily dispatched them. Viewed in open ground, where there is no undue advantage taken, an Esquimaux attack with lances on a herd of musk-oxen is wonderfully interesting, and is frequently attended by fatal results to the attacking party.

THE ARCTIC FOX.

THE Arctic fox almost exclusively inhabits the treeless wastes that fringe the Polar Ocean, and is found on almost all the islands that lie buried in its bosom. This pretty little creature, which in winter grows perfectly white, knows how to protect itself against the most intense cold, either by seeking a refuge in the clefts of rocks, or by burrowing to a considerable depth in a sandy soil. It principally preys upon lemmings, stoats, Polar hares, as well

as upon all kinds of water-fowl and their eggs ; but when pinched by hunger, it does not disdain the carcasses of fish, or the mollusks and crustaceans it may chance to pick up on the shore. Its enemies are the glutton, the snowy owl, and man, who, from the Equator to the poles, leaves no creature unmolested that can in any way satisfy his wants.

ARCTIC LEMMINGS.

LEMMINGS, of which there are several species, are small rodents, peculiar to the Arctic regions, and are found as far north as vegetation extends. They breed like rabbits, bringing forth five and six at a birth, and would be very destructive but for their numerous enemies. With the exception of the bear and the hedgehog, they are pursued by all the northern carnivora. The wolf, the fox, the glutton, the marten, the ermine, devour them with avidity, and a good lemming season is a time of unusual plenty for the hungry Laplander's dog. The snowy owl, whose dense plumage enables it to be a constant resident on the tundra, almost exclusively frequents those places where lemming, its favorite food, are to be found ; the buzzards are constantly active in their destruction ; the crow feeds its young with lemmings ; and even the poor Lap, when pressed by hunger, seizes a stick, and, for want of better game, goes out lemming hunting, and rejoices when he can kill a sufficient number for his dinner.

MOSQUITOES AND GNATS.

THE greatest plagues of the tropical countries—mosquitoes and gnats—are found in increased abundance in the Polar regions, where they swarm at times in such myriads as to almost obscure the sun. Lapland is particularly cursed with mosquitoes, and the people are plagued into devising a thousand different ways to escape the voracious insects. The gnats are no less troublesome, for they are even more numerous than mosquitoes and bite with almost equal severity. If anything eatable be exposed for even a few minutes, the gnats and mosquitoes dispose of it in about as quick time as the crustaceans of the deep devour a piece of meat flung into the Arctic sea. For one thing, however, “ God be

praised," declare the Laplanders, the Arctic mosquitoes are not so large as those of tropical countries; if they were, they would devour men and animals.

Capt. Hall describes the torment which he suffered from these pests of the Arctic regions during a walk in July, in the following language:

"The sun was about five degrees high. Not a breath of air stirring, the sun shining hot, and the mosquitoes desperately intent on getting all the blood of the only white man of the country. I kept up a constant battling with my seal-skin mittens directly before my face, now and then letting them slap first on one and then on the other of my hands, which operations crushed many a foe. It seemed to me at times as if I never would get back. Minutes were like hours, and the distance of about two miles seemed more like half a score. At length I got back to my home, both temperature and temper high. I made quick work in throwing open the canvas roof of our stores, and, getting to our medicine-chest, snatched a half-pint bottle of mosquito-proof oil, and with a little of this besmeared every exposed part of my person. How glorious and sudden was the change. A thousand devils, each armed with lancet and blood-pump, courageously battling my very face, departed at once in supreme disgust at the confounded stink the coal-oil had diffused about me."

RATS BY THOUSANDS.

It is well-known with what generous favor rats estimate ship-board, which they will only desert when the vessel is sinking. It might be supposed that climate would affect them unfavorably, particularly a frigid temperature, but the supposition is ill-founded. They will not only accompany a vessel to the Arctic regions, but their rapid reproduction is not affected by rigorous experience. Kane speaks of the rats which clung to his ship until their numbers were really prodigious. They attacked everything placed below decks, furs, woollens, shoes, specimens of natural history, and everything else. He writes, "We have moved everything movable out upon the ice, and, besides our dividing

moss' wall between our sanctum and the fore-castle, we have built up a rude barrier of our iron sheathing to prevent these abominable rats from gnawing through. It is all in vain. They are everywhere already, under the stove, in the steward's lockers, in our cushions, about our beds. If I was asked what, after darkness and cold and scurvy, are the three besetting curses of our Arctic sojourn, I should say, Rats, Rats, Rats. A mother-rat bit my finger to the bone, as I was intruding my hand into a bear-skin mitten which she had chosen as a homestead for her little family. I withdrew it of course with instinctive courtesy; but among them they carried off the mitten before I could suck the finger.

“Last week, I sent down the most intelligent dog of our whole pack to bivouac in their citadel forward: I thought she might at least be able to defend herself against them, for she had distinguished herself in the bear-hunt. She slept very well for a couple of hours on a bed she had chosen for herself on the top of some iron spikes. But the rats could not or would not forego the horny skin about her paws; and they gnawed her feet and nails so ferociously that we drew her up yelping and vanquished.”

Kane next fell to eating the rats, which he affirms made a most palatable food, and to this rat diet he attributed his comparative immunity from scurvy. He says: “I had only one competitor in the dispensation of this *entremet*, or rather one companion; for there was an abundance for both. It was a fox:—we caught and domesticated him late in the winter; but the scantiness of our resources, and of course his own, soon instructed him in all the antipathies of a terrier. He had only one fault as a rat-catcher; he would never catch a second till he had eaten the first.”

ARCTIC HARES.

ONE of the most beautiful animals in the Polar regions is the Arctic hare. In size it is about equal to our jack-rabbit, but its coat is a beautiful clear white, while the ears are tipped with black. They are numerous and distributed over a great extent

of country, from North British America as far as any explorer has ever gone toward the pole. They feed on the bark and catkins of the willow, and lie on the stony sides of worn-down rocks in order to protect themselves from the wind and snow-drifts. They do not burrow like our rabbits, but squat in crevices or under large stones. Their average weight is about nine pounds. Esquimaux dogs hunt them pertinaciously and regard them with such relishing appetite that they cannot be relied on as an assistant to man. The arctic hare is enabled to penetrate the snow crusts and obtain food where the reindeer and the musk-ox perish in consequence of the glazed covering of their feeding grounds.

A TRADITIONARY ANIMAL.

THE Esquimaux, like all barbaric people, are much given to exaggeration, so that it will not do to place reliance in many of their statements. Their country being a strange one, sometimes it is impossible to decide between truth and misrepresentation, for they do frequently describe things that appear improbable to us, and yet their statements are true. For example, during Capt. Hall's five years' residence among these people he had often described to him an animal which the Esquimaux call *arcla*, but which is not mentioned in any work of natural history, nor did he ever see a specimen himself, yet he was indisposed to declare it mythical. The natives speak of this animal as being larger than the bear, and as very ferocious and much more difficult to be killed. It has grayish hair, a long tail, and short, thick legs, its fore feet being divided into three parts, like the partridge's; its hind feet are like a man's heels. When resting it sits upright like a man. A Neitchille Inuit, crawling into a hole for shelter, in the night, had found one sound asleep and quickly dispatched it with his knife. It may be added here that Ebierbing, who was Hall's interpreter, now residing in the United States, confirms such accounts of the *arcla*, and says that the animal once inhabited his native country on Cumberland Sound.

We know that stranger-appearing creatures than this once roamed over the earth, some of which are known to us through

their fossil remains, while no doubt many others existed of which we have no conception, because every vestige of them has long since disappeared under the fading effects of time, soil and climate. It was once stoutly denied that there was any such animal as the gorilla; who shall therefore say that the arca exists only as the coinage of a fertile brain?

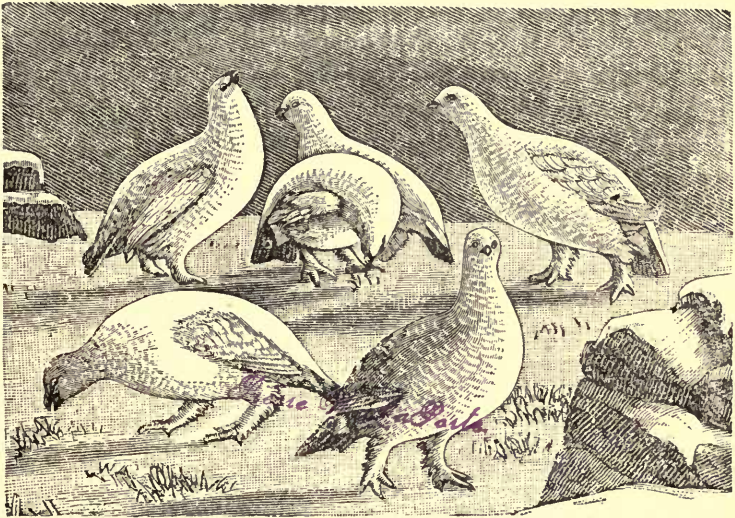
ARCTIC BIRDS.

BIRDS, of many and varying species, are numerous in the arctic regions, such as snow-owls, ptarmigan—both of which seek their food under the snow—the king eider duck, brent geese, great northern black and red-throated divers, bernicle geese, sea eagles, and others of less size and quiet habits, such as the Lapland bunting, pin-tail ducks, and the snow-bunting. This latter may properly be called the polar singing bird, for it sings the sweetest lays throughout the fugitive summer, and to a traveler in that bleak region is a genuine joy. The auk is a prolific inhabitant of the polar climate, where it breeds with the rapidity of English sparrows in our own country. There are islands in the arctic seas which seem to be composed almost entirely of auk guano, and so thickly do the birds settle at times that they cover acres of the rocky and precipitous formations which rise out of the Northern ocean. The Esquimaux catch them in great numbers by means of a circular net, made fast to a handle of narwhal bone and used as we do a fish net.

The ptarmigan, or snow-partridge, is found in great abundance in many parts of the polar regions. Its flesh is delicious, and is highly prized by natives and arctic travelers. They go in flocks, like the quail, which they somewhat resemble; but their winter dress is snow-white, except their tail-feathers, and when at rest, they are scarcely distinguishable from the snow at a distance of ten feet.

The sea eagle is monarch of the frigid air, in which his lordly sway is acknowledged by the fear which his presence inspires in all the feathered creatures which share his kingdom. At his approach the gull and the auk conceal themselves in the fissures of the rocks, but are frequently dragged forth by their relentless

enemy. The divers are, according to Wahlengren, more imperilled from his attacks than those sea-birds which do not plunge, for the latter rise into the air as soon as their piercing eye espies the universally dreaded tyrant, and thus escape; while the former, blindly trusting to the element in which they are capable of finding a temporary refuge, allow him to approach, and then suddenly diving, fancy themselves in safety, while the eagle is only waiting for the moment of their re-appearance to repeat his attack. Twice or thrice they may possibly escape his claws by a



ARCTIC PTARMIGAN.

rapid plunge, but when for the fourth time they rise out of the water, and remain but one instant above the surface, that instant seals their doom. The sea eagle is equally formidable to the denizens of the ocean, but sometimes too great a confidence in his strength leads to his destruction, for Kittlitz was informed by the inhabitants of Kamschatka that, pouncing upon a dolphin, he is not infrequently dragged down into the water by the diving cetacean in whose skin his talons remain fixed.

Sea gulls of the Arctic regions are as rapacious as sea eagles, though their carnivorous appetite does not feast itself on such a

diversity of flesh. The glaucous gulls are like cormorants, always watching for fish, but equally glad when they can seize a young duck. During breeding time the mother gulls are very destructive to the ducks, over whose peaceful shallows they sail until opportunity invites, when down they swoop with a loud rush of wing and carry off young eiders as their wants require. A more domineering or insatiable rapacity is not exhibited by any other bird or animal. The gull will gobble up and swallow a fledgling duck in less time than it takes to describe the act. For a moment the paddling feet of the poor little victim are seen protruding from the mouth; then comes a distension of the neck as the duck descends into the stomach; a few moments more and the young gulls are feeding on the ejected morsel.

The mother duck, nearly distracted by her loss, battles with all her might, but she cannot always reassemble her scattered brood. In trying to defend one she uncovers others, until frequently she is left as destitute as Niobe; but in this case she adopts a new progeny.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INHABITANTS OF THE ARCTIC DEEP.

THE sparse life found on the ice and snowy wastes in the northern zone is well compensated by the multitude of marine animals which sport under and about the pole. There is a marked difference of temperature in the air and water, for below the surface there is a rapid increase of warmth, caused by under-currents and streams flowing from the tropics. This modification is highly conducive to the propagation of many water animals, peculiar to the Arctic regions, which could not survive in as low a temperature as obtains on the land. It is a fact that animal life is greater in the Arctic than in the Tropical seas. There is a portion of the Arctic ocean between 74° and 80° which wears a color varying from purest ultra-marine to olive green, and from

crystalline transparency to striking opacity, which is due mainly to small medusæ—sea-nettles and jelly-fish—and nudibranchiate—naked mollusks. These are calculated to form one-fourth part of the surface of the sea between the above mentioned parallels, so that many thousands of square miles are absolutely teeming with life.

On the coast of Greenland, where the waters are so transparent that the bottom is clearly visible at a distance of 300 feet, there may be seen gigantic tangles growing in the depth, around the fronds of which millions of tiny creatures are always circulating. A dead seal or fish is speedily converted into a skeleton by the myriads of small crustaceans which infest these icy waters, and, like the ants of equatorial forests, perform the part of scavengers of the deep. This minute animal life affords most interesting study to the scientist, but our remaining space must be reserved for the greater wonders, such as whales, norwhals, sea unicorns, dolphins, and other large inhabitants of the polar seas.

WONDERS OF THE WHALE.

THE largest of all animals is the whale, a very leviathan, ponderous with bulk and powerful with energy. The wonders of nature are shown in this animal more amazingly than any other creature. These remarkable phenomena are not found alone in its extraordinary size, but in its structure and habits as well. The largest species attains a length of one hundred feet, while its head measures fully thirty feet, a wonderful proportion; and yet there is no trace of neck even in the skeleton; they have nostrils, but not for the exercise of smell, being used for respiration and also for hearing; there is no external ear, and the auditory opening is extremely small, to prevent the undue access of water. Air penetrates into the large eustachian tubes through the blow-holes, permitting the appreciation of sounds, both in the air and water. It may therefore be said, paradoxically, that the whale smells with his ears and hears with his nose. The mouth is of great width and the jaws are armed with plates of whalebone, or numerous conical teeth, the former acting as a strainer of its food for one species, while in another the teeth

perform the usual function of grinding. The skin is naked, except a few bristles about the jaws, and beneath it is a thick coat of fat or blubber, preserving the temperature of the body and reducing its specific gravity; this fat affords the oil for which whales are chiefly pursued. Formerly, naturalists regarded the blubber as subcutaneous, but it is now a settled fact that it is a part of the true skin, the fibres forming an open net-work in which the fat is held.

Though all whales are carnivorous, the stomach is divided into from three to six different compartments, but for what reason is not understood. Until the time of Linneus whales were regarded as fishes, but they are no longer thus classed. They are a true mammal, warm-blooded, air-breathing, bring forth their young (usually one) alive, and suckle them for a considerable time by means of two abdominal mammæ. Though a whale's mouth is quite large enough to contain a ship's long-boat, yet the opening into the gullet is not larger than a man's fist. It feeds upon jelly fish and small swimming mollusks, and rarely, if ever, swallows anything larger than a herring.

The period of gestation is variously placed at from eight to eighteen months; at birth the young measures from ten to fourteen feet in length, and is very tenderly cared for by the mother for one year. While nursing they roll from side to side, so as to give each a chance of breathing. The mother has great affection for her young, and will defend it as long as life lasts.

There are a great many species of whales, in which the size varies from twelve to one hundred feet in length, and with the single exception of being mammals, they vary as greatly in habits. The ones most sought within the Polar circle are either the "right whale" or the "white whale:" but there is the bow-head, sulphur-bottoms, spermaceti, and others. All the large ones of that region are called "balleeners," as their mouths are furnished with the balleen, or whalebone, of commerce. The oil of an average whale is worth about \$2,300, while the value of the bone is about \$3,000.

The right whale is often fifty or sixty feet long, but the white

whale does not average more than fifteen—from twelve to twenty. The blubber produces a very superior kind of oil, and its texture is more gelatinous and less gross than that of the larger whales. In the water this fish is a brilliant, shiny white. A common harpoon is scarcely fit for this fish, for it is necessary to penetrate through the blubber to the flesh to have it hold. The Esquimaux consider the flesh of the white whale excellent eating.

ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE.

CAPT. TYSON, who was with Capt. Hall in the *Polaris* expedition, thus describes the killing of a whale, in which he participated :

“ I once had, when I was boat-steerer, quite an adventure with a whale which was determined not to die. It was a large and valuable balleener. Soon after the boat was lowered we got alongside. As I rose to heave the harpoon, it seemed, almost in an instant, that the whale had plunged down to the bottom of the bay ; as the rope uncoiled and went over the gunwale it fairly smoked with the intense rapidity of the friction, and I had to order it ‘ doused ’ to prevent its taking fire. It came, too, within a hair-breadth of capsizing us. Fortunately, the line was over seventy fathoms long, and of the strongest kind. After she plunged we followed on, it taking all our strength to bring the boat near enough to keep the line slack. She staid under water the first time so long that we thought she was dead and sunk. It was nearly an hour before she rose : and when she did, the jerk almost snapped our strong line, already weakened by the friction and unusual tension.

“ As soon as she appeared she began to beat the water with her flukes, and swirled around so that it appeared impossible to get a lance into her, and, while I was endeavoring to do this, our line parted, and away she went, carrying the harpoon with her. We followed with all the speed we could force, and at last, after several hours’ hard pull, came up with her. She seemed to know we were following, and several time disappeared, and then coming up to blow, perhaps half a mile off ; but we were bound to have her. On and on she went, on and on we followed. The moon

was shining, and the Arctic summer night was almost as light as day, and deep into the night we followed her. Down she went, for the sixth or seventh time, but fatigue was getting the better of her. She was weakening, while, with all the fatigue, our spirits, and strength, too, were kept up by the excitement. At last, when we had been nearly twenty-four hours on the chase, I got another harpoon in her. This seemed to madden her afresh. Another plunge, which had nearly carried us with her; but this time she did not stay down more than ten or twelve minutes. Up she came once more, the water all around covered with blood, and we knew she was done for. Three or four lances were hurled into her ponderous bulk, and at last our exertions were rewarded by seeing her roll over on her side. She was dead. We bent on another strong line, and soon towed her to a floe. But we found ourselves, with our prize, a good nine miles from the ship. We could not, therefore, save the blubber, but we made a good haul of balleen, with which we loaded our boat to its utmost capacity, and then dragged her, with her heavy cargo, the whole distance over the ice to the ship, which is what I call a fair day's work."

But not every attack upon the whale is as successful as was the one Capt. Tyson relates. The spermaceti whale, which grows to the length of seventy-five feet, is really a dangerous animal, for it not only uses its flukes to dash a boat to pieces, but it is not slow to attack with its well-armed jaws. These whales usually go in herds of twenty or thirty, and the whole herd have been known to rush to the assistance of a wounded comrade, in which case they will even sink a sailing ship.

THE NORWHAL.

THE seas of Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, and Greenland are the domain of the norwhal, or sea-unicorn, a cetacean quite as strange, but not so fabulous, as the terrestrial animal which figures in the arms of England. The use of the enormously spirally-wound tusk projecting from its upper jaw, and from which it derives its popular name, has not been clearly ascertained, some maintaining that it is a weapon of defense, while others suppose

it to be only an ornament, or mark of the superior dignity of the sex to which it has been awarded. It is known to use it for breaking ice to obtain a breathing hole, and Scoresby asserts that with the tusk it transfixes flat fish, upon which it feeds.

The norwhal attains a length of sixteen or eighteen feet, and the tusk is sometimes ten feet in length. This tusk is of solid ivory, and grows from the intermaxillary bone from a permanent pulp, as in the elephant. They are generally in bands of ten to twenty, and are often seen sporting and spouting around whaling vessels, elevating their tusks as though specially proud of showing them. Norwhals are migratory, and their appearance is hailed with delight by the Greenlanders, who consider them the certain forerunners of the right whale, as they both feed on the same kinds of food. They are harpooned for their ivory, oil and flesh, which latter the Greenlanders consider a rare delicacy. The ivory is very hard and susceptible of a high polish. A famous throne of the kings of Denmark is said to be made of walrus tusks.

THE DOLPHIN.

THERE are so many species of this animal inhabiting the polar and tropical seas alike, that any attempt to describe it in detail would be foreign to our general subject, treating as it does of Arctic animals. The dolphin is allied to the whale, though not in resemblance, but it is a warm blooded animal, brings forth its young and suckles them in the same manner, and also projects water through a similar spiracle opening at the top of its head. Those inhabiting the Arctic waters are called black dolphins and bottle-nosed whales. It grows to a length of twenty feet, and being armed with 136 powerful teeth, it is a dreadful enemy to small fish, upon which it preys. No cetacean strands more frequently than the black dolphin, and occasionally large herds have been driven on the shores of Iceland, Norway, and the Orkney, Shetland and Faeroe islands, where their capture is hailed as a godsend. The intelligence that a shoal of ca'ing whales or grinds has been seen approaching the coast, creates great excitement among the otherwise phlegmatic inhabitants of the Faeroe

Islands. The whole neighborhood, old and young, is instantly in motion, and soon numerous boats shoot off from shore to intercept the retreat of the dolphins. Slowly and steadily they are driven toward the coast; the phalanx of their enemies draws closer and closer together; terrified by stones and blows, they run ashore, and lie gasping as the flood recedes. Then begins the work of death, amid the loud shouts of the executioners and the furious splashings of the victims.

THE GRAMPUS.

THE ferocious orc, or grampus, is the tiger of the Arctic seas. Black above, white beneath, it is distinguished by its large dorsal fin, which curves backward toward the tail, and rises to the height of two feet or more. Measuring no less than twenty-five feet in length and twelve or thirteen in girth, of a courage equal to its strength, and armed with formidable teeth, thirty in each jaw, the grampus is the dread of the seals, whom it overtakes in spite of their rapid flight; and the whale himself would consider it as his most formidable enemy, were it not for the persecutions of man. The grampus generally ploughs the seas in small troops of four or five, following each other in close single file, and alternately disappearing and rising so as to resemble the undulatory motions of one large serpentine animal. In summer they appear in the Greenland seas, and the seals instantly seek refuge from them in the various creeks and inner harbors; and the Esquimau hunter in his frail kyak, when he sees the huge pointed dorsal fin swiftly cleaving the surface of the sea, is scarcely less anxious to shun such dangerous company.

THE ARCTIC SHARK.

THE white, or basking shark, of Polar waters is an animal possessing some very peculiar habits, and is said to be absolutely insensible to pain. Greenland fishers use nets to take even the white whale, which is a small species, and these nets are serviceable also to capture sharks, though they are principally taken by means of a large hook adapted to the purpose. These sharks are caught for the sake of their livers, which yield a considerable

quantity of oil, and a valuable substance resembling spermaceti may be expressed from their bodies, and for this purpose powerful screw-presses are employed.

In early winter the sharks are caught with hook and line through holes in the ice, like salmon, for which the Esquimau women fish so industriously. It is by no means an easy task to land one of these cetaceans, for they are sometimes ten feet in length and of corresponding strength.



ESQUIMAU WOMAN FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

The nets set for white whales are deftly made of seal-skin and attached to the shore, extending off at right angles, so as to intercept them in their annual southern migration, when they swim close among the rocks to avoid their direst foe, the grampus. When the white whale is stopped by the net it often appears at first to be unconscious of the fact, and continues to swim against it, affording time for the approach of a boat and deadly harpoon

from behind. If entangled in the net a short time suffices to drown them, since they are compelled frequently to rise to the surface to breathe.

It is on the carcasses of dead whales that white sharks delight to feed, and they therefore become a great pest to the Greenland fishers, who often find what would have been a rich haul, if left unmolested, reduced to bones by the sharks. No amount of noise or beating will drive these sharks from their feast, and it is almost impossible to kill them; a large knife thrust scores of times through their heads seems to produce no more effect than like thrusts through a jelly fish. The brain is so extremely small that it is very difficult to find; therefore the fishers can only save their captured whales, when thus attacked, by towing the voracious sharks a considerable distance away from the nets.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NATURAL PHENOMENA OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

LIKE flowers wasting their sweetness on desert air, so do the wonderful beauties of nature in the arctic regions display themselves in inhabitless space, like a modest virgin who blushes, though not without pride, at her own reflected image. For, in the far North, where even echo does not build her airy haunt, there are such gorgeous splendors as would wake the soul of pessimism and thrill the hopeless heart. How wantonly nature luxuriates in her charms in the icy regions, as if jealous of their exhibition in populous climates, but even in this reserve man discovers her, like Diana at the bath, and we may, therefore, all read about, if we cannot see, the wonderful beauties which she shows to the voiceless and insensate polar world.

Nothing can exceed the magnificence of an arctic sunset, clothing the snow-clad mountains and the skies with all the glories of color, or be more serenely beautiful than the clear star-light night, illumined by the brilliant moon, which for days continually

circles around the horizon, never setting until she has run her long course of brightness. The uniform whiteness of the landscape and the general transparency of the atmosphere add to the lustre of her beams, which serve the natives to guide their nomadic life, and to lead them to their hunting grounds.

But of all the magnificent spectacles that relieve the monotonous gloom of the Arctic winter, there is none to equal the magical beauty of the Aurora. Night covers the snow-clad earth; the stars glimmer feebly through the haze which so frequently dims



SERPENTINE AURORA.

their brilliancy in the high latitudes, when suddenly a broad and clear bow of light spans the horizon in the direction where it is traversed by the magnetic meridian. This bow sometimes remains for several hours, heaving or waving to and fro, before it sends forth streams of light ascending to the zenith. Sometimes these flashes proceed from the bow of light alone; at others they simultaneously shoot forth from many opposite parts of the horizon, and form a vast sea of fire whose brilliant waves are continually changing their positions. Finally they all unite in a

magnificent crown or cupola of light, with the appearance of which the phenomena attains its highest degree of splendor. The brilliancy of the streams, which are commonly red at their base, green in the middle, and light yellow toward the zenith, increases, while at the same time they dart with greater vivacity through the skies. The colors are wonderfully transparent, the red approaching to a clear blood-red, the green to a pale emerald tint. On turning from the flaming firmament to the earth, this also is seen to glow with a magical light. The dark sea, black as jet, forms a striking contrast to the white snow-plain or the distant ice-mountain; all the outlines tremble as if they belonged to the unreal world of dreams. The imposing silence of the night heightens the charms of the magnificent spectacle.

But gradually the crown fades, the bow of light dissolves, the streams become shorter, less frequent, and less vivid; and finally the gloom of winter once more descends upon the northern desert.

The aurora varies greatly in shape, sometimes assuming a serpentine form, then again an oval, and at other times representing giant lances which flash with a splendor almost dazzling to behold. Not frequently it may be seen in the shape of an arch; some observers sent out by the French government saw, from their station in Finland, no fewer than nine arches, separated by dark spaces and resembling in their arrangement magnificent curtains of light, hung behind and below each other, their brilliant folds stretching completely across the sky.

An aurora seen on the night of October 18, 1864, is thus described by Capt. Hall: "At 10 p. m. I went out, and the aurora was spanning the azure vault. A smart breeze from the north was blowing nearly the whole night. This seemed to add to the briskness of the merry dancers as they crossed the heavens to and fro. An hour before, the sky was clear, not a cloud or an aurora ray to be seen; now, a belt extended across the heavens, arch-like, some 25° above the horizon, its direction being from southeast to northwest. I watched the rising arch. Every few moments gave varied and magnificent changes. At length patches

of aurora burst forth here and there. Gradually the main arch reached the zenith, and then was the grand part of the scene. Much of what was before in perpendicular rays shot athwart and across the heavens swiftly like a river of molten gold, here and there forming vast whirlpools, here and there an eddy, here and there a cataract of stupendous fall. When above my head, it



WONDERFUL AURORA SEEN BY CAPT. HALL.

seemed less than a pistol-shot distant. Indeed, it was near by. When I moved quickly, running up to the top of the hill by the *igloo*, making a distance of less than 50 fathoms, the arch of the aurora, that seemed stationary while I was by the *igloo* and in transitu, was now several degrees to the *southwest of me*. I returned as quickly to the *igloo*, and the aurora belt was directly overhead. So small a base, with so palpable a change in the

bearing of the aurora, proved that it must have been quite close to the earth. A ball of fire fell during the display, and burst just before it reached the earth, throwing out prismatic scintillations in every direction."

In January, 1865, Capt. Hall witnessed another aurora even more wonderful than the one above described. The rays of this one were vertical; it appeared all alive, as if in high glee, dancing to and fro with almost the rapidity of lightning. The three belts extending from southeast to northwest were the most interesting, as they often flashed into the brilliant colors of the rainbow. Each belt occasionally resolved itself into two lines or tiers of rays; as one line would dance rapidly to windward, the other would dance as quickly in the opposite direction. This extraordinary display lasted five minutes—an unusual time. He was so impressed with it that he wrote, "If at home it could be witnessed for one moment, one would say, 'I never saw northern lights before.'"

That the aurora borealis is due to the earth's magnetism, or a surplus charge of electricity, is most generally believed, though the conditions and result are not clearly understood. Capt. McClintock observed in the Arctic regions that the aurora was never visible above ice fields, but that whenever one was in progress the light appeared always to be gathered over the open water. Water being an excellent conductor of electricity, while ice is a non-conductor, we may infer that the peculiarity observed by McClintock was due to this difference in the conducting powers of ice and water.

It is held by some that the aurora is due to electrical discharges from the earth. Through some cause the earth, regarded as a vast magnet, becomes overcharged with electrical energy, and it is as this energy is gradually dissipated that the splendors of the aurora are displayed. Prof. Olmstead, however, assigns to the aurora an interplanetary origin. "The nebulous matter," he reasoned, "like that which furnishes the material of the meteoric showers or the zodiacal light, and is known to exist in the interplanetary spaces, is probably the cause of the auroral display.

The periodical return of the phenomena indicates such a position ; so, too, its rapid motion, which exceeds that of light or electricity, and the extent of surface over which the phenomena is seen at the same time."

Mock moons and paraselenæ, which are a rare sight even in the Arctic zone, are due to electrical disturbance of a misty atmosphere. The paraselenæ are luminous rings surrounding the moon, and are multiplied by refraction until three, and sometimes even four, circles are seen impinging one another. Within the centre of each circle the moon appears, from which radiates four spears of light, light spokes to a wheel, and at the points where the spears touch the circle a mock moon is seen, thus affording at once a novel and beautiful view.

COLORED SNOW.

THERE is almost perpetual snow in the Polar regions, but it does not fall to such great depth there as in the North Temperate zone. But the most striking peculiarity in the fall of snow within the Arctic circle, is found in the fact that it is often deeply colored, green, red, yellow and black, red being the color most commonly seen. The black color is produced by the snow being impregnated with a dust of carbon and iron, either from the eruptions of volcanoes or from meteors. The other colors are due to the presence of microscopic organisms, described by Dr. Wollaston as minute spherical globules, having a transparent covering, and divided into seven or eight cells, filled with a red oily-like liquid, insoluble in water. Girodchantraus describes these as plants, while Bauer demonstrated that they are a fungous growth. Robert Brown says they are algoæ, water plants or seaweeds. Recent investigation confirms the theory that these colors are produced by vegetable growth, and that the several colors are due to the ripening stages of the algoæ. Ehrenburg maintains that red snow receives its coloring not only from vegetable spores, but from an animalcule also, to which he gave the name *Philodina roseola*.

ICEBERGS AND WONDERFUL ICE FORMATIONS.

THE Arctic world is full of pulseless wonders, staid and insensate things of nature, which move upon the waters with a majesty awesome and grand. Ice is king in this frosty realm, and he gives strange evidences of his mighty power. More dangerous than hidden shoals and sunken cliffs to the navigator are the floating islands of ice which swing about and grind one another, or break up and fall with a force that will crush any ship. Arctic navigators have given various names to these movable shoals, which are the cause of so much delay and danger. They are icebergs when they tower to a considerable height above the waters, and ice-fields when they have a vast horizontal extension. A floe is a detached portion of a field; pack-ice, a large area of floes or smaller fragments closely driven together so as to oppose a firm barrier to the progress of a ship; and drift-ice, loose ice in motion, but not so firmly packed as to prevent a vessel from making her way through its yielding masses.

The large ice-fields which the whaler encounters in Baffin's Bay, or on the seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland, constitute one of the marvels of the deep. There is a solemn grandeur in the slow, majestic motion with which they are drifted by the current to the south; and their enormous masses, as mile after mile comes floating by, impress the spectator with the idea of a boundless extent and an irresistible power. But, vast and mighty as they are, they are unable to withstand the elements combined for their destruction, and their apparently triumphal march leads them only to their ruin.

When they first descend from their northern strongholds, the ice of which they are composed is of the average thickness of from ten to fifteen feet, and their surface is sometimes tolerably smooth and even, but in general it is covered with numberless ice-blocks, or hummocks, piled upon each other in wild confusion to a height of forty or fifty feet, the result of repeated collisions before flakes and floes were soldered into fields. Before the end of June they are covered with snow, sometimes six feet

deep, which, melting during the summer, forms small ponds or lakes upon their surface.

Frequently ice-fields are whirled about in a rotary motion, which causes their circumference to gyrate with a velocity of several miles per hour. When a field, thus sweeping through the waters, comes into collision with another which may possibly be revolving with equal rapidity in an opposite direction—when masses often twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and each weighing many millions of tons, clash together—imagination can hardly conceive a more appalling scene. The whalers at all times require unremitting vigilance to secure their safety, but scarcely in any situation so much as when navigating amidst these fields, which are more particularly dangerous in foggy weather, as their motions cannot then be distinctly observed. No wonder that since the establishment of the fishery numbers of vessels have been crushed to pieces between two fields in motion, for the strongest ship ever built must needs be utterly unable to resist their power. Some have been uplifted and thrown upon the ice; some have had their hulls completely torn open; and others have been over-run by the ice, and buried beneath the fragments piled upon their wreck.

The icebergs, which, as their name indicates, rise above the water to a much more considerable height than the ice-fields, have a very different origin, as they are not formed in the sea itself, but by the glaciers of the northern highlands. As our rivers are continually pouring their streams into the ocean, so many of the glaciers or ice-rivers of the Arctic zone, descending to the water-edge, are slowly but constantly forcing themselves farther and farther into the sea. In the summer season, when the ice is particularly fragile, the force of cohesion is often overcome by the weight of the prodigious masses that overhang the sea or have been undermined by its waters; and in the winter, when the air is probably 40° or 50° below zero, and the sea from 28° to 30° above, the unequal expansion of those parts of the mass exposed to so great a difference of temperature cannot fail to produce the separation of large portions. This is the gener-

ally-accepted theory as to the manner in which icebergs are formed.

Most of these swimming fragments, or icebergs, are formed on the mountainous west coast of Greenland, by the large gla-



ICEBERG SEEN BY CAPT. ROSS.

cers which discharge themselves into the fiords from Smith's Sound to Disco Bay, as here the sea is sufficiently deep to float them away, in spite of the enormous magnitude they frequently attain.

Capt. Ross, in his first voyage, mentions one of these wrecked bergs, which was found to be 4,169 yards long, 3,689 yards broad, and 51 feet high above the level of the sea. It was aground in 61 fathoms, and its weight was estimated by an officer of the *Alexander* at 1,292,397,673 tons. On ascending the flat top of this iceberg, it was found occupied by a huge white bear, who justly deeming "discretion the best part of valor," sprang into the sea before he could be fired at.

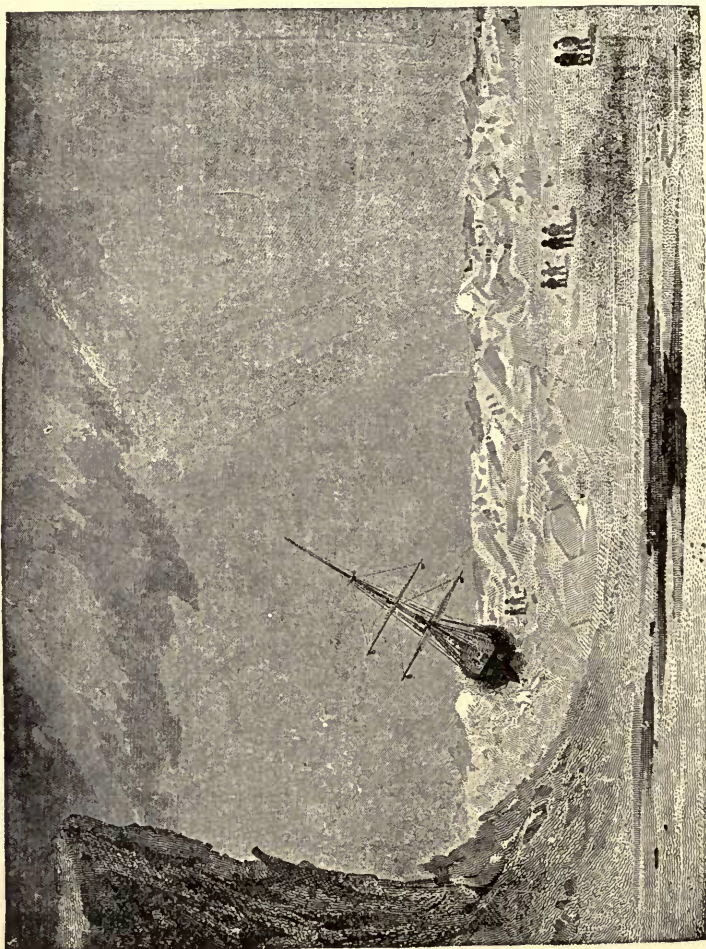
The vast dimensions of the icebergs appear less astonishing when we consider that many of the glaciers or ice-rivers from which they are dislodged are equal in size or volume to the largest streams of continental Europe.

In a high sea the waves beat against an iceberg as against a rock; and in calm weather where there is a swell, the noise made by their rising and falling is tremendous. Their usual form is that of a high vertical wall, gradually sloping down to the opposite side, which is very low; but frequently they exhibit the most fantastic shapes, particularly after they have been a long time exposed to the corroding power of the waves, or of warm rains pelting them from above.

A number of icebergs floating in the sea is one of the most magnificent spectacles of nature, but the wonderful beauty of these crystal cliffs never appears to greater advantage than when clothed by the midnight sun with all the splendid colors of twilight.

"The bergs," says Dr. Hayes, describing one of these enchanting sights, "had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed in the distance like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal. One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Colosseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun, slowly rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruins had suddenly taken fire. In the shadow of the bergs the

water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of color made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in



DR. KANE'S SHIP FAST IN DRIFT ICE.

intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern near by exhibited the solid color of the malachite mingled with the transparency of the emerald, while in strange contrast a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body. The

bewitching character of the scene was heightened by a thousand little cascades which leaped into the sea from these floating masses, the water being discharged from lakes of melted snow and ice which reposed in quietude far up in the valleys separating the high icy hills of their upper surface. From other bergs large pieces were now and then detached, plunging down into the water with deafening noise, while the slow-moving swell of the ocean resounded through their broken archways.”

A similar gorgeous spectacle was witnessed by Dr. Kane in Melville Bay. The midnight sun came out over a great berg, kindling variously-colored fires on every part of its surface, and making the ice around the ship one great resplendency of gem-work, blazing carbuncles and rubies, and molten gold. These are the beauties of the iceberg, but it has its terrible features as well. On one occasion Kane was beset by a heavy squall, which gave him no small concern for the safety of his vessel, which was threatened by the heavy floes blowing off shore and promising to nip him if shelter was not soon reached. As a measure of protection he resolved to fasten to an iceberg, which he was only able to do after hard labor of eight hours. His crew had hardly time for a breathing spell before they were startled by loud crackling sounds above them, and small fragments of ice, not larger than a walnut, began to disturb the water like the first drops of a summer shower. The indications were unmistakable, and they had barely time to cast off before the face of the berg fell in ruins, crashing with a roar like artillery.

AN ORIGINAL THEORY RESPECTING ICEBERGS.

ICEBERGS are all composed of fresh water, which arctic discoverers declare, and no doubt very properly, and are made by gradual freezing accretions from great rivers which pour out their water over precipices, as already explained. But a very strange fact is worthy of consideration in this connection, viz: that the frequent freezing of salt water produces fresh water.

McClintock, during his voyage in search of the Franklin party, discovered this singular phenomenon. A portion of his diary reads: “By my desire Dr. Walker is occupied in making every

possible experiment upon the freezing of salt water; the first crop of ice is salt, the second less so, the third produces drinkable water, and the fourth is fresh. Frosty efflorescence appears upon ice formed at low temperatures in calm weather—it is brine expressed by the act of freezing.”

Is it not possible that the commonly-accepted theory as to the manner in which icebergs are formed, is false? If repeated congelation destroys the saline crystallization of sea water, may not a similar chemical decomposition take place under continuous congelment? The rivers of Greenland, to whose debouchement the formation of icebergs is ascribed, are yet to be discovered, though the point of apparent iceberg formation has been visited. It is an open question yet whether these ice-mountains are not created under atmospheric influence. If, as seems to be well proved, there is a comparatively warm climate prevailing about the poles, the proximity of excessive cold and warm currents would be productive of the most violent paroxysms of the air, such as cyclones, waterspouts, etc. These might suck up vast quantities of sea water, which would be precipitated again at certain points, like the vapor of the gulf-stream, which condenses and falls over England because it there first meets with a counter cold current. If this uplifted water, now vaporized, should strike against the mountain barriers along the Greenland coast, it would certainly be precipitated in the form of rain, and meeting with an intensely cold atmosphere, would congeal as it gradually fell thus building up great peaks of fresh water ice just as we see them. This theory might extend further with perfect consistency, to account for icebergs of fresh water by repeated congelation, for it is plausible to assume that there are air-stratas of hot and cold at altitudes above the poles, passing through which the sea water would alternate from rain to hail until the chemical change to fresh water is complete. Not infrequently icebergs, or rather glaciers, form in the interior of Greenland, and always at the feet of mountains or slopes to the sea; after reaching a certain size, gravity causes them to break loose and sweep into the sea, carrying with them great boulders, driftwood, or anything in their path.

This theory, which I have the boldness to present, is merely an individual's speculation, and does not claim to be the results of any extended research or special study of the subject ; it is given only for what it is worth.

THE ICE-BLINK.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of the Polar Sea is the ice-blink, or reflection of the ice against the sky. A stripe of light, similar to the early dawn of morning, but without its redness, appears above the horizon, and traces a complete aerial map of the ice to a distance of many miles beyond the ordinary reach of vision. To the experienced navigator the "blink" is frequently of the greatest use, as it not only points out the vicinity of the drift-ice, but indicates its nature, whether compact or loose, continuous or open. Thus Scoresby relates that on the 7th of June, 1821, he saw so distinct an ice-blink, that as far as twenty or thirty miles all round the horizon he was able to ascertain the figure and probable extent of each ice-field. The packed ice was distinguished from the larger fields by a more obscure and yellow color ; while each water-lane or open passage was indicated by a deep blue stripe or patch. By this means he was enabled to find his way out of the vast masses of ice in which he had been detained for several days, and to emerge into the open sea.

On sunny days, the strong contrasts of light and shade between the glistening snow and the dark protruding rocks produce a remarkable deception in the apparent distance of the land, along a steep mountainous coast. When at the distance of twenty miles from Spitzbergen, for instance, it would be easy to induce even a judicious stranger to undertake a passage in a boat to the shore, from a belief that he was within a league of the land. At this distance the portions of rock and patches of snow, as well as the contour of the different hills, are as distinctly marked as similar objects in many other countries, not having snow about them, would be at a fourth or a fifth part of the distance. A ship's top-gallant mast, at the distance of five or six leagues, may be discerned when just appearing above the horizon with a

common perspective-glass, and the summits of mountains are visible at the distance of from sixty to a hundred miles.

MIRAGE.

NOTHING can be more wonderful than the phenomena of the atmosphere, dependent upon reflection and refraction, which are frequently observed in the Arctic seas. They are probably occasioned by the commixture of two currents of air of different temperature, so as to create an irregular deposition of imperfectly condensed vapor, which, when passing the verge of the horizon, apparently raises the objects there situated to a considerable distance above it, or extends their height beyond their natural dimensions. Ice, land, ships, boats, and other objects, when thus enlarged and elevated, are said to loom. The lower portions of looming objects are sometimes connected with the horizon by an apparent fibrous or columnar extension of their parts; at other times they appear to be quite lifted into the air, a void space being seen between them and the horizon.

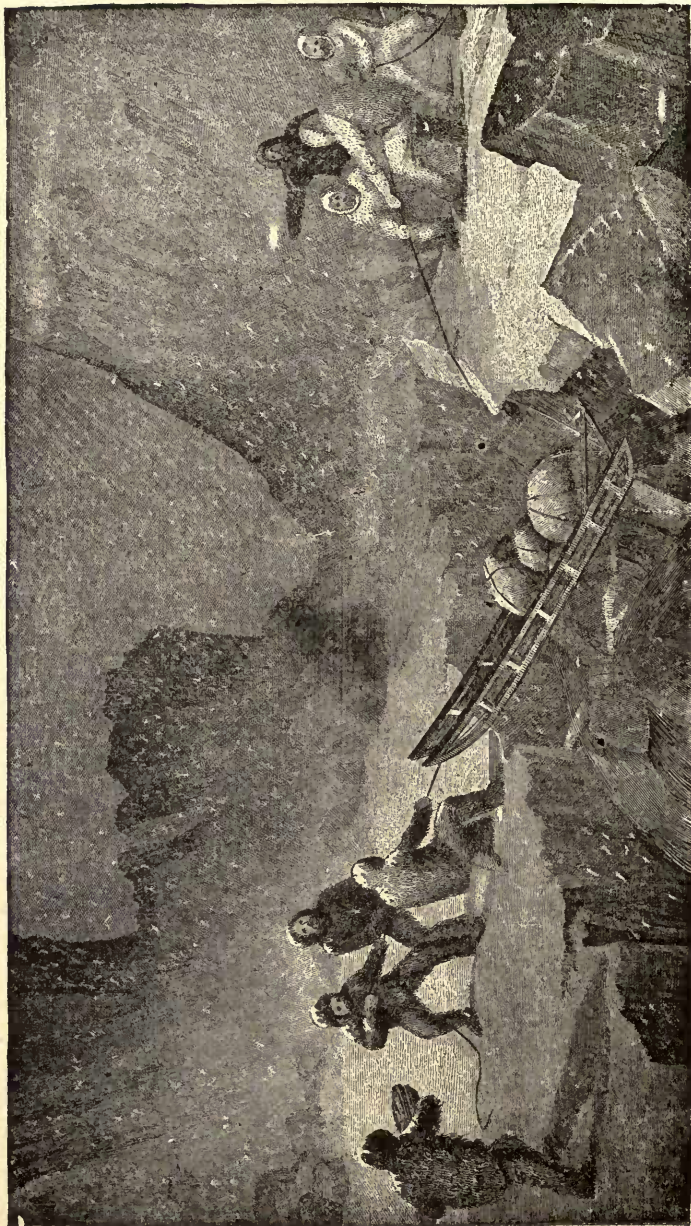
A most remarkable delusion of this kind was observed by Scoresby while sailing through the open ice, far from land. Suddenly an immense amphitheater, inclosed by high walls of basaltic ice, so like natural rock as to deceive one of his most experienced officers, rose around the ship. Sometimes the refraction produced on all sides a similar effect, but still more frequently remarkable contrasts. Single ice-blocks expanded into architectural figures of an extraordinary height, and sometimes the distant, deeply-indented ice-border looked like a number of towers or minarets, or like a dense forest of naked trees. Scarcely had an object acquired a distinct form, when it began to dissolve into another.

It is well known that similar causes produce similar effects in the warmer regions of the earth. In the midst of the tropical ocean the mariner sees verdent islands rise from the waters, and in the treeless desert fantastic palm-groves wave their fronds, as if in mockery of the thirsty caravan.

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES ON ICE FLOES.

DANGERS arising from the breaking up of the ice, which gathers at the shore for miles seaward, are sometimes very great. In traveling in the Arctic regions it is necessary to pass over immense tracts of ice, and thus the danger of being carried adrift on detached fields, called floes, is ever present. Kane had several narrow escapes from such accident, one of which he records as having taken place at a north-east headland named Cape William Ford. While far from the mainland the spring tides began breaking up great areas of ice around him, which compelled him to flee toward the shore to avoid being carried out to sea and possible starvation. As he sped over the ice, his sledge was interrupted frequently by fissures, now breaking in every direction, over which it required the boldest effort to pass, and especially to draw the laden sledge which contained their stores. Had the sledge been abandoned it would have been lost forever, and in case escape to shore were cut off, starvation was certain; hence they necessarily drew the sledge with them, though it diminished their chances of reaching land. The forced journey was full of perils and hardships, during which the men frequently fell into the water, and had to be rescued at the imminent risk of life. The thermometer was 30° below zero, and their clothes of seal and bear skin froze so hard as to almost prevent the exercise of their limbs. However, by extra good fortune, they gained the shore, but were so benumbed by the cold that it was impossible to raise a tent. It chanced that there was no wind, and a fire of seal oil was started, by which they dried their clothes and sleeping-bags, which restored them to a measure of comfort and enabled them to reach the brig.

But the most remarkable adventure that ever befell any one cast adrift on an ice-floe, happened to Capt. Geo. E. Tyson and the following eighteen members of the *Polaris* expedition: Frederick Meyers, meteorologist; John Herron, steward; William Jackson, cook. *Seamen*: J. W. C. Kruger (called Robert), Fred. Jamka, William Lindermann, Fred. Anthing, Gus. Lindquist, Peter Johnson. *Esquimaux*: Joe, Hannah (Joe's wife),



DR. KANE'S FAMOUS SLEDGE JOURNEY OVER BROKEN ICE.

Puney (child), Hans, Merkut or Christiana (Han's wife), Augustina, Tobias, Succi (children), Charley Polaris (baby of Hans).

The *Polaris* sailed from the Brooklyn navy yard June 29, 1871, in command of Capt. C. E. Hall, whose consuming ambition had been, for many years, to reach the North Pole. The *Polaris* was housed in winter quarters at Thank God Harbor, Hall intending to proceed from there by sledge toward the North. About the 1st of November, however, he fell sick of a strange malady—some say poison—and on the 8th died in great agony. He was buried, wrapped in the national colors, in a shallow grave, dug only by great labor in the hard, frozen earth. Capt. S. O. Buddington, who had been acting as sailing and ice-master, succeeded to the command. Immediately upon assuming charge of the expedition, Capt. Buddington abandoned every effort to carry out the objects for which it was dispatched, and awaited, with much impatience, the coming of spring and the breaking up of the ice, that he might return to the United States. Capt. Tyson begged Buddington to remain, or hold the *Polaris* until he could himself make a sledge journey to the north. This was refused upon the most unjustifiable grounds, and on July 25, 1872, the season being very late, there was a break-up in the ice sufficient to allow them to sail, but being in a bay the ice was found thick at the mouth, and the ship was soon so beset that it became necessary to anchor to a floe, in latitude $80^{\circ} 2' N$. They now drifted helplessly until October 15th, when there was so much danger from being nipped and the vessel crushed, that a considerable quantity of provisions was thrown off the steamer onto the ice as a precaution. At six o'clock in the afternoon of that day all hands were at work throwing off packages, as the vessel was already leaking badly, and her timbers were cracking under the great pressure of ice about her. Suddenly, at ten o'clock at night, while a gale was blowing, the vessel was released and blown out to sea, through a large rift, giving no one time to anticipate such an accident; thus several were left on broken bits of ice struggling for their lives, while others were on the main floe.

wondering what had become of the vessel, which some thought had sunk, so suddenly did she disappear in the darkness.

Fortunately, two boats were left on the floe, and with these, when morning came, those on the small ice were rescued, and then the long drifting on a shelterless shore of ice began. They looked in vain for the *Polaris* to return to them, but she had been irresistibly carried away to the shore of Greenland, as already related in the summary of Arctic voyages.

The floe upon which Tyson and his party were now floating



HUTS ON THE ICE-FLOE.

was four miles in circumference, nearly circular, and was full of hillocks and small lakes of fresh water, which had been formed by the melting of ice during the short summer. To feed his eighteen men, women and children, Capt. Tyson had only fourteen cans of pemmican, eleven and a-half bags of bread, one can of dried apples, and fourteen hams. On the following day this large floe broke in two, separating the party from one of their boats and six bags of bread of their original store of provisions. They were now on a piece of ice not more than five

hundred feet in diameter, and this was gradually lessening from grinding with other ice. Tyson now appointed hunters, as it was possible to kill seals, which were their only hope of escape from starvation; these would furnish warm food and blubber-oil to cook with. Three seals were killed October 18th, and on the 21st the lost boat and provisions were recovered. Igloos (huts built of ice-blocks) were made sufficiently large to accommodate half the party, by packing them in like herrings, while the other half had to be content with their skins and sleeping bags, though the comforts were shared in turn. They had a lamp with them, which was extraordinary good fortune, for by it they were enabled to warm their quarters and cook their food, though it was not one of the most serviceable lamps which the Esquimaux use.

The ordinary lamp in use among the natives is made out of a soft kind of stone, indigenous to the country; it is hollowed out like a shallow dish, with an inverted edge, on which they place a little moss for wicking, which, when lighted, sucks up the oil from the blubber; and this is all the fire they have in their cold country, either for heating their huts or for cooking. To dry their clothing, they put them in nets suspended over the lamp.

As day after day went by without killing any more seals, provisions ran so low that Tyson had to establish a daily allowance, which he doled out at the rate of eleven ounces of meat for each grown person, and half that amount to each child. Capt. Tyson gives a sad picture of their sufferings during this period, on the occasion of a visit to the hut occupied by Hans and his family. He says:

“On going into Hans’ hut the other day, to see the sick boy, the miserable group of children made me sad at heart. The mother was trying to pick a few scraps of ‘tried-out’ blubber out of their lamp, to give to the crying children. Augustina is almost as large as her mother, and is twelve or thirteen years old. She is naturally a fat, heavy-built girl, but she looks peaked enough now. Tobias is in her lap, or partly so, his head resting on her as she sits on the ground, with a skin drawn over her. She seemed to have a little scrap of something she was chewing on,

though I could not see that she swallowed anything. The little girl, Succi, about four years old, was crying—a kind of chronic hunger whine—and I could just see the baby's head in the mother's hood, or capote. The babies have no clothing whatever, and are carried about in this hood, which hangs down the mother's back, like young kangaroos in the maternal pouch, only on the reversed side of the body. All I could do was to encourage them a little. I had nothing that I could give them to make them any more comfortable. I was glad, at least, to see that they had some oil left."

Two of their nine dogs were at length killed and eaten by the



ESQUIMAU JOE GOING FOR THE SEAL.

now starving party, who were left in a yet more abject state by the exhaustion of their originally small stock of blubber-oil, which was needed for warmth, light, and cooking purposes. The long, brooding darkness of Arctic night was upon them, when only during high-noon time was there even a short twilight, rendering objects dimly visible. Drifting away in the darkness, without food, light or fuel, exposed to a constantly-freezing temperature, their condition was most pitiable.

November 21st, three seals were killed, and so ravenously hungry were the men that they ate them raw, skin, hair, and all. This lucky stroke of the hunters was a God-send to the people,

who were upon the point of succumbing to starvation. But there was another long spell of fasting to follow, broken on December 29th by another seal, which, being small, was eaten raw at one meal, including the skin and intestines. No more seals were killed for so long a time that all but two of the dogs were slaughtered and devoured. After an absence of eighty-three days the sun reappeared, and though it brought little warmth, its rays cheered anew the drooping spirits of the starving and half-frozen party.

One day in February, after the appearance of the sun, Esquimau Joe discovered a seal on some young ice near the wretched camp. The ice had been formed during the night, and was not strong enough to bear the weight of a man while remaining stationary, and yet too thick to force a boat through. It was a dangerous experiment, but Joe decided to make an effort to capture the seal. Seating himself in his kyack, two of the men gave him a vigorous push from the floe, and he went skimming over the smooth ice toward the seal, like a boy on his sled. The seal was asleep, and allowed the boat to glide close to him, when Joe quickly dispatched it with his harpoon. But the most dangerous part of the adventure was yet to be performed, for if the kyack should break through the thin ice it would be impossible to get it out or to walk back to the floe; but by skillful management he succeeded in shoving the frail boat in safety over the dangerous ice, dragging the seal after him, which was quickly devoured by the hungry people, with many compliments to Joe for his daring and successful hunt.

When March approached seals became more plentiful, and were shot almost daily. Bears, also, were occasionally killed, for in the latitude in which they were now drifting these animals are both land and aquatic in their habits, and are often seen swimming between ice-floes more than one hundred miles from land.

A BEAR HUNT ON THE FLOE.

ON the 28th of March, just after dark, Capt. Tyson heard a noise outside the ice hut in which he and the Esquimaux lodged, the other hut in which the men lived, being a few feet distant. Joe,

the Esquimau who accompanied Capt. Hall on all his expeditions, was preparing to retire, but on hearing the noise thought it was the ice breaking up, and went out to see what the situation was. He was not gone more than ten seconds before he came back, pale and frightened, exclaiming, "There is a bear close to my kyack!" The kyack was within ten feet of the entrance to the hut. Joe's rifle, and also Capt. Tyson's, were outside—the latter lying close to the kyack—Joe's inside of it; but Joe had his pistol in the hut. They both now crept cautiously out, and, getting to the outer entrance, they could hear the bear distinctly



JOE AND HANS KILLING THE BEAR.

eating. There were several seal-skins and a good deal of blubber lying around in all directions. Some of these skins were being dried for clothing, and some were yet green. They could plainly see his bearship. He had now hauled some of the skins and blubber about thirty feet from the kyack, and was eating away, having a good feast. Joe crept into the sailors' hut to alarm them. While he was gone Tyson crawled stealthily to his rifle, but in taking it he knocked down a shot-gun standing by. The bear heard it, but Tyson's rifle was already on him; he growled, Tyson pulled the trigger, but the gun did not go; he pulled the second and third time,—it did not go, but Tyson did, for the bear

now came for him. Getting in the hut he put another cartridge in, and placing two reserves in his vest pocket, crept out again, getting a position where he could see the animal, although it was what might be called quite dark. The bear saw him, too, and again faced him; but this time, to Tyson's joy and his sorrow, the rifle-ball went straight to its mark. Joe now came out of the men's hut, and cracked both a rifle and pistol at him. The bear ran about two rods, and fell dead. On skinning him in the morning, they found that the ball had entered the left shoulder, passed through the heart, and out at the other side—a lucky shot in the dark!

Several other bears and seals were killed about this time, so that there was no longer a lack of food, such as it was.

Joe and Hans, the Esquimau hunters, had quite a contest, one day, with a large bear on the ice, which they finally killed with their spears, in native fashion. This is accomplished by approaching close to the animal, and as it rears up to strike with its paws, a sudden thrust of the spear into some vital part soon ends the contest. But it is exceedingly dangerous sport, for the bear frequently knocks the spear out of the hunter's hands, or breaks it with a blow of his huge paw, and then the fate of the poor hunter is sealed.

Food was now in abundance; but new dangers arose, for as they drifted into a warmer temperature, the ice began to break up, and they were in constant dread of their lives from drowning. They had one boat left, the other having been broken up for fuel, but a small boat could not live many minutes amid the crushing and grinding cakes of ice tossed by an angry sea, as they had to leap and scramble from one floe to another, the one they were drifting on sometimes breaking at their feet.

This dreadful state of affairs continued so long that the food supply again ran short, there being no opportunity to recruit it. April 15th and 16th Tyson made the following entry in his journal:

“Some of the men have dangerous looks; this hunger is disturbing their brains. I cannot but fear that they contemplate

crime. After what we have gone through, I hope this company may be preserved from any fatal wrong. We can and we must bear what God sends without crime. This party must not disgrace humanity by cannibalism."

Some of the men had threatened to kill and eat the Esquimaux, and the latter were in constant dread of that terrible fate; but Capt. Tyson had determined that if an attack should be made upon them, he would stand by them and die with them. The following night he writes:



A NIGHT OF HORROR.

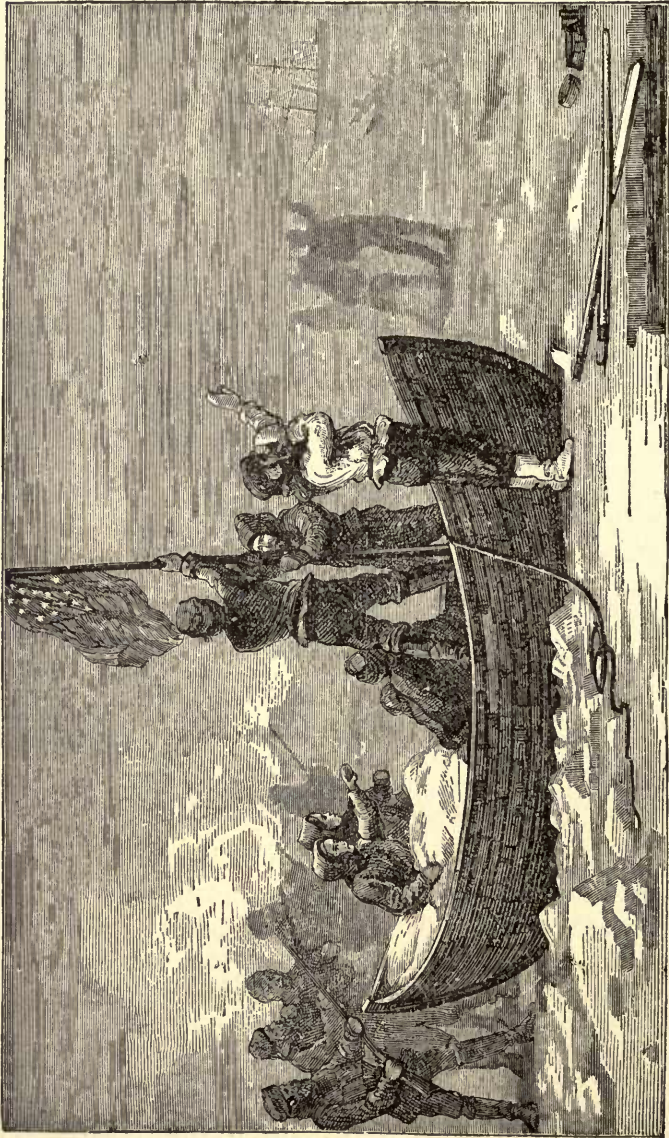
"One more day got over without a catastrophe. The ice is still the same. We keep an hour-watch now through the night. The men are too weak to keep up long together. Some one has been at the pemmican. This is not the first time. I know the men; there are three of them. They have been the three principal pilferers of the party. I should not blame them much for taking food, but of course all the others will have less in consequence. We have but a few days'

provisions left. We came down still lower on our allowance this morning. Rather weakening work, but it must be done to save life in the end. The idea that cannibalism can be contemplated by any human being troubles me very much."

April 28th was a day, or rather a night, which can never be forgotten by Tyson or any of his party, for, from 9 P. M. to 7 A. M., the whole night, each one was compelled to face a fury and fight death with a nerve and endurance which only a desperate love of life could inspire. Resting on a small floe, a gale came up, lashing the ocean into tempestuous billows that rolled over them and swept away their tent, skins, and nearly everything but the boat; this the men held on to with a death-grip, for it was the only thing between them and destruction. All night long they held the boat, which a hundred times was nearly dashed from their weakened grasps by the mad waves, while they were assailed by a battery of loose ice of all sizes, which bruised their legs in a shocking manner; but they bravely held on throughout the night and until the storm abated, when all were bundled into the boat and rowed away to a more secure floe, where they had the extraordinary good fortune to kill a bear.

April 28th the joyful sight of a steamer burst upon their view, but it was afar off, and vanished like fleeting hope in the darkness, which was near. All the party were now embarked in the boat, watches were posted, and there was an intense nervous strain excited by the hope of seeing another vessel. In the afternoon smoke was descried eight miles to the east, and soon a steamer hove in sight. They pulled with a will toward the vessel, until so beset with ice that they could go no further. They landed on a small piece of ice, hoisted their colors, and fired three volleys from the guns. The sound of three shots was wafted back to them in response, and the vessel headed for them; everyone's heart is leaping with rapture, for rescue seems at hand, but, like a will-o'-the-wisp, the ship changed her course and faded away.

They were now in latitude 53° 35' N., where they might expect to see frequent seals, as fishing vessels are numerous off the Lab-



RESCUE OF CAPT. TYSON'S PARTY.

rador coast, where they were now drifting. At 5 P. M., of April 30th, they were overjoyed by the near approach of a steamer, pushing her way through a thick fog. The guns were instantly fired, while the noise of the discharge was increased by a great shout which they set up to attract attention. Being very near, the ship's officers soon perceived the drifting party, and lying to, sent out a boat, into which they were lifted and speedily transferred on board the steamer. It would be impossible to describe the joy felt by Tyson and his fellow-sufferers at finding themselves in warm, comfortable quarters, feasting from a bounteous table, and saved from the very jaws of a terrible death. The vessel that rescued them was a sealer, the *Tigress*, commanded by Capt. Bartlett, who returned with them to St. Johns, arriving there May 12th. The extraordinary character of this adventure has passed into history as one of the greatest wonders of shipwreck and endurance. For a period of 196 days they were drifting on the ice-floes, during which time they traveled, by the current, 2,000 miles. It is a story which almost surpasses belief, yet true to the letter.

NIGHT IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

DARKNESS is a condition of nature which we instinctively shun ; it seems to curtain the world like a pall of death, or afford concealment for hideous things ; horrible mirages of the brain, and misty apparitions, which tradition has conceived and transmitted. With our natural dread of twelve hours night succeeding a like period of day, what must be the effect of an uninterrupted night of nearly five months? Not clouds and shadows, but the deep shades of changeless darkness, when the moon, in her phases, is the only source of light, save the stars that twinkle like a frost-setting gathering gleams from a setting sun.

Dr. Kane's Journal of November 7th reads : " The darkness is coming on with insidious steadiness, and its advances can only be perceived by comparing one day with its fellow of some time back. We still read the thermometer at noonday without a light, and the black masses of the hills are plain for about five hours with their glaring patches of snow ; but all the rest is darkness.

Lanterns are always on the spar-deck, and the lard-lamps never extinguished below. The stars of the sixth magnitude shine out at noonday. Our darkness has ninety days to run before we shall get back again even to the contested twilight of to-day. Altogether, our winter will have been sunless for one hundred and forty days."

"*December 15.*—We have lost the last vestige of our mid-day twilight. We cannot see print, and hardly paper; the fingers cannot be counted a foot from the eyes. Noonday and midnight are alike, and, except a vague glimmer on the sky that seems to define the hill outlines to the south, we have nothing to tell us that this Arctic world of ours has a sun. In one week more we shall reach the midnight of the year."

Later he writes: "The influence of this long, intense darkness was most depressing. Even our dogs, although the greater part of them were natives of the Arctic circle, were unable to withstand it. Most of them died from an anomalous form of disease, to which, I am satisfied, the absence of light contributed as much as the extreme cold."

The nervous disorder which destroyed several of his dogs has been described in a previous chapter, but Kane affirms that there were at least three cases of hydrophobia among them, which, he believed, was produced by the protracted night.

While man is not so seriously affected by a long period of darkness as are dogs, cats, and other domestic animals, he does not wholly escape, and frequently succumbs to a melancholia which the Arctic night induces. To ward off this insidious disease, Polar explorers keep their men busy, even if it is only playing fox, leap-frog, or other active pastimes. Cards, checkers, chess, and other games, serve also to occupy the mind, and thus render the body less receptive to the influence of darkness. In every respect an Arctic night is awful, and it tries the strongest constitution, for, aside from scurvy, it is the most deleterious, exhaustive influence with which Polar travelers have to contend. Beyond the quarters where lie housed the men, there is no sound; the snow, falling soft as shadows, is the only moving thing in

apparent creation; if the stillness be broken by a halloo, no echo comes back, and the spell remains yet undisturbed. So perfectly quiet, lonesome, and weirdly stagnant does all the world seem, that it weighs with a wonderful oppressiveness upon the brain and soul alike, until a charnel house would appear more endurable, for in the presence of death the soul finds interest in reflection; spirit would at least be company there for chaotic thoughts.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

INCIDENTS OF ARCTIC LIFE.

LIFE among the Esquimaux is peculiar. I have given a brief description of their customs in a previous chapter, but there are incidents to be met with from time to time which gradually disclose their character in a specific way. It is rarely pleasant to record unpleasant things, yet to the end that a faithful and accurate description be made, it is sometimes necessary.

Like all barbarous tribes, the Esquimaux have little or no regard for their wives or old people. Hunting being the sole occupation with them, they value each other for valor and success in procuring game. Aged people, too infirm for active service, are treated with great cruelty, and are frequently abandoned and left to perish by their own children, though there is no nation in which filial affection, for the males, is more pronounced than among the Esquimaux when the parents are of a vigorous age. The Esquimaux women are entitled to the pity of all Christendom, for their condition is that of the most oppressive form of slavery. They are sold into the marriage bondage at the age of twelve and fifteen years, and though their lot was hard enough under the parental roof, it is doubly severe in matrimony. They perform all the drudgery of camp life, carry immense burdens when traveling, and their food is generally the leavings of their lord's feasts. When in child-birth, they are

entirely abandoned and left to care for themselves, not even provided with food or fuel. The heartlessness of the Esquimaux men toward their women is well illustrated in the following incident, described by Lieut. Schwatka :



THE NETCHILLIK AMBASSADRESS.

While the Schwatka Expedition was searching for relics of the Sir John Franklin party, on reaching an inlet west of Richardson Point, they came upon an encampment of Netchillik Esquimaux, who are more combative than any other tribe found in the Arctic

regions, and are therefore generally in trouble, for which reason they are extremely vigilant. Schwatka was anxious to open communication with them, hoping thereby to learn something about the lost explorers. A firing of guns brought the Esquimaux out of their huts, and seeing a party of whites near their camp, they quickly formed in line of battle. After forming, they sent out an old woman toward Schwatka's party, with the purpose of testing whether the strangers were bent on hostilities; if they should kill the old creature, the act would reveal their intentions, but if she should be received with a friendly spirit, it would be construed as a desire for amicable relations. After Schwatka met the Netchilliks, he asked them why they sent an old woman to him. "Oh," they replied, in effect, "if you had killed her it would have been a small gain to us, for there would have been one less woman to care for, while if we had sent a man, and you should have killed him, it would have reduced our fighting strength and proved a serious loss."

While the Esquimaux are usually reliable, peaceable, and hospitable, three very commendable characteristics, they are certainly as far removed from cleanliness as are pigs left to their own resources in small quarters. We can excuse them somewhat for indulging foul habits of eating, on account of the precarious and often limited diet upon which they are compelled to subsist. Raising no vegetables, they are confined to flesh, which is obtained entirely by hunting; as a consequence, at times they are luxuriating in great abundance, while again they have nothing. Every particle of the animals which they kill, excepting the skins or horns, is eaten, and that, too, with the keenest relish. It is true that they will not eat a bear's liver, but purely from the fact that it is poisonous, or, at least, it produces the most intense nausea, which no amount of physics can relieve under a week of dosing. The intestines of animals are esteemed a delicacy, especially when stuffed with tallow, and frozen. A dish made of the stomach of a reindeer, or seal, and mixed with seal-oil, is the Esquimaux substitute for ice-cream. Lieut. Schwatka thus describes the preparation of this confection:

“The confectioner was a toothless old hag, who mixed the ingredients in a wooden dish dirtier than anything I ever saw before, and filled with reindeer hairs, which, however, were not conspicuous when well mingled with the half-churned grass and moss. She extracted the oil from the blubber by crushing it between her old gums, and spat it into the dish, stirring it with her fingers



LIEUT. SCHWATKA AND HIS MEN TRAVELING IN KING WILLIAM LAND.

until the entire mass became white, and of about the consistency of cottage cheese. I ate some, merely to say I had eaten it, and not to offend my entertainers, but I cannot say I enjoyed it.”

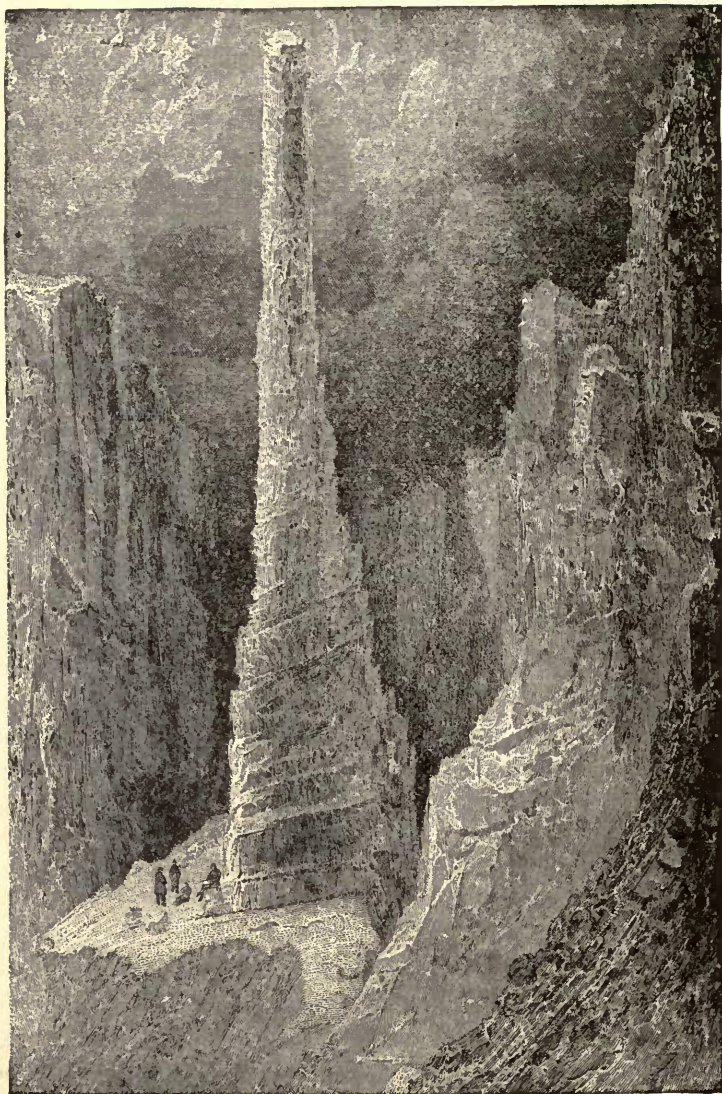
A very clever reason may be assigned for the gluttonous, or improvident, character of the Esquimaux, and that is the necessity for quick consumption of the flesh they obtain in order to prevent its putrefaction. This statement appears unreasonable

to those unacquainted with a Polar climate, but it is none the less a fact. Dr. Kane made the following observation in his diary of February 24, 1854 :

“ A bitter disappointment met us at our evening meal. The flesh of our deer was nearly uneatable from putrefaction ; the liver and intestines, from which I had expected so much, utterly so. The rapidity of such a change, in a temperature as low as minus 35° , seems curious ; but the Greenlanders say that extreme cold is rather a promoter than otherwise of the putrefactive process. All the grass-eating animals have the same tendency, as is well known to the butchers. Our buffalo-hunters, when they condescend to clean a carcass, do it at once ; they have told me that the musk-ox is sometimes tainted after five minutes' exposure. The Esquimaux, with whom there is no fastidious sensibility of palate, are in the practice at Yotlik and Horses' Head, in latitude $73^{\circ} 40'$, even in the severest weather, of withdrawing the viscera immediately after death and filling the cavity with stones.”

Another fact, hardly less interesting, is found in the serious effect produced by the eating of ice or snow, the latter particularly. Reference is made to this in a description of the sufferings of Elison, of the Greely Expedition. In a Polar atmosphere there is such rapid evaporation of heat from the body that the internal temperature is materially lowered, sometimes as much as two degrees, while in the mouth there is a total absence of caloric, so that snow or ice will not melt within the closed mouth. During such times any attempt to quench thirst by eating snow is followed by results almost identical with that of a piece of highly-heated iron held in the mouth ; it burns so intensely that the tongue is speedily reduced to a blistered and then raw condition, just as if the covering, or papillæ, were entirely burned off. Its effects upon the mucous membrane of the mouth are no less disastrous. Many persons tortured by thirst have lain down their lives in the Arctic regions after the most excruciating sufferings, by not heeding the warnings given them against eating snow.

Capt. Hall, during his expedition to King William Land, in



TENNYSON'S MONUMENT.

1869, had some excellent brandy, of so high a proof that it would not freeze ; and one very cold night, upon camping after a long day's journey, he thoughtlessly took a swallow of the liquor without first warming it, and it burnt his mouth and stomach like boiling water.

TENNYSON'S MONUMENT.

THE far fields of the extreme North are not always covered with frozen incrustations of ice, snow, or monster bergs, nor do these comprise all the wonders of the desolate Arctic regions. The most picturesque portion of the North Greenland coast is found between Cape George Russell and Dallas Bay, and along this margin, which ascends precipitously to a height of more than one thousand feet, some remarkable red sandstone formations are noticeable. The seasons have acted on the different layers of the cliff so as to give them the appearance of jointed masonry, and the narrow line of greenstone at the top caps them with well-simulated battlements.

The sloping rubbish at the foot of the coast wall leads up, like an artificial causeway, to a gorge that glows at noonday with the southern sun ; while everywhere else the rock stands out in the blackest shadow. Just at the edge of this bright opening rises the dreamy semblance of a castle, flanked with tripple towers, completely isolated and clearly defined. These monuments of sandstone are known as the "Three Brothers." But there is another, of still more striking symmetry and grandeur, in the immediate vicinity, to which Dr. Kane gave the name, Tennyson's Monument, and which he has described as follows :

"A single cliff of greenstone, marked by the slaty limestone that once encased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly-chiseled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column, or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vedome. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet ; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high."

DR. HAYES' EXPERIENCES WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

DR. ISAAC I. HAYES, surgeon of the Grinnell Expedition under Dr. Kane, has given us some excellent pen-portraits of the Esquimaux, about whom he seemed never to tire of writing, because he found them to be such an uncommonly interesting people. He describes a meeting with an Angekok (sorcerer or doctor) and several Esquimaux a few miles above Cape Parry. When they perceived the approach of the white men, every one set up a howl of "*Kabulenet! Oomeak!*" "White men and ships!"



THE ESQUIMAUX RUNNING TO MEET DR. HAYES.

and they all rushed down upon the ice-foot, gesticulating in the wildest manner, to meet them. The old sorcerer was most conspicuous in his cries and friendly exclamations, until Hayes was induced to row ashore and take the man of magic into the boat. This courtesy was acknowledged by the Angekok crying out in his childish pride to his less fortunate people, "*Tek-kona! tek-kona!*"—"Look at me!" "look at me!"

Says Hayes: "The bay was covered with pancake-ice, which greatly retarded our progress; and it was nightfall when we

reached the settlement, a mile and a-half up the bay. The whole colony eagerly assisted us in landing the boats and in carrying up the cargo. About twenty of them, as if it were fine sport, seized the painter and the gunwale, and endeavored to imitate us in every motion, breaking out into loud peals of laughter whenever they made a mistake. The subject which caused them the most merriment was the 'Heave-oh!' of the sailors. This they attempted to imitate; and it was very amusing to observe their efforts to chime in and keep time. They could not approach nearer than 'I-e-u!' They afterward i-e-u-d everything, and 'I-e-u! i-e-u!' rang through the settlement the livelong night."

On the following day friendly intercourse was established, and the Esquimaux were invited to share with Hayes some of his food. Writing of their astonishment at the customs of white people, he says:

"We gave them a share of our meal, offered them a taste of coffee, and passed around some pieces of ship-biscuit. The biscuit proved too hard for their teeth, and, until they saw us eat, they could not divine its use. They laughed and nibbled at it alternately, and then stuck it into their boots—their general temporary receptacle for all curiosities. They made wry faces over the coffee, and a general laugh arose against the Angekok, who persisted in taking a drink of the hot liquid. We had, altogether, an amusing time with them. The evening being warm, we sat upon the rocks for several hours, and after supper our men lighted their pipes. This capped the climax of our strange customs. The Esquimaux seemed amazed, and looked first at us, then at each other, then at us again. They evidently thought it a religious ceremony, seeing how solemn were our faces. At length I could not abstain from a smile; the signal thus given was followed by shouting, clapping of hands, and general confusion among the troop. They ran about, puffing out their cheeks, and imitating, as nearly as they could, the motions of the smokers. Kalutunah, the chief, who was determined to try everything, begged to be allowed to smoke a pipe. One being handed to him, he was directed to take a long and deep inhalation; this

accomplished, he desired no more, and his rueful face brought the mirth of the party again upon him."

ATTACKED BY DOGS.

DR. HAYES fared well enough among the Esquimaux themselves, but he had a very narrow escape from a pack of their dogs, which beset him. It is a common thing for them to keep their dogs without food for two days, at the end of which time they become so ravenously hungry as to take upon themselves the nature of wolves. The dogs are tied to stakes by long traces, made of seal-skin, which they sometimes eat. In the adventure alluded to, Hayes was returning to the encampment from a visit to his boats; a furious snow-storm was prevailing, which almost blinded him, so that he unconsciously came within reach of the tied pack. The dogs set on him most savagely, and would undoubtedly have devoured him but for a long whip which fortunately was within reach. With this he laid about him so vigorously as to repel their attack, though not without receiving several severe bites. A little child or disabled person is never safe among Esquimaux dogs, and Hayes mentions two instances, one of a child, the other a woman, in which these dogs killed and devoured their victims in the midst of a very considerable camp.

A DASHING ESQUIMAU WIDOW.

THERE are dashing widows, though extremely rare, among the Esquimaux, for it is the usual custom with them to make the funeral-baked meats furnish forth the wedding feast. Hayes, however, was fortunate enough to see a dashing—that is to say, vivacious—widow, though her attractions were somewhat marred by the fact that she was neither young nor pretty, but she had a "fellow" on her string nevertheless. The couple came to visit Hayes' camp, she with an armful of frozen auks, and her lover carrying a large chunk of walrus meat. With the courtesy becoming his sex, Dr. Hayes tendered the widow the use of his cooking apparatus, which she politely declined, preferring to eat her meat raw, but to show her appreciation for the friendly offers made by Hayes, she proffered to share her small store of birds

and walrus meat with the men ; singling out the astronomer of the expedition, who sat next to her, she first chewed a piece of frozen bird meat, and then presented to him the well-masticated morsel, which, however, he declined, upon the plea of a weak stomach. Hayes continues the description of this characteristic incident as follows :

“So great a courtesy she did not expect would be declined under any pretense, and she seemed quite mortified ; but, nothing daunted, she passed the lump over to me ; but no, I could not



AN ESQUIMAU DANDY—THE WIDOW'S “FELLOW.”

oblige her. With quite a desponding face she crossed the floor and tried Whipple. Not meeting with success in that quarter, she came back to Mr. Bonsall, who was already quite a philosopher in making his tastes subservient to his physical wants. ‘Now for it, Bonsall!’ cried Petersen. These words of encouragement had the effect to call forth a hearty laugh on all sides ; which, being misunderstood by the widow, she hastily withdrew her offering of friendship, bolted it herself, and in offended silence went on with her work of skinning birds and swallowing them.

We all felt that henceforth we should have an enemy in the widow.

“This widow greatly interested me. She ate birds for conscience sake. Her husband's soul had passed into the body of a walrus as a temporary habitation, and the Angekok had prescribed that, for a certain period, she should not eat the flesh of this animal; and since, at this time of year, bear and seal were scarce, she was compelled to fall back upon a small stock of birds which had been collected during the previous summer.”

AN ESQUIMAU SLEDGE.

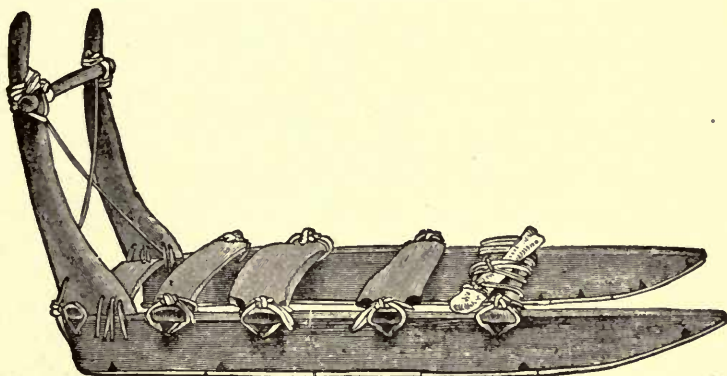
CONSIDERING the means at hand, there are few things that exhibit greater skill and ingeniousness than an Esquimau sledge. It is constructed wholly of bone and leather, as follows: The runners, which are of bone, are square behind and rounded upward in front, usually about five feet in length, three-fourths of an inch thick, and seven inches in height. These runners are not of solid bone, but composed of many pieces, of various shapes and sizes, most wondrously fitted or spliced together by means of seal-skin strings; so extremely nice are these fittings that but for the strings the interstices would hardly be perceptible, while the joinings are as strong as if the entire runner were one piece of solid bone. One very remarkable fact connected with the making of the runner is, that each piece of bone is cut into the required shape by means of stone implements; therefore the necessary grinding to make such nice joints must require constant labor for many months. The runners are shod with ivory obtained from walrus tusks; this also must be ground flat and very smooth, and the corners squared with stones. This ivory sheathing is fastened to the runner by a seal string looped through counter-sunk holes, but as it, too, is in many pieces, the joining work is even more deftly done than in the composition of the main slab, the surface being left as uniform and smooth as glass.

The runners stand about fourteen inches apart, fastened together by bone cross-pieces, tightly lashed by seal strings; these pieces are usually either the femur bone of the bear, antlers of the reindeer, or ribs of the norwhal. Two walrus ribs are lashed

to the after end of each runner for standards, and braced by pieces of reindeer antlers secured across the top. Thus the whole is so perfect and strong that such a sledge can stand enormous strains, and may be tumbled recklessly over the roughest ice, heavily loaded, without fear of breakage.

The construction of an entire new sledge is a thing almost unknown among the Esquimaux. Repairs are made when any part becomes broken or decayed, but they are handed down from generation to generation, and the origin of some of them antedates tradition.

Upon such a vehicle an Esquimau trusts himself for long jour-



AN ESQUIMAU SLEDGE.

neys in quest of game, being drawn generally by seven dogs, which receive their cue from his inspiriting words, "*Ka! ka!—Ka! ka!*" which sets them bounding over ice-fields. When he gets among hummocks he lightens his load by walking, and pushes to help the dogs tug their heavy burden up glacial heights; sometimes the sledge breaks away and tumbles pell-mell down the ice crags, but it is rarely injured, and the load is so well strapped on as to resist displacement even under the strongest shocks.

A LIVELY-SMELLING FEAST.

DR. HAYES had a queer experience with a party of Esquimaux while encamped at Netlik, which he describes in a facetious vein.

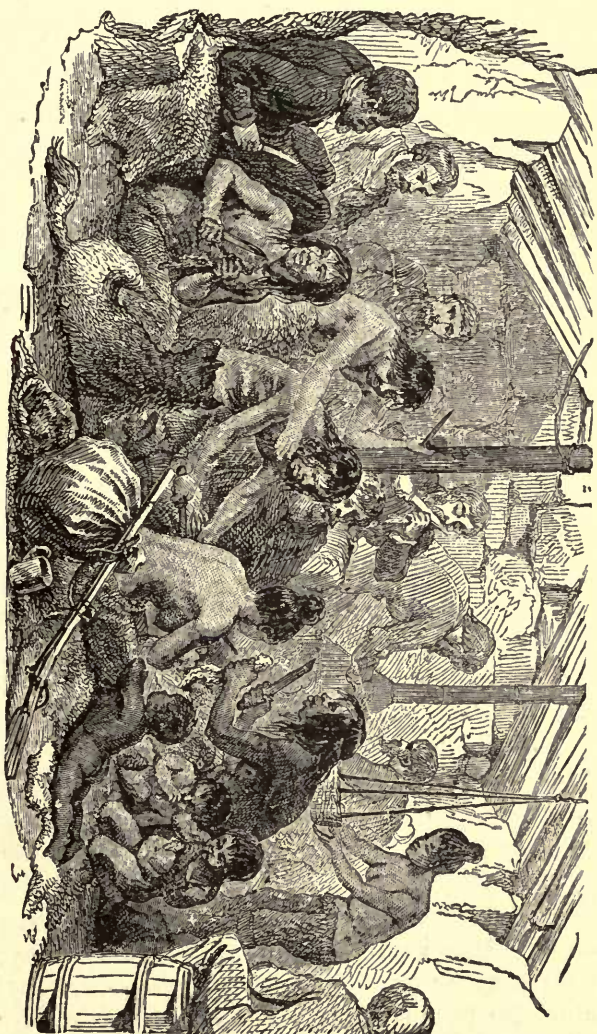
His provisions had run very low, and to keep from absolute starvation he had to open trade with the neighboring Esquimaux, with whom he managed to barter knives, needles, pieces of wood and iron for meat, but it was not always that even these highly-prized articles would obtain food, on account of its extreme scarcity. He was occupying a hut with fourteen companions, and these fairly crowded it to its capacity; nevertheless, when an Esquiman hunter, with wife and two children, chanced to visit him, Hayes courteously invited the family to share his meagre quarters. With this increase of occupants, the temperature in the hut rose from 29° to 60°, and the ice walls melted so that droppings of soot-black water soon covered the entire party, and rendered their condition extremely disagreeable. During this friendly visit of the hunter and his family, another Esquiman brought to the hut a walrus flipper, weighing nearly fifty pounds, and several lumme birds; he also brought with him the dashing widow already referred to, with the intention of having a joyous feast, for the Esquimaux think of very little save hunting and eating. Dr. Hayes describes the happy scene in the following felicitous manner:

“If the reader will follow me into the hut he will see there a succession of *tableaux* which may be novel to him. The two above-mentioned hunters sit facing each other, and facing the lump of frozen meat which lies upon the ground. Kalutunah has the sentimental widow at his left, and the visiting hunter has his wife at his right. The children are crawling about over the brecks (raised platforms of ice-blocks, used for sleeping purposes); the rest of us are mixed up indiscriminately, white men and red men; some sitting on the edge of the breck; some lying at full length upon it; all leisurely eating—leisurely, I say, for the meat is so icy that it is chipped off with difficulty, and we obtain it only in little crisp pieces, which make the teeth ache with cold.

“An hour later scarcely any impression had been made upon the walrus flipper; but the warmth of the hut had partially thawed it, and the knives penetrated it more readily, while strips were cut

off. These now fly about in all directions. Everybody has one. The strip may be three inches, or it may be a foot in length;

DR. HAYES ENTERTAINING HIS SAVAGE VISITORS.



its width two inches, and its thickness one inch. The feeder takes one end of it in his mouth, and seizing, between his

teeth, a convenient portion, he cuts it off close to his lips, and then swallows it as quickly as possible, and repeats the process. Having taken two or three bites of meat he then takes one of blubber. The red men have taught the white men how to flourish the knife, and what is the proper motion to insure safety to the lips. The walrus meat is very juicy, and is also very dark. The faces and hands of all of us are covered with blood; and but for the beards on the faces of some of us, it would be difficult to distinguish the civilized men from the savages. The children have each a strip of beef and blubber, and are disposing of these equally with the best of us. The seven-year-old stands with his back against the post, straddling across one corner of the supper, rapidly shortening a slice which his father has given him. His body is naked to the waist, as, indeed, are the bodies of all our guests. His face and his hands are red with the thick fluid which he squeezes from the spongy meat, and which streams down his arms, and drops from his chin upon his distended abdomen, over the hemispherical surface of which it courses, leaving crimson stains behind.

"Still an hour later, and there is nothing left upon the floor but a well-picked bone; and we have wiped our hands with the bird-skins which the widow has torn from the lumme of which she has made her supper. As usual, she had her feast alone, and, with little assistance, she has consumed six birds, each as large as a young pullet.

"We have now established the most friendly relations. Mr. Sountag sits behind me, questioning one of the hunters about astronomy. Godfrey is amusing the women and children with a negro song, keeping time with an imaginary banjo. I am seated behind Kalutunah, and we are teaching each other scraps of our widely-different languages. I try to get the savage to articulate *yes* and *no*, and to teach him of what Esquimau words they are equivalents. He pronounces *ees* and *noe*, after several efforts, and says inquiringly, '*tyma?*' (right?) I nod my head and say *tyma*, to encourage him; whereupon he laughs heartily at my bad pronunciation of the word."

Dr. Hayes then tried to teach his barbaric pupil how to count, but soon found that the Esquimaux could not sound the "th" in three, and was so inapt in other ways that the effort was futile. These people have no conception of figures, and do not enumerate above ten ; any number beyond that is indicated by a general name, so that there is no difference in their expression of the number twelve and a thousand.

ESQUIMAUX LEGEND OF THE SUN AND MOON.

THE Esquimaux have original ideas about the sun, moon, and stars ; the latter serve them as time-pieces, for so closely have they studied their movements that the time of night is reckoned by them with great accuracy. They regard all the bright luminaries of the sky as spirits of the departed, but the sun and moon are brother and sister. The story of their origin is told in the following strange legend :

In a distant country there once lived an unmarried woman who had several brothers. Being once at a festive gathering, she felt herself suddenly and violently seized by the shoulders. This she well knew was a declaration of love, for such is the custom of her people ; but who the man was she could not discover, since the hut was quite dark. There being to her knowledge no men in the village, beside her brothers, she at once suspected that it must be one of these. She broke from him, and, running away, smeared her hand with soot and oil. Upon returning to the hut she was seized again, and this time she blackened one side of the face of her unknown lover. A lighted taper being brought soon afterward, her suspicions were confirmed. Seizing the taper, she now ran out of the hut, and bounded over the rocks with the fleetness of a deer. Her brother lighted a taper and pursued her, but his light soon went out, yet he still continued the chase, and, without having overtaken her, they came to the end of the earth. Determined not to be caught, the girl then sprang out into the heavens. Her brother followed her, but he stumbled while in the act of springing, and, before he could recover himself, the object of his pursuit was far away from him. Still bent upon gaining the prize, he continued the race ; and from

that time until this the sun has been going around and around, and the moon around and around after her, trying still to catch her. The bright light of the sun is caused by the taper which the maiden carries; while the moon, having lost his taper, is cold, and could not be seen but for his sister's light. One side of his face being smeared with soot, is therefore black, while the other side is clean; and he turns one side or the other toward the earth as suits his pleasure.

That cluster of stars in "Ursa Major," which we designate as "the dipper," they call a herd of "*took-took*," (reindeer.) The stars of "Orion's belt," seen far away in the south, are seal-hunters who have lost their way. The "Pleiades" are a pack of dogs in pursuit of a bear. Other clusters and other stars have other names. The *aurora borealis* is caused by the spirits at play with one another. Rain is the overflowing of the heavenly lakes on the ever-green banks of which live the happy spirits who have taken up their abode in the skies, where sunshine and summer are eternal. These happy spirits have abundance to eat without the trouble of catching it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

M'CLINTOCK'S SEARCH.

THE search for the Sir John Franklin party has occupied such a large amount of public attention in both hemispheres, that it is next in interest to the discovery of the Pole itself. A summary of the several expeditions sent out from England and America for the search or relief of Franklin and his men has been given in an earlier part of this book. Of these the most important, because it obtained the greatest success, was an expedition commanded by Capt. F. L. McClintock, who sailed from England, in the steamer *Fox*, July 2, 1857, one-half the expenses of the expedition being borne by Lady Franklin.

McClintock did not go into winter quarters with his ship until

October 28th, 1858, when he selected Port Kennedy for his permanent station, and then started by sledge for King William's Land. About March 1st, following, while encamped very near the position of the magnetic pole, he saw four Esquimaux approaching in a friendly manner, and upon meeting them received the first intimation of the fate which had befallen Franklin's party. These Esquimaux conducted him to their village, several miles distant, and entertained him en route with information concerning the lost explorers. One of the Esquimaux wore a naval button sewed upon his skin coat, and in reply to inquiries freely confessed that the button, together with many other things, was obtained from the bodies of several white men who had starved to death upon an island in Repulse Bay. One of them counted upon his fingers seven, representing the number of bodies he had seen.

Ten miles further travel brought McClintock to Cape Victoria, where the four Esquimaux built for him and his men a commodious snow-hut, occupying little more than half an hour in its construction, and here he was visited by nearly fifty more Esquimaux, who came to barter relics of Franklin's party for knives and needles. In this exchange McClintock secured six silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, part of a gold chain, several buttons, and pieces of wood taken from the wreck of the boats belonging to the vessel in which Franklin had sailed. The Esquimaux told him that one of the vessels had been crushed in the ice and sunk, but they did not know what had become of the other. McClintock, writing of this traffic, says: "Esquimaux mothers carry their infants on their backs within their large fur dresses, and where the babes can only be got at by pulling them out over the shoulder. Whilst intent upon my bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from me for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before me in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60° below freezing

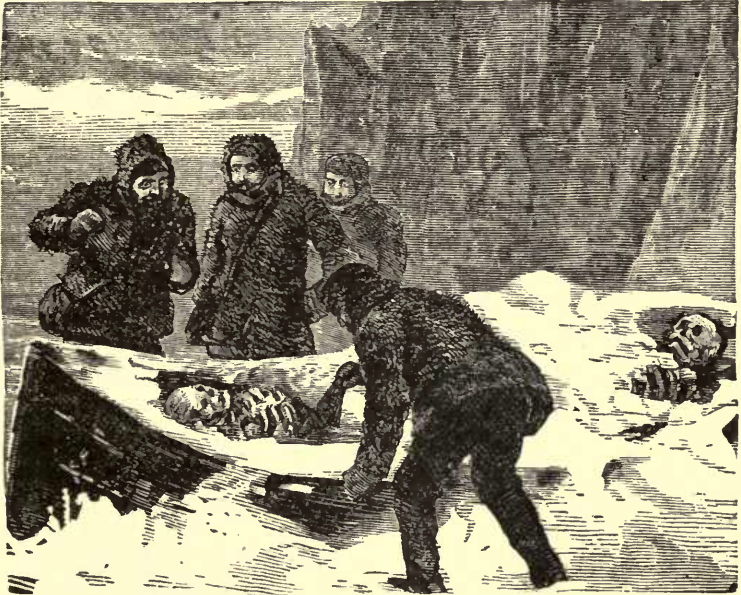
point! Petersen informed me that she was begging for a needle for her child. I need not say I gave it one as expeditiously as possible; yet sufficient time elapsed before the infant was again put out of sight to alarm me considerably for its safety in such a temperature. The natives, however, seemed to think nothing of what looked to me like cruel exposure of a naked baby."

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

McCLINTOCK returned to his ship after a week spent among the natives referred to, in order to increase his provisions, that he might be prepared to proceed further north and follow up the interesting clue he had obtained. In April, 1859, he loaded several sledges, increased his force, and started again for the head of King William's Land. In latitude 70° 30' N. he met with two Esquimau families, numbering twelve persons. From these he purchased a file, and a ship cutlass, besides seeing several other things that had belonged to the Franklin party. These natives also told him that they had seen one of the Franklin ships sink, while the other was driven upon the shore, where she was broken up, and from this latter vessel they had obtained the relics. The natives also declared that the men on both vessels had escaped, and rowed away in two boats up a "large river," to an island on which their bones were afterward found. The large stream proved to be the Great Fish River, which McClintock followed, and on May 24th came upon a human skeleton partly exposed, with a few fragments of clothing still adhering to it; but there was nothing found by which the body could be identified. This skeleton was convincing proof to McClintock that he was now on the route traveled by the Franklin party in their retreat, when, as had been told him by an old Esquimau woman, the white men had fallen down one after another and died on the march. Two days later a cairn was found in which were deposited the records of the Franklin party, with many relics, evidently abandoned because they could be carried no further.

On May 30th a large boat was found, 28 feet long and 7 feet 3 inches wide, which had been built at the Woolwich dockyard: in this boat were two skeletons. one of a spare young man; the

other of a large, middle-aged man. They were in opposite ends of the boat, and not entire, as portions of the lower extremities had been displaced, probably by wolves. Several articles lay within the boat, including among other less valuable things, five watches and two double-barreled guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked—standing muzzle upward against the boat's side. There was also a great quantity of clothing; eight pairs of boots of various kinds, and a number of silk handkerchiefs. In addi-



DISCOVERY OF THE BOAT AND SKELETONS.

tion to these, there were towels, soap, sponges, tooth-brushes, hair-combs, gun-covers, twine, nails, saws, files, bristles, wax-ends, powder, bullets, shot, cartridges, needles, knives, slow-matches, bayonet scabbards, sheet-lead, a large quantity of silverware, and numberless other things, enough dead weight to break down the strength of any sledge crew.

Capt. McClintock's surmises concerning these men are thus expressed by him: "Of the many men, probably twenty or

thirty, who were attached to this boat, it seemed most strange that the remains of only two individuals were found, nor were there any graves upon the neighboring flat land ; indeed, bearing in mind the season at which these poor fellows left their ships, it should be remembered that the soil was then frozen hard, and the labor of *cutting* a grave very great indeed. A little reflection led me to satisfy my own mind, at least, that the boat was returning to the ships ; and in no other way can I account for two men having been left in her, than by supposing the party were unable to drag the boat further, and that these two men, not being able to keep pace with their shipmates, were therefore left by them supplied with such provisions as could be spared to last until the return of the others from the ship with a fresh stock."

Though McClintock continued the search with great persistency, he could never come upon any other bodies. Several cairns were found, in one of which he discovered a pile of clothing four feet high. The pockets in these were all searched, but nothing was found.

It is a remarkable circumstance that when, in 1830, Sir James Ross discovered Point Victory, he named two points of land, then in sight, Cape Franklin and Cape Jane Franklin, respectively. Eighteen years afterward Franklin's ships perished within sight of these headlands.

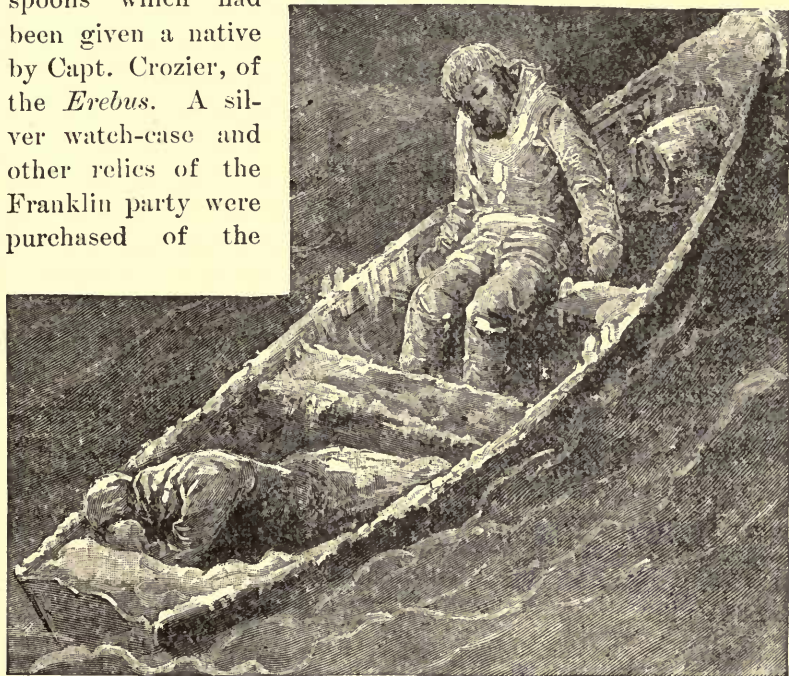
Capt. McClintock returned to England September 23, 1859, and for his success was knighted, besides being received by his countrymen generally with the most generous demonstrations.

CAPT. HALL DISCOVERS THE LOST VESSELS.

It will be remembered that Capt. Hall was a great enthusiast on Arctic exploration, and that through Congressional assistance and aid from English friends, he started from New London, Connecticut, in July, 1864, to continue the search so hopefully and encouragingly prosecuted by Sir Francis McClintock.

In April, 1866, while seeking a passage across Colville Bay, near Cape Beaufort, Hall discovered four Esquimaux in the distance, sealing. He was much concerned lest these strangers should prove to be See-ne-mee-utes, who are more hostile than

the other Esquimaux tribes, being, in fact, highwaymen dangerous to meet. As a measure of precaution, Hall unloaded one of his sledges and sent it back for reinforcements; these arriving, he advanced toward the strangers, until coming near he was rejoiced to find them friendly Innuits. A snow igloo was speedily built for Hall, who then received the scores of Esquimaux who now surrounded him. From these he obtained, through barter, some spoons which had been given a native by Capt. Crozier, of the *Erebus*. A silver watch-case and other relics of the Franklin party were purchased of the



DRIFTING TO DEATH—THE LAST SURVIVORS OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION. Esquimaux, some of whom acknowledged that they had been on board Sir John Franklin's vessels. Two of the older natives—a man and his wife—said they had camped alongside of Franklin during one spring and summer, and described him so well as to leave no doubt that they told the truth. They spoke of him in the highest terms; that he was always hospitable, sharing his provisions liberally with them, and was so good-natured as to be always laughing.

The old man and his wife agreed in saying that the ship on board of which they had often seen Franklin was overwhelmed with heavy ice in the spring of the year. While the ice was slowly crushing it, the men all worked for their lives in getting out provisions ; but, before they could save much, the ice turned the vessel down on its side, crushing the masts and breaking a hole in her bottom, and so overwhelming her that she sank at once, and had never been seen again. Several men at work in her could not get out in time, and were carried down with her and drowned. On this account Crozier's company had died of starvation, for they had not time to get the provisions out of her. Crozier and one other white man—the latter called "*Nar-tar*" (steward), started and went toward Great Fish or Back's River, saying they were going there on their way home. That was the last they saw of them, but they heard of them some time after from a Kin-na-pa-too, who said he and his people heard shots or reports of guns of strangers somewhere near Chesterfield Inlet. On getting the Innuits to try to pronounce the word "doctor," they invariably said "*nar-tar*." This made Hall think that the white man with Crozier was some one called "doctor"—perhaps Surgeon MacDonald, of Franklin's ship, the *Erebus*.

Another ship was spoken of as having been seen near Ook-goo-lik, which was in complete order, having three masts, and four boats hanging at the davits—whale-ship like. For a long time the Innuits feared to go on board ; but on the report by one of them that he had seen one man on the vessel alive, many of the natives visited it, but saw nothing of the man. They then rummaged everywhere, taking for themselves what they wanted, and throwing overboard guns, powder, ball and shot.

At an interview with the mother of *Too-shoo-art-thar-iu*, whose son saw Crozier on the island of Ook-goo-lik, Hall was told that during the previous summer or winter the Innuits of Ook-goo-lik had found two boats with dead white men in them—the boats on sledges, and that an Esquimau then had one of the sledges.

This information excited Hall very much with an eager desire to go at once to the place where the stranded vessel was reported

to be lying, but he could induce none of the natives to accompany him. They represented that Ook-goo-lik had become an exceedingly dangerous locality, by reason of a vendetta then waging between two Esquimaux tribes growing out of the stealing of a woman. While trying to prevail upon the friendly natives to assist him in reaching Cape Victoria, Hall saw two Esquimaux of a different tribe approaching. These were the avunt couriers of a considerable company which would arrive on the following day. The strangers were anxious to engage in a wrestling match with some of Hall's men, but a friendly woman quietly advised him that the two strangers were intent upon murder; that in their mittens they had each concealed a sharp-pointed bone, with which to strike their adversaries near the eye, producing a death-blow. Hall was now convinced that no good would follow the visit of the strangers, when their force should be increased by fresh arrivals, and not being able to continue his journey toward King William's Land without more men, he retreated back to Repulse Bay, his winter quarters, with the intention of renewing his efforts to reach Cape Victoria in the following spring.

The chief reason of Hall's failure to continue on to Cape Victoria, after reaching the boundary of King William's Land, was owing to the dread the Pelly Bay natives, who accompanied him, had of the Sec-ne-mee-utes, a set of murderous fellows living in the vicinity of Cape Berens, whose favorite ways of greeting a stranger, they affirmed, was to present a long knife, seemingly as a gift, but allowing it *accidentally* to slip into his breast.

The custom of the Esquimaux of Cumberland Inlet is not so barbarous as that of the See-ne-mee-utes, but it is hardly less singular, as reported by Lieut. Kumlien, of the Howgate expedition, who says: "When a stranger arrives at an encampment, the *Ancoot* and the stranger face one another. Both have mittens of seal-skin. The stranger complacently folds his arms over his breast, and inclines his head to one side, so as fully to expose his cheek, while the *Ancoot* deals him a terrible blow on it, sometimes felling him to the ground. The two actors now change parts, and it becomes the stranger's turn to strike, which

he does with a vengeance. The two then kiss each other, the ceremony is over, and due hospitality is shown to the stranger by all."

PARENTS HUNG BY THEIR CHILDREN.

HALL had some wonderful experiences with his Pelly Bay men, whose superstitious natures almost surpass belief. On his return from Cape Beaufort, the child of a woman belonging to his party died. A short time after its burial Hall was accused of causing its death by laying his hand on the child's head. An old chief, more sensible than the others, did not unite with his people in this accusation, but rather showed his faith in Hall by taking some medicine which had been prescribed for himself and children. This act so incensed the chief's wife that she hung herself, and not long after the chief himself was hung by his own son, and further serious trouble was averted only by the intercession of Repulse Bay natives. The editor of Hall's Journal appends the following foot note with reference to the reported suicide of the chief and his wife: "The circumstances of these deaths are not, however, given by Hall with his usual clearness. At a later date he says that the son of the chief told him, with tears in his eyes, 'He was very sorry he had no father or mother living with him, but that it had been his duty to hang them, as it was at their request, and that by their dying thus they would be sure to go to that happy place where all good Innuits go.' *See-pung-er*, it was well known, had hung his grandfather when he had become feeble. Too-koo-li-too said that these Pelly Bay natives, as well as the Neitchilles, believed in *Kud-lec-pur-me-an* and *Ad-lee-pur-me-an* (a good and a bad place); but she thought the Iwillik people believed in nothing of the kind." Subsequently it was claimed that the old woman was hung as a peace-offering.

The account is somewhat confused, it must be admitted, and no doubt from the fact that it is a common custom among several Esquimaux tribes to hang, or otherwise kill, their infirm, to prevent them from becoming a burden upon the people, as previously mentioned. As such a brutal custom was vigorously condemned by Hall, it may be supposed that the old chief and his wife were

hung for their infirmities, but to prevent an investigation by the white man it was reported to him that they had committed suicide.

In the following year—during November—on his second trip toward King William's Land, Hall met with another evidence of the cruelty of the Pelly Bay natives toward their sick or aged people, which he describes as follows :

“When the party wished to encamp at night on the 14th of the month, they took possession of a newly-deserted *igloo*. It was dark at 4 P. M., when they entered, but soon afterward an Innuik known as *Tom* came in with his child from one of his deer-meat caches. He brought the news that *Ar-tung-un*—the man who at Ig-loo-lik had once exchanged names with Hall—was at the point of death in a village a little northward. Hall visited him the next day, but found that the poor consumptive was past saving, and was insisting that his son should end his sufferings by stabbing him or by shooting him with an arrow, against which Hall's earnest interposition was ineffectual. The *igloo* which he had been occupying had been built by *Ar-tung-un*'s son, that he might remove to it instantly on his father's death, and so avoid the loss of several days of mourning. The day following this dutiful son hung his father.”

DISCOVERING THE SKELETONS OF FRANKLIN'S PARTY.

HALL was prevented from reaching King William's Land, in 1868, by dissensions and mutiny among his men. Frequent failures, however, in no wise diminished his ardor and determination to find the remains of the Franklin party, which had been definitely located by various corroborative reports received from the Esquimaux. He therefore set out for the third time, in March, 1869, and this time succeeded almost beyond his most sanguine expectations, for he found the skeletons of nearly a score of the unfortunate party, besides boats, records, instruments, and other relics, which enabled him to determine the results of Franklin's expedition as well as its fate. In a letter which he wrote from Repulse Bay to Mr. Grinnell, dated June 20, 1869, he summed up the results of his search as follows :

“The results of my sledge journey to King William's Land

may be summed up thus : It was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party of about forty or forty-five passed down the west coast of King William's Land in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. The party was dragging two sledges on the sea ice, which was nearly in its last stages of dissolution : one a large sledge, laden with an awning-covered boat, and the other a small one, laden with provisions and camp material. Just before Crozier and party arrived at Cape Herschel, they were met by four families of natives, and both parties went into camp near each other. Two Eskimo men, who were of the native party, gave me much sad but deeply interesting information. Some of it stirred my heart with sadness, intermingled with rage, for it was a confession that they, with their companions, did secretly and hastily abandon Crozier and his party to suffer and die for need of fresh provisions, when in truth it was in the power of the natives to save every man alive.

“The next trace of Crozier and his party is to be found in the skeleton which McClintock discovered a little below, to the southward and eastward of Cape Herschel ; this was never found by the natives. The next trace is a camping-place on the sea-shore of King William's Land, about three miles eastward of Pfeffer River, where two men died and received Christian (?) burial. At this place fish-bones were found by the natives, which showed them that Crozier and his party had caught while there a species of fish excellent for food, with which the sea there abounds. The next trace of this party occurs about five or six miles eastward, on a long, low point of King William's Land, where one man died and was buried. Then, about south-southeast two and a-half miles further, the next trace occurs on Todd's Islet, where the remains of five men lie. The next certain trace of this party is on the west side of the islet, west of Point Richardson, on some low land that is an island or part of the main land, as the tide may be. Here the awning-covered boat and the remains of about thirty or thirty-five of Crozier's party were found by the native *Poo-yet-ta*, of whom Sir John Ross has given a description in the account of his voyage in the *Victory* in 1829-'34.

“ In the spring of 1849 a large tent was found by the natives whom I saw, the floor of which was completely covered with the remains of white men. Close by were two graves. This tent was a little way inland from the head of Terror Bay. In the spring of 1861, when the snow was nearly all gone, an Eskimo party, conducted by a native well known throughout the northern regions, found two boats, with many skeletons in and about them. One of these boats had been previously found by McClintock; the other was found lying from a quarter to a half-mile distant, and must have been completely entombed in snow at the time McClintock's parties were there, or they most assuredly would have seen it. In and about this boat, beside the skeletons alluded to, were found many relics, most of them similar in character to those McClintock has enumerated as having been found in the boat he discovered.

“ I tried hard to accomplish far more than I did, but not one of the company would on any account whatever consent to remain with me in that country, and make a summer search over that island, which, from information I had gained from the natives, I had reason to suppose would be rewarded by the discovery of the whole of the manuscript records that had been accumulated in that great expedition, and had been deposited in a vault a little way inland or eastward of Cape Victory. It is quite probable that, had we remained there, as I wished, no one of us would ever have got out of the country alive. How could we expect, if we got into straitened circumstances, that we would receive better treatment from the Eskimos of that country than the 105 souls who were under the command of the heroic Crozier some time after landing on King William's Land? *Could* I and my party with reasonable safety have remained to make a summer search on King William's Land, it is not only probable that we should have recovered the logs and journals of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, but have gathered up and entombed the remains of nearly one hundred of his companions; for they lie about the places where the three boats have been found, and at the large camping-place at the head of Terror Bay, and the three other

places that I have already mentioned. In the cove, west side of Point Richardson, however, nature herself has opened her bosom and given sepulture to the bones of the immortal heroes who died there. Wherever the Eskimos have found the graves of Franklin's companions, they have dug them open and robbed the dead, leaving them exposed to the ravages of wild beasts. On Todd's island the remains of five men were *not* buried: but, after the savages had robbed them of every article that could be turned to account for their use, their dogs were allowed to finish the disgusting work.

"I could have readily gathered great quantities—a very great variety—of *relics* of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, for they are now possessed by natives all over the Arctic regions that I visited or heard of—from Pond's Bay to Mackenzie River. As it was, I had to be satisfied with taking upon our sledges about 125 pounds' total weight of relics from natives about King William's Land."

In addition to these relics, Capt. Hall recovered a skeleton entire, which he brought with him to the United States. The remains were subsequently forwarded to England, where, by the plug of a tooth, they were identified as those of Lieut. Vesconte, of the *Erebus*.

THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION.

THE loss of the *Jeannette*, and the long and fatal sufferings of her crew, constitute one of the most painful stories that has ever been told of the mysterious Northern sea.

Geo. W. DeLong was young when he died on the frozen coast-fields of Siberia, but his short life was made up of stirring incidents. Born in New York city in 1844, he received the educational advantages of the Metropolis, but the solicitude of his mother bound him so completely to the fireside that, up to twelve years of age, he had participated in few boyish sports, and was as effeminate as a girl. An accident, by which his ear was badly injured from the blow of a hard snowball, confined him indoors for several months, during which time he read several of Capt. Marryat's marine novels, and these gave him a longing for the

sea. To all his mother's pleading for him to adopt the profession either of law, medicine, or the ministry, he uttered strong protestations. In 1861, by the exercise of great persistency, he secured a cadetship in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from which he graduated in 1865. His first assignment was as midshipman on the U. S. steamer *Canandaigua*, on which he made a three years' cruise along the coasts of Europe and Africa and in the Mediterranean, and upon his return he was promoted to lieutenant. In 1871 he was married to Miss Emma J. Wotton, of Havre, France, the ceremony being performed on the U. S. man-of-war lying in that harbor. One year later he became executive officer of the *Nantasket*, and in the following year was assigned to the command of the steam launch *Juniata*, which was attached to the North Atlantic squadron, and dispatched to the relief of the steamer *Polaris*, which vessel had been sent out on an expedition to the North Pole under Capt. Hall. DeLong brought the *Juniata* to harbor at Upernavik, and from that point conducted a boat journey along the coast, in search of the *Polaris*, as far as Cape York. This experience in the Arctic regions inspired him with a passionate desire to command an expedition to search for the North Pole, an ambition which was gratified, in 1876, by James Gordon Bennett purchasing the steamer *Pandora* and placing her at the disposal of DeLong. The *Pandora* was thought to be fairly serviceable for the purpose of navigating the Arctic sea, but she was nevertheless thoroughly overhauled, to make her power of resistance to ice-floes as great as possible. This was done at Deptford, after which she was taken to Havre, where, on July 4th, she was rechristened the *Jeannette*, and turned over to DeLong. Ten days later the vessel steamed out of Havre harbor for San Francisco, which voyage occupied one hundred and sixty-five days. At San Francisco DeLong received his crew, which was recruited from the ranks of the navy, and the officers designated by the Navy Department.

The *Jeannette* left San Francisco July 8, 1879, and passed through Behring's Strait the last of August, headed for Wrangel Land. Two months later she was caught in an ice-pack

near Herald Island, $71^{\circ} 28' N.$, where she was so tightly beset that DeLong concluded to go into winter quarters. Although the ice piled up around the vessel in great masses as far as the eye could reach, yet she constantly drifted northward, where all the Arctic currents seem to tend. On the 19th of January there was a singular breaking up of ice, which squeezed the vessel so tightly that her timbers were sprung and she began leaking badly. All efforts to repair the injury were futile, and to keep her from sinking the pumps had to work incessantly. This caused a serious consumption of coal and great anxiety. At length DeLong thought of building a wind-mill, for pumping purposes, which Melville, the chief engineer, was entrusted to complete. A few days sufficed to construct the new motor, and, to the joy of all, it worked in the most satisfactory manner.

The winter held out to an unusual length, and in May there were still no signs of open water, and the drifting northward continued. Observations made on May 30, 1880, showed a latitude of $74^{\circ} 5' 27'' N.$, longitude $177^{\circ} E.$, which indicated a total drift of nearly $3^{\circ} N.$, but on June 4th DeLong was profoundly astonished to find, from observation, that a sudden change in the drift had occurred, and that it was now setting southward. This continued until June 30th, when they had gone back to $72^{\circ} 19' 41'' N.$, and $178^{\circ} 27' 30'' E.$, when the wind changed and turned the drift northward again.

SINKING OF THE JEANNETTE.

THE *Jeannette* was unfortunate almost from the first day she sailed away from San Francisco, but serious misfortune did not befall her until she stuck fast in the ice-pack so early in her voyage. It is a common thing for vessels to be so caught in high latitudes, but usually they get free by the first advent of spring, but the *Jeannette* was held by frozen tethers throughout the entire summer of 1880. The crew were remarkably fortunate, however, in procuring fresh meat, as either bears, seals, or birds were shot every day, and the larder was always bountifully supplied.

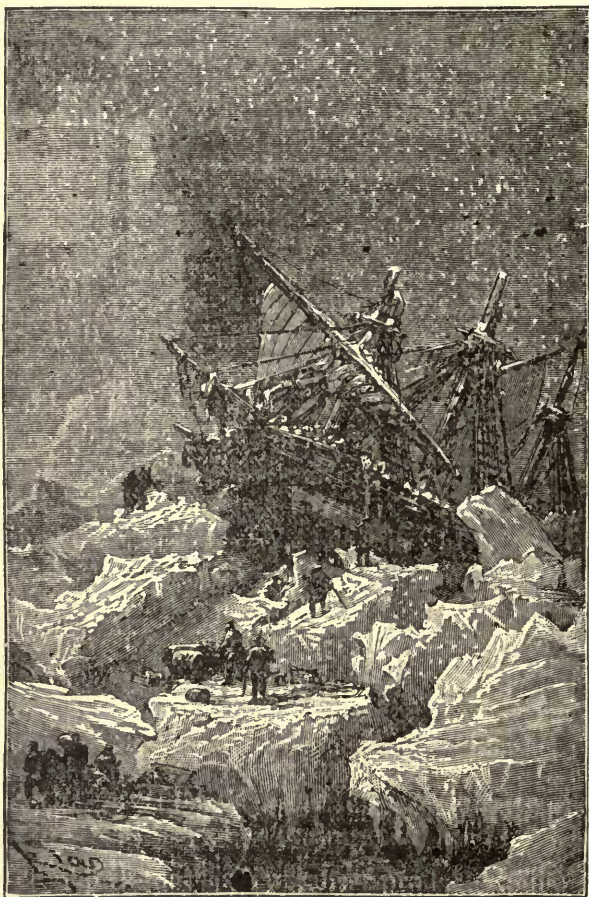
Day after day, like Coleridge's ancient mariner, the *Jeannette* drifted, over a sea fast bound, and whither none of the crew

could tell. Thus passed the fall of 1879, the whole of 1880, and the spring of 1881, with dull monotony and hopeless longings. At last, on June 10th, 1881, the ice suddenly opened alongside the vessel, and she righted to an even keel. There was now a rift through the great field of ice in which the *Jeannette* lay, but her injuries were such that constant pumping was necessary; the gravest danger, however, was to be apprehended from the parted floes, which were liable to come together at any moment, in which event DeLong knew that the vessel would be crushed like an egg-shell. Every man, therefore, trembled with anxiety at the threatened calamity, which appeared impending, and they worked with almost superhuman energy, driving up the detached ice between the floes so as to fill the breach near the ship and relieve her from the pressure should the floes again drift together. DeLong's journal of June 12th reads as follows:

“At 7:30 A. M. the ice commenced to move toward the port side, but after advancing a foot or two came to rest. Employed one waten in hauling heavy floe into a small canal on the port bow, to close it up and receive the greater part of the thrust.

“At 4 P. M. the ice came down in great force all along the port side, jamming the ship hard against the ice on the starboard side, causing her to keel 16° to starboard. From the snapping and cracking of the bunker sides and starting in of the starboard ceiling, as well as the opening of the seams in the ceiling to the width of one and one-fourth inches, it was feared that the ship was about to be seriously endangered, and orders were accordingly given to lower the starboard boats and haul them away from the ship to a safe position on the ice-floe. This was done quietly and without confusion. The ice, in coming in on the port side, also had a movement toward the stern, and this last movement not only raised her port bow, but buried the starboard quarter; and jamming it and the stern against the heavy ice, effectually prevented the ship rising to pressure. Mr. Melville (chief engineer), while below in the engine-room, saw a break across the ship in the wake of the boilers and engines, showing that so solidly were the stern and starboard quarters held by the ice that

the ship was breaking in two from the pressure upward exerted on the port bow of the ship. The starboard side of the ship was also evidently broken in, because water was rising rapidly in



WRECK OF THE JEANNETTE.

the starboard coal-bunkers. Orders were now given to land one-half of the pemmican in the deck-house, and all the bread which was on deck, and the sleds and dogs were likewise carried to a position of safety. The ship was heeled 22° to starboard, and

was raised forward 4' 6", the entire port bow being visible also to a height of 4' 6" from the forefoot. * * *

"At 5 P. M. the pressure was renewed, and continued with tremendous force, the ship cracking in every part. The spar-deck commenced to buckle up, and the starboard side seemed again on the point of coming in. Orders were now given to get out provisions, clothing, bedding, ship's books and papers, and to remove all sick to a place of safety. While engaged in this work another tremendous pressure was received, and at 6 P. M. it was found that the vessel was beginning to fill. From that time forward every effort was devoted to getting provisions, etc., on the ice, and it was not desisted from until the water had risen to the spar-deck, the ship being now heeled to starboard 30°. The starboard side was evidently broken in abreast of the mainmast, and the ship was settling fast. Our ensign had been hoisted at the mizzen, and every preparation made for abandoning the ship, and at 8 P. M. everybody was ordered to leave her. Assembling on the floe, we dragged all our boats and provisions clear of bad cracks, and prepared to camp down for the night."

At 3 o'clock the following day, June 13, the *Jeannette* sank until her smoke-stack was barely above water, in which position she was sustained by the ice an hour longer, then she plunged below with a lurch that imparted a swirl to the water like a miniature maelstrom. This accident occurred in latitude 77° 14' 57" N., longitude 155° 58' 45" E.

HELPLESS ON THE WIDE, WIDE SEA.

DRIFTING for nearly two years, imprisoned in an ice-pack, seemed to render DeLong and his party insensible to the new perils which now faced them, for, helplessly cast away as they were, their spirits appeared to rise, and a serenade was improvised to entertain the party on the evening the ship was lost. Provisions were abundant, so were clothes and other creature comforts, and a respite from the anxieties attending the fate of the ship was improved by a few hours, at least, of perfect relaxation. A comfortable camp was made on the floe, and the next four days were devoted to preparing for a retreat southward, mounting the

boats on sleds, packing provisions, and making sleeping bags. On June 17th the entire party moved southward, with the hope of reaching the New Siberian islands, and from there to make their way by boats to the coast of Siberia. They had five sledges and three boats—two cutters and a whale-boat—which carried 6,896 pounds of provisions, besides ammunition, fire-arms, clothing, and other needful sundries. A dreadful march now began, during which hope and despair alternated from day to day, if not, indeed, from hour to hour. DeLong had only twenty-two dogs, so that every man had to lend his strength to dragging the heavily-weighted sledges. Sometimes one sledge would be left far behind, blocked by some obstruction, which would require a return of the advance party to relieve it, so that it was marching and doubling back, making the advance both tedious and exhausting.

The difficulties of traveling now increased, as openings in the ice became more frequent at the numerous fissures, which were of variable widths, though never broad enough to warrant the rigging up of the boats; the party had to stop and bridge the water space with broken pieces of ice, which was a work of infinite trouble and consumed more than half their time. In addition to this, as July advanced the increase in temperature began to let loose immense floes that form, for some unaccountable reason, at the bottom of the sea; these rise with such force that they break the heavy surface ice and pile it up in huge hummocks, which are often thirty feet high and cover large fields, so that passing over them is like climbing rough, rocky precipices. This traveling was dreadfully exhaustive, and required the men to go over the same ground four times each way, as the full force was needed to move a single sledge. Lieut. Danenhower, executive officer, and Lieut. Chipp, second in command, had been sick since 1880, or almost from the beginning of the expedition, and this manner of traveling so aggravated their illness that they were several times upon the point of succumbing. Danenhower suffered principally from an affection of his eyes, and it was so painful as to prove a severe drain upon his system. Chipp was

still more seriously affected, with a debility that left him almost helpless, yet so great was his pluck and self-denial, that he insisted on walking, to relieve the hospital sled, though he could scarcely take a score of steps without falling from sheer weakness.

When the entire party was almost exhausted from their hard journey and exposure, from lying in wet blankets, as the ice surface was constantly covered with shallow water, caused by slow melting under the sun's rays, their low spirits were suddenly revived on July 29th, by the discovery of land in latitude $76^{\circ} 38' 17''$ N., long. $148^{\circ} 20'$ E. After great exertion this land was reached, and found to be an island of considerable size and possessing many valuable products, among which were bituminous coal in great abundance, several different kinds of succulent grasses, beautiful amethysts, hematite, from which brown metallic paint is made, and myriads of birds, such as dovekies, and murre, which nest there. Among the singular discoveries made on the island were quantities of drift-wood, pieces of which were partially burned, while others showed axe-marks; there were also flowers of different varieties, and a live butterfly was found that had the appearance of belonging to the tropics. This strange piece of land was taken possession of in the name of the United States, and named Bennett Island, in honor of the patron of the expedition.

LAUNCHED ON THE SEA.

DELONG remained on Bennett Island until August 7th, when open water was discovered southward, which, with the beautiful weather they were then having, prompted him to abandon the island and take to the sea in the boats. Accordingly, the three boats were launched, and manned as follows:

First Cutter.—DeLong, Ambler, Collins, Nindemann, Ericksen, Kaack, Boyd, Alexey, Lee, Noros, Dressler, Gortz, Iversen.

Second Cutter.—Chipp, Dunbar, Sweetman, Sharvell, Keuhue, Starr, Manson, Warren, Johnson, Ah Sam (Chinaman).

Whale-boat.—Melville, Danenhower, Newcomb, Cole, Bartlett, Aneguin, Wilson, Lauterbach, Tong Sing, Leach.

The provisions were equally distributed among the three boats,

and at 9 A. M. the party embarked, with four men rowing each boat. The dogs had been reduced in number from twenty-two to eight, ten being shot as useless on account of fits, and four escaping. DeLong issued an order appointing Melville to the command of the whale-boat, while the second cutter was given in charge of Chipp, DeLong himself remaining with the first cutter. In this order he instructed them to keep as near him as possible, but in case of separation to make for the Lena river,



SEPARATION OF THE BOATS.

up which they were to ascend until a Russian settlement should be reached, then to open communication with the Government. Melville was instructed to obey the orders of Chipp, should they remain together after separating from DeLong.

After embarking they made better progress than before reaching Bennett Island, but their labors were certainly not lessened, for they met an ice-floe at nearly every mile, over which they were forced to drag their boats, sometimes for nearly as great a distance as they had made by water; this required continual

loading and unloading of the boats, so that in a week after leaving the island they had progressed barely forty miles. This gave DeLong much anxiety, for he had now subsistence for only thirty-eight days, and at the rate he was then traveling starvation promised to overtake the party before they could reach Siberia, unless they should be more fortunate in finding game than they had been since the *Jeannette* sank.

Good fortune drove them upon the Siberian islands, where a small quantity of game was obtained, but pushing ahead to Semenooski island, they were still more fortunate, killing a number of deer and ptarmigan, upon which they feasted several days most bountifully.

On the 12th of September the boats were caught in a terrible gale, which threatened to swamp them, and would have done so but for unremitting bailing and pumping, which barely kept them afloat. Being at the mercy of the waves, the boats separated, and when the gale subsided each boat was alone, and they did not meet again. DeLong reached the Lena Delta September 19th, with scarcely two days' provisions (full rations) left, and set out to find a Russian settlement, the nearest being, as he supposed, about ninety-five miles. His boat grounded nearly a mile from shore, so that the men were forced to wade through the icy water and carry their things, thus subjecting them to the most dreadful exposure. There was plenty of drift-wood along the shore, however, and a large fire soon dried their clothes and served to give them new hope.

September 21st, DeLong's party started up the Lena river, but owing to the extreme illness of three of the men, Ericksen, Boyd, and Ah Sam, it was impossible to make more than five miles per day, for there were no means at hand for hauling the sick. After thus traveling for two days they came to two log huts, one of which was new, but there were no signs of life about them. DeLong took possession of these, and decided to remain there while Noros and Nindemann were sent out to find relief. At this time provisions for only two days remained, so that the gravest fears were excited lest starvation should overtake

them; deer tracks were discernible in numerous places, and one herd was seen, but it was impossible to secure a shot.

The sore trouble which now afflicted them caused DeLong to leave the huts and proceed, in spite of the difficulties, as they could



LANDING OF LIEUT. DE LONG'S BOAT ON THE LENA DELTA.

not hope for speedy relief except by the killing of some game. Poor Ericksen's condition was terrible; his foot, which had been frozen, sloughed away so much of the skin as to expose the sinews and muscles, and yet he was forced to travel and carry a load of nearly forty pounds. When their last provisions were

consumed, the most extraordinary good luck befel them ; a herd of reindeer was sighted and three large bucks killed. This saved the party from starvation, by giving them food sufficient for three days longer.

Thus they marched until October 6th, when Ericksen, whose feet had been amputated two days before, died, and was buried in the Lena river, the ground being so hard frozen that digging a grave was impossible. Here, too, the party were in great danger from starvation again, as the only food now left was a few pounds of their last dog, which had been killed the day before.

The record from October 10th is a ghastly one, which excites the deepest compassion. In the absence of food DeLong served out half an ounce of alcohol or glycerine to each man. Alexey, who had been their main dependence, as it was he who had done the hunting, succumbed from exhaustion and starvation on the 17th, followed three days later by Kaack and Lee, who died from the same cause. Prayers were read over their bodies, but the remainder of the party were too weak to give them any kind of burial. Iversen died on the 28th, Dressler on the 29th, and Boyd, Gortz, and Collins on the 30th. At this point DeLong became so feeble that he could no longer keep his journal. The rest of this painful story can only be surmised by the subsequent discovery of the Lieutenant's body lying beneath the snow in the midst of his forever mute comrades.

Nindemann and Noros, in trying to obtain relief, in obedience to their commander, went out upon a march over a trackless and desolate region, to encounter hardships fully as great as those under which DeLong and the men who remained with him succumbed. Having no food with them on departing, they had to take the chances of finding it on the way. But day after day followed without either of them seeing any game, and to stay the gnawing pangs of hunger they had to subsist on tea made of the Arctic willow, and pieces of their seal-skin clothes. This diet, dreadfully unpalatable, brought on dysentery, which so exhausted them that they abandoned all hope and felt that death was near. They left DeLong October 9th, and so floundered

about in their extreme weakness, that by October 27th they had hardly traveled thirty miles, but through God's providence they reached a collection of huts, called Ku Mark Surka, where some Russian exiles were found, who treated them with the greatest kindness and restored them to life. The two men endeavored with all their ability to make the Russians understand the terrible plight in which they had left DeLong and his party, but their efforts were without avail, as sign language was all that could be used. The commandant at Ku Mark Surka finally, by signs,



HUTS OF THE EXILES AT KU MARK SURKA.

induced Noros to write something, which being done, the Russian picked up the paper and, hurrying out of the hut, disappeared. He returned the next day, and to their astonishment and joy was accompanied by their late companion, Melville. The object which the Russian had in securing the writing was now apparent: Melville had arrived at a neighboring village several days before, and the Russian, who knew of the fact, was anxious to learn if Noros and Nindemann belonged to Melville's party. Experiences were quickly exchanged, in which Melville told of the sufferings

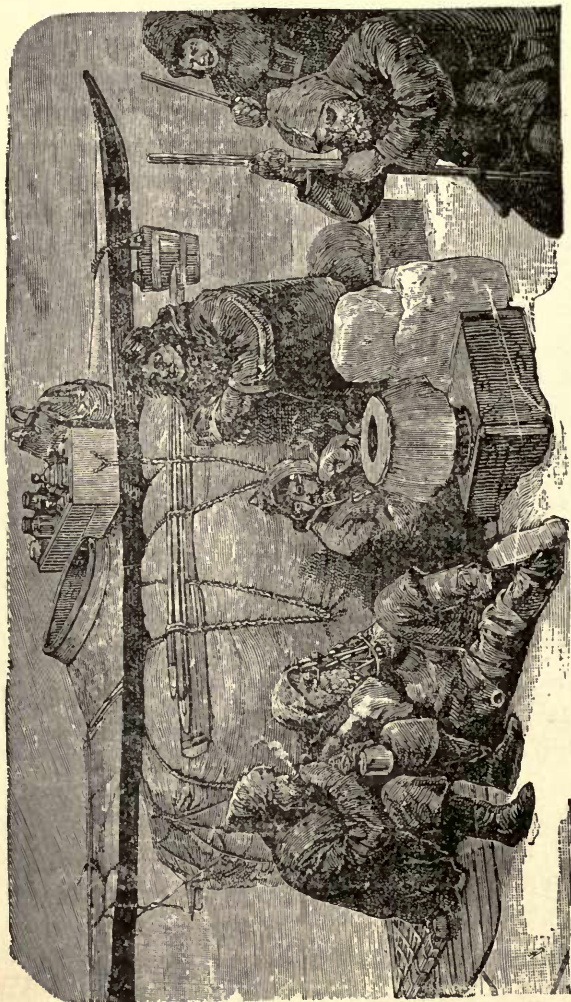
endured by himself and his men after parting from DeLong and Chipp. He reached the Lena Delta after several narrow escapes from being swamped, and proceeded up one of the river's mouths. He had been lucky in meeting natives just as his provisions were exhausted, and these supplied him and his party with food, and piloted him to the village of Bulem, where he was stopping when the writing of Noros reached him.

The terrible condition of DeLong was soon told to Melville, who, without a moment's delay, prepared to go to his relief. He could speak the Russian language sufficiently to make himself readily understood, and he was thereby enabled to enlist such assistance as was necessary. Melville took with him Nindemann and two exiles, with provisions for a ten days' journey, while Noros, Danenhower, and the other survivors, were sent on to Yakoutsk, where they arrived December 17th.

Snow-storms, which had prevailed nearly every day since October, had so completely covered up all traces of Noros and Nindemann's trail, that Melville had nothing to guide him in his search for DeLong, who, with his comrades, now lay dead beneath a deep winding-sheet of snow. For twenty-three days, however, he continued the search, going on reduced rations until he was in the greatest danger of starvation, but still refusing to abandon his efforts to find his former comrades until the exiles refused to go any further, and the dogs which drew his sledge were famishing. In this time Melville had traveled six hundred and sixty-three miles, and passed almost within a stone's throw of the place where DeLong lay dead, but without finding the bodies, or any signs of Lieut. Chipp and his party. He could do nothing more, except to send a dispatch to St. Petersburg, and inform the Russians in the district that two parties of his countrymen had been lost about the Lena Delta, and ask them to search for their bodies. This he did, and then proceeded on to Yakoutsk, where he arrived December 30th.

Melville put himself in communication with the American Minister in St. Petersburg, giving a full account, by telegram, of the misfortunes of the expedition. Determined to leave nothing

undone to find his lost comrades, he then sent Danehower, whose eyes were in a dreadful condition, to the United States, with all



MELVILLE'S SEARCH PARTY AT A NOON REST.

the others, except Nindemann and Bartlett, whom he retained to assist him in the search which he intended to renew the following spring. During his stay at Yakoutsck he received a dispatch from

the Secretary of the Navy, instructing him to omit no effort and to spare no expense in securing the safety of the lost explorers. This dispatch being shown to the Governor of Yakoutsk, that officer, with a spirit of great generosity, placed at Melville's disposal all the money and provisions and any number of men that might be required. Being greatly facilitated in his efforts, Melville speedily collected teams, men, and provisions, with which he pushed northward to Bulem again, which he reached February 18th. A month was now spent getting dogs and establishing depots of supplies at the necessary rendezvous.

March 16, 1882, he set out with Nindemann upon his search, but they were forced to return by a terrible snow-storm, in which they came near being lost. After the storm had abated they started again, and traveled over a very large district before finding any traces of the route which DeLong had followed. At length they came to the river, and going out upon a headland leading into a bay, they discovered a fire-bed six feet in diameter, and from its evident use as a signal they knew it must have been one of DeLong's camping places.

About five hundred yards from where the fire had been made, Melville noticed the points of four sticks standing up out of the snow about eighteen inches, and lashed together with a piece of rope. Making a careful examination of this place, he first found a tea-kettle, then an arm was seen protruding from the snow, and hastily scraping the snow away, he was horrified to find the body of his late commander, Lieut. DeLong. This convinced him that the death-camp was near, and a little additional effort soon uncovered the bodies of Dr. Ambler and Ah Sam, the cook. The bodies were all carefully taken from under the snow and laid side by side, where they were left under a piece of old tent cloth, while the search for the others was continued. It was not until the following day, however, that the blown-down tent was discovered, as it lay buried in a drift of snow nearly twenty feet deep. The tent was several hundred yards distant from the spot where DeLong lay, and under its frozen folds the remains of three more victims of the expedition were found. These six

bodies were conveyed to a knoll of ground about eight miles from where they were found, and there buried in one large box, made from the timbers of DeLong's cutter. A cairn of stones was erected over the grave, in the apex of which they placed a cross,



MELVILLE DISCOVERING THE BODY OF DELONG.

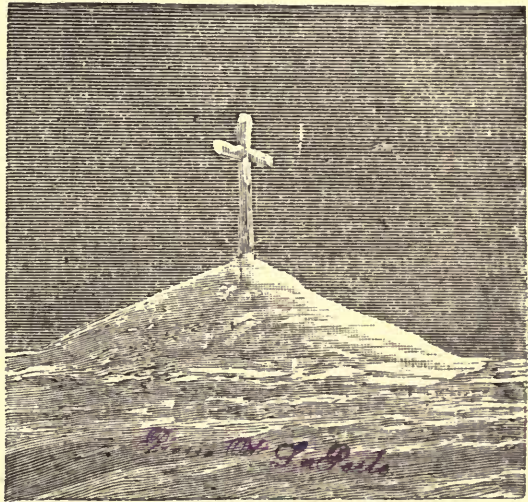
Pierre W. La Porte.

which made the grave a conspicuous object for several miles, thus rendering it easy to find.

Having performed these last sad duties, the indefatigable and heroic Melville proceeded to search for Lieut. Chipp and his

party, of whom nothing had been seen or heard since the separation of the boats in the fatal gale. He made a most thorough search of the Lena Delta, and along a hundred miles of the Siberian coast, but could find no trace of the missing men. He persisted as long as there was a probability, or even hope, of success, and then returned to Yakoutsik sore in heart over his failure.

In the meantime, after the publication of the dispatches which he had forwarded to the United States, several parties had been sent from this country to aid in the search for the lost explorers, and one of these, commanded by Lieut. Harber, was directed to bring the bodies of DeLong and his heroic comrades back to America for interment, the sum of \$25,000 having been appropriated by the



GRAVE OF DELONG AND COMPANIONS.

Government for that purpose. On reaching Yakoutsik, Lieut. Harber procured reindeer sledges, and proceeding to the graves of DeLong and his companions, the bodies were taken up, placed on the sledges, and conveyed to Yakoutsik, arriving there early in 1883. Here they were placed in caskets made specially for their reception, and then brought back to America, where they were received by the Secretary of the Navy. On the 22d of February the bodies were taken from the Brooklyn navy-yard across the bay to the Battery, from whence they were escorted through the streets of New York by battalions of

marines and regular troops, several regiments of militia, a number of societies, and a vast concourse of citizens, who thus manifested their admiration and respect for the dead heroes. They were then returned to the navy-yard, where they lay in state for twenty-four hours, the day being observed by a general suspension of business in New York and Brooklyn. On the following day the remains of Collins were taken to the Cathedral, where mass was said for the repose of his soul, after which the body was placed on board the steamer *Chicago*, and sent to his native land, Ireland, for burial.

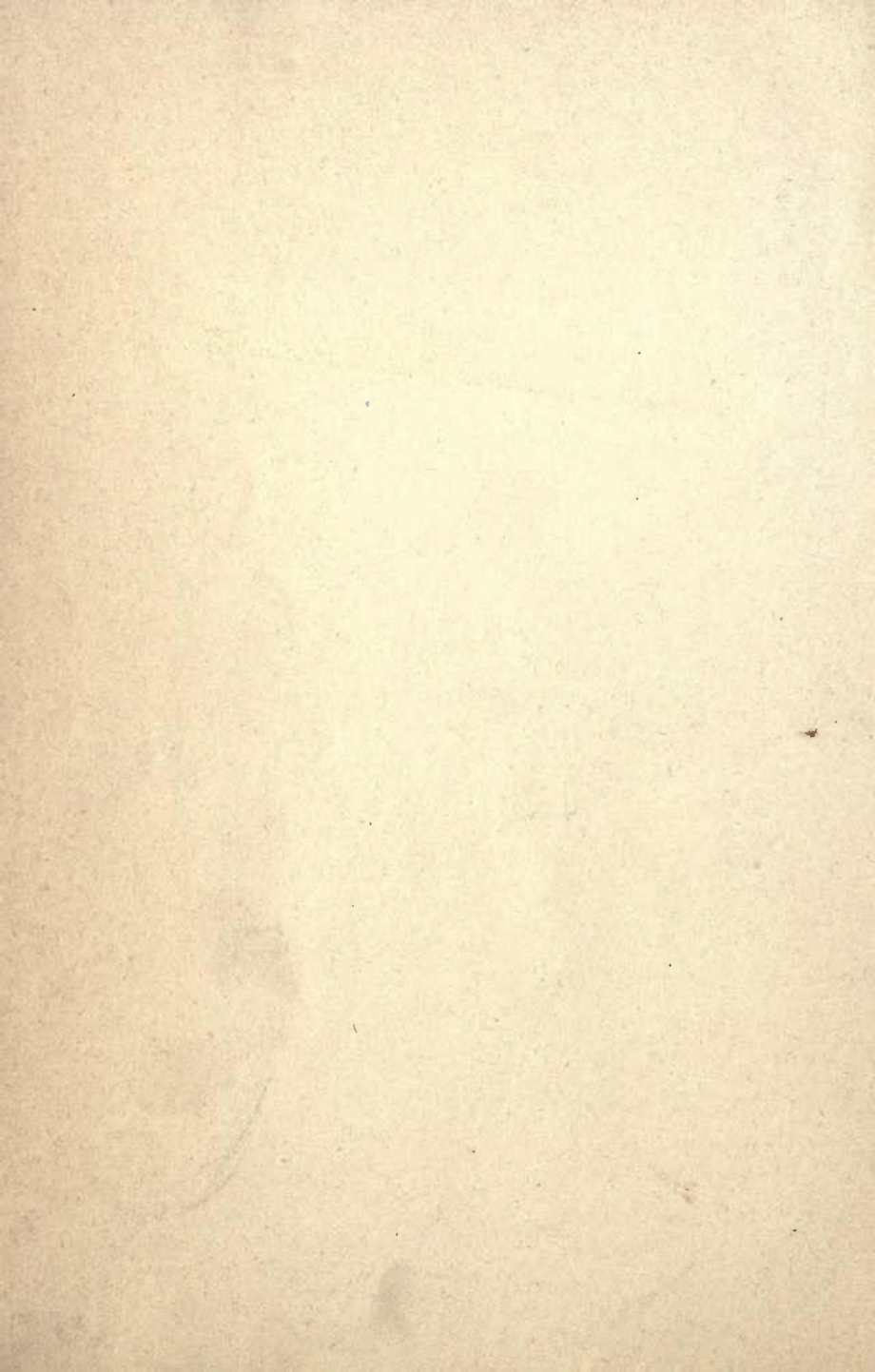
On the 23d the other bodies were conveyed to the Church of the Holy Trinity, where services were held, after which the remains of Commander DeLong were consigned to a final resting place in Woodburn Cemetery. The body of Dr. Ambler was taken to Alexandria, Va., for interment, while that of seaman Boyd was given to his friends in Philadelphia.

Lieut. Chipp and the seven brave men who rode with him to death in the second cutter, were never seen or heard of again after the boats separated in the gale. Thus ended the expedition that sailed away amid the incense of hope, promise, and the cheers of a multitude that waved benedictions on the *Jeannette* as she gallantly steamed out of San Francisco harbor, July 8th, 1879. Thus do our ambitions often rise in an atmosphere of glorious expectation and confiding faith, only to fall into an abyss of impenetrable gloom and black despair; but good intentions, which develop heroic purposes, are never uselessly expended, for, even in failure, they leave a spark that will kindle again the noble flame which once burned for them in vain.

“So sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest;
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall grace a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.”









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